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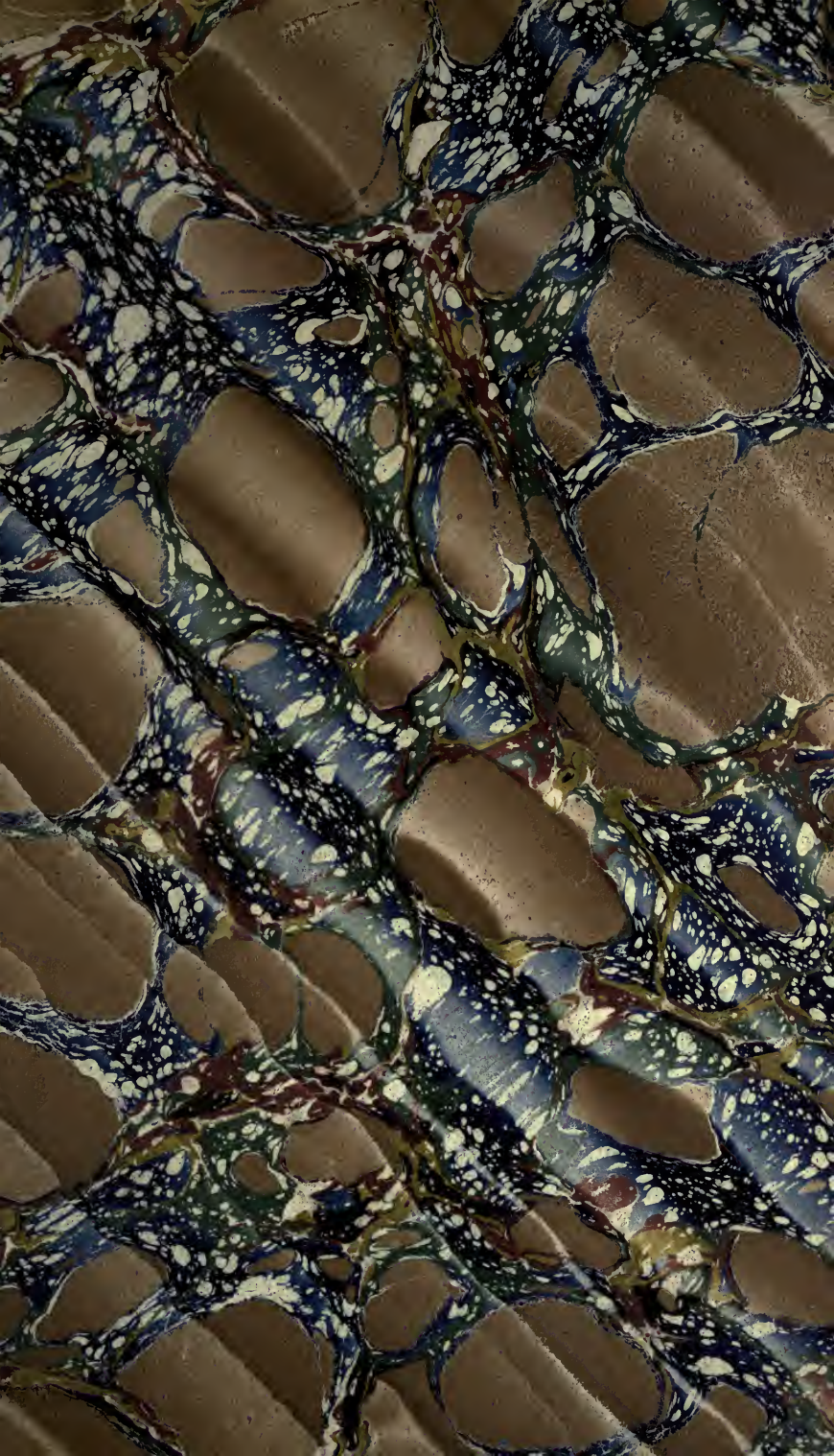


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FOR 1848

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FOR THE REVIEW, AND THE NEW YORK REVIEW.
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A LARGE picture requires innumerable studies of detail. Every head, every hand, each figure and each ornament must be thought over and sketched and studied as if the artist's object was, in each case, to show how it, and it alone, stood in the original scene. The painter has thus two great departments into which his labour divides itself. The study of minute, separate parts, and then the combination of all these details into one harmonious whole.

The work of the historian contains a similar division. Unless he has felt that nothing can be too small, too insignificant for his attention, he does not deserve to be allowed to use the pen of the writer of history. His broad views will be bold fallacies, and his sweeping generalizations will simply mislead. In ordinary life, we should be incapable of giving an account of any complicated chain of events unless we had noticed with accuracy and care each succeeding circumstance. We are quite unable to give a truthful sketch of the character of any one with whose daily, and even trivial, actions we are not familiar. It is just so

with the historian. His studies must condescend to the minutest particulars, if his "philosophy of history" is to deserve the name. What can he tell us of the tendencies of an epoch or the causes of its events, if he is not familiar with the great men of the time? And how can he become familiar with a great man unless he follows his career step by step? The work, therefore, of the biographer is the necessary antecedent of the historian—it is of a humbler order, but without it history cannot exist. To this we are becoming fully awake, and the work of our time seems to be acknowledged in the main to be, the accumulation of materials by which those who come after us may re-write the history that, erring in sins, partly of omission and partly of commission, has been mistaught to those before us. Thus kings and queens, and princesses, chancellors and chief justices, statesmen and artists, every one of note and many of none, have now their biographers. It is to be hoped that the writers of true history that are to come, who are to read and digest all these things, will not omit the Lives of the Saints from the elements with which they have to deal, as has been too much done in times gone by. And we hope that the saints may find worthy biographers from time to time, as the ancient records are exhumed and the old manuscripts deciphered; for as fresh discoveries are made our books become almost as antiquated and out of date as "Brown Bess" is beside the modern *armes de precision*.

St. Thomas of Canterbury has, we are thankful to remember, been by no means forgotten in our time. Both in periodical literature and in more permanent works he has been treated of with a happy frequency that reminds one of the astonishing number of biographers that took it in hand to record his actions soon after his death. We are glad of it for many reasons, and not least for this, that unless his life and character be thoroughly appreciated, it is impossible that the history can be understood, not only of England under Henry II., but of Christendom under Pope Alexander III. But the work has by no means been permanently accomplished. Further materials for the biographer must necessarily from time to time be discovered which it is his business to assimilate and work up ready for the hand of the future historian. Indeed we have heard rumours and received accounts which show that some such additions to our sources of information have been made

even since the appearance of the most recent lives of St. Thomas of Canterbury. The wonderfully interesting French metrical Life by *Garnier de Pont Sainte Maxence*, completed as he tells us within four years of the martyrdom, and speaking to us in the very language of the time of St. Thomas, has been used, it is true, by Professor Stanley, by Canon Morris, and by Canon Robertson, in their respective compilations, but they have by no means exhausted the information it has to afford. The edition printed by Immanuel Bekker (Berlin 1838), has been completely supplanted by the charming little volume* that we owe to M. Hippeau, Professeur a la Faculté des Lettres a Caen.

Of all ancient sources of information none surpass letters in value and interest. Although we have in Dr. Giles's disorderly collection perhaps 1,000 letters of the time, all more or less relating to the controversy, it is with the liveliest pleasure that we have heard that Mgr. Liverani, a Roman prelate, has discovered 112 others hitherto unpublished. Of these, one only is from the pen of the Saint himself; a short letter of no consequence, recommending some one whom he was sending to Rome. But its presence in the collection suggests to us that these are Roman copies of letters that have escaped Alan of Tewkesbury and the other English collectors. The other letters, we are told, are a medley—many refer to the questions about St. Thomas, and amongst the writers are Gilbert Foliot, Bishop of London, Hilary Bishop of Chichester, Roger, the Archbishop of York, the Abbot of Malmesbury, the Bishop of Le Mans, the Archbishop of Rouen; and there is one of Henry II., relating as many others of the collection do, to the Canonization of St. Edward. There are also letters of Alexander III., and one of Victor IV., the Antipope, which is described as being the most interesting letter of the series, its purport being to invite the English to acknowledge him. On this subject, the nearness of England and especially of Henry II. to schism, we may expect in the course of time more information. We are not aware that any Life of St. Thomas or of Henry II. has quoted the Act of the schismatical Barbarossa, recording the Canonization of Charlemagne at Aix-la-Chapelle, *sedula petitione carissimi amici nostri Henrici*

* Paris, chez Auguste Aubry, 1859.

Regis Angliae inducti, assensu et auctoritate Domini Paschalis, the Antipope. For further light on this and kindred subjects, we anxiously look for the publication of these letters by Mgr. Liverani, feeling sure, from the five volumes he has recently published on the Life and Letters of John X. and Honorius II., that we may expect scholarly and careful editing.

Of ancient biographies of St. Thomas two are most assuredly to be classed *inter desiderata*. Of the works of Benedict of Peterborough, and William of Canterbury, only those fragments have yet been published which are found in the curious Mosaic, made up of *five* old writers, and called the *Quadrilogus*. Benedict wrote an account of the martyrdom of which he was a witness, as well as the most curious and singularly interesting catalogue of miracles at the shrine. The book on the Miracles has been published; it is the still more valuable work on the martyrdom that we are anxious to obtain. Perhaps the hint or conjecture contained in one of Mr. Morris's notes may be useful to any one who has access to libraries of old manuscripts that have not yet fully yielded up their treasures; that "judging by Joscelin (Hearne's Avesbury, 280), it probably begins with the words *Cum apud hominum fidelium mentes*." *

Of William of Canterbury, personally, little or nothing has hitherto been known. Dr. Giles says that "he is *probably* the prior of Canterbury who occurs as the writer of one of the letters, † but this is simple conjecture.

This most careless editor might have taken the trouble, when publishing the extracts from this writer contained in the *Quadrilogus*, to have separated those portions which were clearly not his, inasmuch as they appear in their proper context in the works of other writers. Several pages out of the thirty-three, attributed to William, are extracts from Herbert de Bosham. The remainder show us that the work of William of Canterbury is not inferior in graphic

* Life and Martyrdom of St. Thomas Becket. By John Morris, Canon of Northampton, 1859, p. 398.

† Vita S. Thomæ, Ed. Giles, Oxon, 1845, vol. ii. p. 7. Has Dr. Giles misunderstood a passage in an author of the next generation? "Monachi Willermus atque Rogerus, quorum prior Cantuariensis, Pontiniacensis vero alter." (tom. cit. p. 52.)

narrative to any of the contemporary biographies. Amongst other anecdotes there is one which we have not seen in an English dress. It relates that the wife of Hugh de Morvile, the knight who is usually depicted at the martyrdom with his sword but half unsheathed, having been repulsed in her advances by a youth named Lithulf, entertained the feeling respecting him that Potiphar's wife felt for Joseph, and one day asked him as if in sport to gallop up towards her and her husband with his sword in his hand. As he did so, the treacherous woman called out, "Huwe of Morevile, war, war, war, Lithulf haveth his swerd ydrawen." Lithulf was condemned to death for attempting his master's life, and died by being thrown into boiling water. * The form of the English words, the fact that the wife of a Norman knight should be said at this time to have spoken to her husband in English, and the manner of Lithulf's death, all render the story worthy of notice.

A paper in the *Journal of the British Archæological Association*,† by Mr. Francis Joseph Baigent, drew attention to a manuscript in the library of Winchester College, which has a peculiar interest attached to it as being one of three which remain of the gifts of the founder, William of Wykeham, and the only one of those named in his will. It is a magnificent manuscript of the twelfth or thirteenth centuries. It commences with a stray leaf, giving an account of the meeting of the kings of England and France at Montmirail, on the Epiphany, 1169. It opens with this remarkable speech of Henry II. to Louis, which may account for the French monarch having taken part with Henry against St. Thomas, on this occasion, for the first and only time. "On this day, my Lord King, on which the three kings offered their gifts to the King of kings, I commend myself, my sons and land, to your keeping." Louis answered, "Since the King who received the gifts of the kings hath inspired you thus, let your sons show themselves that they may possess their lands by the title of our clemency." This glimpse of the humiliations

* *Quadrilog*, Ed. Lupus. Brussels, 1682, vol. i. p. vol. ii. p. 31. Ed. Giles,

† Part I., vol. x., published April 30, 1854.

to which Henry was ready to submit in order to deprive St. Thomas of his friends, is in strict accordance with the account we have of his offer to give Prince Richard, afterwards our Cœur de Lion, into the charge of King Louis, by which offer he had induced Louis to arrange the subsequent meeting at Montmartre.*

To return to our MS. After this leaf, follows a life of St. Thomas, in two books, occupying 108 pages. There then begins another work relating the miracles of St. Thomas, in six books, of which the last is imperfect. These occupy 328 pages. This work is of a very similar character to the books of miracles written by Benedict of Peterborough, and its publication would probably confer as great a treat on all students of the manners of our ancestors. Benedict's† is one of the most amusing books we ever came across, and the Winton MS., furnishing a fresh set of similar details, promises to be of equal interest.

The work, beyond all doubt, is the yet unpublished Life, written by William of Canterbury. The fragments preserved in the *Quadrilogus* fit naturally into the context, so that the authorship of William of Wykeham's beautiful legacy is absolutely certain. Its publication is greatly to be desired; for William of Canterbury is one of the best class of witnesses. He was himself a monk of Canterbury, and not only is the earliness of his date proved by his place in the *Quadrilogus*, and the mention of his name by Herbert, Gervase, and Philip of Liege, but he makes a remark respecting himself in the short prologue to the Winchester MS. showing his personal knowledge of the saint which makes us very anxious to hear his evidence. He says‡ that he received at the saint's hands both

* Morris's *St. Thomas*, p. 269.

† Edited by Dr. Giles, for the Caxton Society, 1850.

‡ Sed et privata causa martyr scriptorem suum compellit ad obsequium. Vivens quippe in carne sanctus eum dignatus est ad ordines promovere et monachili habitu induere, vivensque in cœlo nichilominus servo suo tenetur ex promisso. Nam cum miracula ejus quæ in scedulis occultabat incorrecta et imperfecta, rogaretur a fratribus exponere transcribenda, ait ei in visu noctis, Elige tibi quod vis. Hac audita voce, misericordiam in se martyris intellexit, volentis laborem suum quem ipso premonente subierat, immo donum proprium remunerare.

his orders and his religious habit. It is remarkable that this was the happy lot of Gervase also, and that St. Thomas should have ordained yet another of his biographers, Roger of Pontigny.

It is not only to the works written expressly on the life of St. Thomas that we may look for additional information, but other Saints' Lives and the records of various chroniclers have been by no means ransacked by his recent biographers. Mr. Morris has given us some interesting particulars of St. Thomas's last day upon earth from Giraldus Cambrensis in Wharton's *Anglia Sacra*, to which Mr. Robertson makes no reference; but neither of these writers has quoted the work of Giraldus *De Instructione Principum*, which contains some curious details respecting King Henry II. and his family. We content ourselves with inserting in this place a translation of an anecdote* respecting St. Thomas when at Pontigny. The saint had a habit, when he was wearied by study, of visiting his clerics in turn, and asking them what they had discovered of interest in the course of their reading. On one occasion coming thus to Alexander the Welshman, he asked him what book he had in hand, and was told "All Martial's Works." "A very proper book for you," rejoined the Saint, for Alexander was a facetious man, as Herbert as well as Giraldus has recorded of him. "The book is worth transcribing," he said, "if it were only for the two lines I was reading just as you came up: they so exactly fit our case.

"Di mihi dent, et tu, quæ tu Trojane mereris,
Di mihi dent, et tu, quæ volo si merui." †

The saint was so pleased that he had a transcript made of the Martial. It is amusing to find an illustration like this of the assertion in his Life that "the saint made use of his stay in this religious house to get copies made for the Church of Canterbury of all the best books in the French libraries." (*Morris*, p. 175.) Giraldus in this passage speaks of Alexander as "Archdeacon of Bangor." We have not seen this mentioned elsewhere, but there

* Published by the Anglia Christiana Society, 1846, p. 186.

† Gods and thou grant me! Trojan, what thy merits claim,
Gods and thou grant my wish! if I deserve the same.

can be no doubt that it is, as Mr. Brewer remarks in his note, our old friend Alexander Llewellyn, whom Herbert de Bosham describes as "called in his own language, Cuelin, by surname and nation 'the Welshman': pleasant in talking, and in pleasant speech profuse." When we think of Alexander's brave remonstrances after the saint's fall at Clarendon, for he was the well-known cross-bearer on that occasion; of the funny little jokes with which he kept up the spirits of the party in exile, of which we have one droll specimen when St. Thomas put on the Cistercian habit; and when we remember how well he deserved Herbert's praise, "All his merits lay not in his mouth, for his hand was as ready as his tongue, and what is very valuable in his nation, his fidelity was equal to his work," being the bearer of the saint's last letter to the Pope and leaving Canterbury on the St. Stephen's day before the martyrdom:—we are pleased indeed to see that our worthy Alexander attained Ecclesiastical dignity and became Archdeacon of Bangor before his death. Giraldus, himself a Welshman, would have had better opportunities of being aware of this promotion than Herbert, whose intercourse with Alexander probably ended when the tie that bound them in their master's service was broken.

Mr. Brewer (whose editorship of this volume and the Battle Chronicle for the Anglia Christiana Society is worthy of all praise) quotes a story of St. Thomas and the *sortes* from Fordun's *Scotichronicon* very similar to that given by Giraldus. "When Thomas," he says, "was seeking safety by flight early one morning, as he was walking alone and meditating on the sadness of his condition, he was met by a certain clerk. 'Whither away?' he inquired. 'I am going,' quoth the scholar, 'to school at Canterbury. For I have heard,' he continued, 'that it pleases our noble Archbishop to maintain poor scholars. I have hopes therefore of finding support under the wings of his fatherly affection and goodness; for I am but a poor orphan, and have no means of supporting myself.' 'And what book art thou reading, my son,' replied the Archbishop kindly, 'and where is thy lesson?' 'Cato,' answered the scholar, 'and here is my lesson—

'Esto animo fortis, cum sis damnatus inique.'

"The saint took the verse for an omen, as a message of

comfort from Almighty God; and telling the clerk that, when he next saw the Archbishop, he should approach him with confidence, and, asking his charity, show this verse for a token; he gave him some money and they separated with mutual comfort."

To these we may add a few more stories from Lambarde,* an historian of the County of Kent of the seventeenth century. They are sneeringly told, but they are valuable records of local traditions, the memory of which should not be lost; and there is a piquant quaintness in the manner in which they are told.

"If Edmund Hadhenham, the penner of the chronicles of Rochester, lye not shamefully, (which thing you know how far it is from a monke) then at such time as King Henrie the Seconde and Lewes the French King were, after long warre, reconciled to amitie, Lewes came over to visit King Henrie, and in his return homeward saluted Saint Thomas of Canterburie, made a princely offer at his tombe, and (bicause he was very fearefull of the water) asked of Saint Thomas, and obtained, that neither he in that passage, nor any other from hencefoorth, that crossed the seas between Dover and Withsand, should suffer any manner of losse or shipwracke."—p. 162.

The passage from Dover or Sandwich to Whitsand, now Gallicized into Ouessant, seems to have been the favorite transit of our ancestors. Of all the marvels of that time few are so great as the readiness with which the channel was crossed, and that in mere boats or barges, when our kings held sway on either shore.

"Polydore Virgil (handeling that hot contention betweene King Henrie the Seconde and Thomas Becket) saith that Becket (being at the length reputed for the king's enemie) began to be so commonly neglected, contemned and hated, that when as it happened him upon a time, to come to Stroude, the inhabitants thereabouts (being desirous to despite that good ffather) sticked not to cut the taile from the horse on which he roade, binding themselves therby with a perpetual reproach: For afterward (by the will of God) it so happened that every one which came of that kindred of men which had plaied that naughty pranke, were borne with tailes, even as brute beasts bee."—p. 356.

One more extract from Master Lambarde.

"It was long since fancied, and is yet of too many believed, that

* Perambulation of Kent. Chatham, 1826.

while Thomas Becket lay at the olde house at Otford (which of long time, as you see, belonged to the Archbishops, and whereof the olde hall and chapell onely doe now remaine) and sawe that it wanted a fit spring to water it, that he strake his staffe into the drie ground, (in a place thereof now called Sainct Thomas Well) and that immediately the same water appeered, which running plentifully, serveth the offices of the new house till this present day.

"They say also, that as he walked on a time in the olde Parke, (busie at his praiers) that he was much hindered in devotion by the sweete note and melodie of a Nightingale that sang in a bush besides him: and that therefore (in the might of his holinesse) he inioined that from thencefoorth no birde of that kinde should be so bolde as to sing thereabout.

"Some men report likewise, that forasmuch as a smith (then dwelling in the towne) had cloyed his horse, he enacted by like authoritie, that after that time no smith should thrive within the parish."—p. 460.

Saying good bye to Lambarde, some of whose tales we fear Canon Morris would place in his chapter of legends, we turn, in fulfilment of our task of gathering up the fragments that remain lest they perish, to the Life of St. Godric, where we find an interesting mention of St. Thomas. A monk of Westminster was on a visit to the holy hermit of Finchale, who asked him, one day, whether he knew Thomas "the new Archbishop of Canterbury." The monk replied that he knew him, and added, "And do you know him, Sir?" St. Godric's answer was, "With my bodily eye I have never seen him, but with the inward eye of my heart I have often seen him, and I know him so well, that if now I were to see his face, though no one were to tell me and he were to be placed amongst many persons whom I did not know, I should recognize him immediately." The monk not making any remark, St. Godric continued: "I wish to send him some secret messages, if you will be my messenger." His companion expressed readiness, provided there was nothing wrong in the message. The old man smiled and said that he hoped his injunction would be good. "When you see him," he said, "remember, I pray you, to salute him in the name of poor Godric, and say that he must steadily persevere in carrying out those things which he has resolved to do, for all the things he has resolved are most pleasing and acceptable to Almighty God. Yet he will suffer very great adversity, and he will very soon be

driven into exile from England, he will for some time remain a stranger and a sojourner in foreign lands, until the period of his appointed penance is fulfilled. At last he will return to England, to his own archiepiscopal see, and he will then be loftier in dignity than when he left England. For that Archbishop and Malcolm King of the Scots, of all the rich men between the Alps and the furthest limits of Scotland, are the two who will be most pleasing and acceptable to God. And King Malcolm will receive from God the penny of the heavenly reward. Now when you have told him this, I beg you to send me by some one his absolution of my sins, written and sent me by him." "Why do you ask his absolution?" inquired the monk, "seeing that you are not of his flock." "I know that it will benefit me," said St. Godric, "and therefore I ask you to send it to me." The monk marvelled at this conversation, for St. Thomas had not been very long Archbishop, and people did not think that he had seriously lost the King's favour. On his return he went with his abbot to St. Thomas at "Warenes Stanes" near Windsor, and when our saint had heard St. Godric's message, he made enquiry from the abbot respecting him. "I recommend you," said the abbot, "to receive his message with gratitude, for he often foretells things to come." The next morning St. Thomas wrote to him, sending the absolution he had asked for, and recommending himself to his fatherly prayers. Within three months of the prediction, the biographer of St. Godric tells us that it was fulfilled by the exile of the saint.

When St. Thomas had spent some years in exile, the same monk being once more in the neighbourhood, consulted St. Godric respecting it. "The Archbishop of Canterbury has now been a long time in exile, and there seems to be no possible hope left of a reconciliation, for we have heard that so many adverse things press upon him, that we are afraid he will never again return to England." "Yet a little while longer," replied St. Godric, "will he suffer his exile, for he has not yet passed his time of penance. Then the king will permit him to return to his see in Kent, with greater power and honour than when he went into exile."

The day before the passion of St. Thomas, this same monk, who was at Canterbury on business, asked the archbishop whether he remembered the message he had

brought him from St. Godric the pious hermit. "Right well do I remember it," said St. Thomas, "but he has passed from this world to the Lord, and it is some time since we sung our funeral mass for him. I know that he did not need our help, for he is happily reigning with Christ in heaven. The message that he sent me by you, came to pass as he said, for I went into exile only Archbishop of Canterbury, and now I have returned Legate of all England."*

There is another similar narrative in another part of the same life, which, from the interest of being thus enabled to link two English saints together, we may be permitted to give at equal length. Reginald, the monk of Durham, who wrote the life, speaks here in the first person.

"It was now midlent, and the vigil of St. Cuthbert's day had come, (March 19), on which his monks from all parts are accustomed to meet in chapter for the feast. And since I had kept half my Lent with the man of God (St. Godric) I spoke to him about it on the evening before that I might get his leave to say mass early the next morning and go home. As I was about to start after mass, I knelt for his blessing, when he smiled and said, 'Though you are in such a hurry to go, it is possible that before you leave the gate you may come back again.' I went out, and immediately met some Cistercian abbots, who made me return, and asked to be allowed to speak to the man of God. I went in to him, and he said with a smile, 'See, how soon you have returned.' I then thought of his words, and when the interview with the abbots was over, I returned to ask his leave to depart: he gave it me with his blessing, but he added, 'If you go now, before you get out of the garden fence, you may be obliged, however unwillingly to return again.' I did not give much consideration to his prediction, but I started for Durham as quickly as I could. But before I was clear of the place, a brother in grey met me, who called upon me in the name of the Holy Trinity to stop and hear his message; and he commanded me in the name of the lord Thomas Archbishop of Canterbury then in exile, that in virtue of the Holy Spirit and of obedience, I should tell no man what he was about to tell me, until I saw the end. This I promised. Having received the message of the lord archbishop to the servant of God, I returned into his cell, and timidly and anxiously I began to consult him on some text of Scripture. He saw that there was something that I wished to say to him, and

* *Libellus de Vita et miraculis S. Godrici, Heremitæ de Finchale, Auctore Reginaldo Monacho Dunelmensi*—Surtees Society, 1845. P. 236, §§ 222-225.

so he said : ' You always treat me like an unlearned person with your circumlocutions : say briefly and plainly what you are thinking of, and I will willingly answer you as God shall enable me.'

"Somewhat confused by this truthful and pleasant speech, but taking courage, I said that I wondered exceedingly why the long altercation between the king and the archbishop had not been brought to an end by the mediation of some of the nobles. He answered : 'Because both of them did wrong in the gift and the receipt of that dignity, and therefore the Lord hath chastised them both with the rod of their own fault : but the Lord's clemency can bring good out of men's evil and give a good end to evil beginnings.' Then speaking freely I told him all. 'Sir,' I said, 'a messenger from the exiled Archbishop of Canterbury is outside, and binding me by the authority of the archbishop and by solemn pledges he has told me that he has come here as his secret messenger, so secretly that scarcely any even of his domestics were aware of it, for if he were taken by the king's officials, he would certainly be punished with death. His Lordship of Canterbury ordered him to give his precept in a secret manner to whichever of the monks of Durham he found in attendance upon you. So in his name and as his messenger and in the name of the Holy Trinity he bade me secretly go to you, whom he called the servant of God, and tell you his message. Three times you have sent to the Archbishop the knowledge of secret and future things, in each of which he has found you to be a true prophet in the Spirit of the Lord ; for in each of them the end has come to pass as you have foretold. In the name of the Holy Trinity he adjured me to ask of you how long this dissension will last, when he will be in accord with the king, and whether he shall ever return to England, or what the end will be ; for on these points he is very anxious. Now he prays you as a father, he adjures you as a fellow-soldier, he asks of you as an ancient servant of the Lord, to tell him by me the end of all this calamity, for he has heard that you have predicted of him that within seven years his exile should have a happy end, and now those years have all but elapsed and they have brought him sorrow rather than consolation.'

"After a long silence, he replied—'Three times I have sent him secret messages which the Holy Ghost revealed to me and which I felt would come true in his regard ; and now tell his messenger who is outside that when you came to me for leave to go home, I foresaw how your journey would be hindered. Tell him not to be troubled if for a little while he have much to suffer, for the longer the trial is, the fuller will be the crown, and the light burden of this tribulation brings forth an increase of everlasting beatitude. For within six months peace by word of mouth will be made between him and the king, but Godric will not then be living here ; and within nine months his honours and possessions will be restored to him, and he will return to his See in Kent, where not long after au

end shall come to him altogether and of all things—an end that shall be for his saving good, his joy and perfection; and to many men a remedy of salvation, a help and consolation. Tell these last words of mine frequently to his messenger, and repeat them again and again, for by the help of the Holy Spirit, as soon as he has heard them, the Archbishop will know their secret meaning. And there will be greater joy amongst all the English for his return than there was sorrow for his exile.’

“I then went out and told all this to his messenger, but nothing would satisfy him but that he should be admitted to speak to the servant of God; and when I had obtained this for him, St. Godric rehearsed to him over and over again what I have given above, and repeatedly told him that he must remember that in a little while the end of all was coming. Having received his blessing we departed together, and we understood nothing of the prophetic things we had heard. Once more I returned, after I had had his blessing, and he said:—‘This morning you were in such haste to get to Durham; now you will not get there for the Chapter but you will be there by dinner time.’ It happened as he said, and finding the monks going to the refectory, his prophecy came back to my mind.

“In about two months after this the man of God departed this life, and before the martyrdom of my Lord of Canterbury none of these words came to my memory; but after the solemn martyrdom of the Archbishop’s death, then all the ambiguity of the prophecy was made clear. For all things happened as the man of God had foretold, and the end came as the Spirit of God had made known to him.”*

Mr. Stevenson, who edited this interesting volume for the Surtees Society, remarks that this prophecy was uttered in 1170, on the 19th of March, that St. Godric died on the 21st of May, that it was in October that St. Thomas of Canterbury was, “to all appearance” reconciled to King Henry, and his martyrdom followed on the 29th December. These dates show that Hoveden, † the chronicler, was mistaken when he says that the death of St. Thomas was revealed to St. Godric at Finchale, on the day on which it happened, for St. Godric, as we have seen, predeceased St. Thomas seven months.

Speaking of the connexion between St. Thomas of Can-

* *Vita S. Godrici*, pp. 293, 297, § 27 — 280.

† *Eodem die passio beati Thomæ revelata est beato Godrico Anachoritæ per spiritum sanctum apud Finkhale, qui locus distat Cantuaria plusquam per (? ter) centum sexaginta milliaria. Savile—Scriptores post Bedam, 1601, p. 522.*

terbury and the Saints of Durham, we are not aware whether any notice has been taken of a passage in the compilation which on the strength of the superscription of a manuscript belonging to Sir Thomas Phillips, Dr. Giles publishes under the name of Philip of Liege. Whosoever it may be, it is certainly not later than the generation next after that of St. Thomas, and it contains this anecdote.

“When he raised from the earth to his shrine the blessed Cuthbert, the bishop beloved of God and venerable amongst men, and touched each of his limbs and his face and all the members of the saint which had suffered no corruption though six hundred years had passed, for he had lived a virgin from his childhood, famous for holiness and miracles, the king asked the archbishop how he presumed to touch all the members of so great a saint; on which the man of God replied—‘Do not wonder, sire, at this, that with my consecrated hands I have touched him, for far higher is that sacrament which day by day I, as other priests, handle on the altar, the blessed body of Christ which is committed to three orders of priests, deacons, and subdeacons.’* ”

Roger Hoveden is the narrator of the following miracle. “One day the Archbishop was sitting at the table of Pope Alexander, when his domestic placed before him a bowl of water. The Pope reached for it and tasted it, and found it to be an excellent wine, and saying, ‘I thought you drank water,’ put it back before the Archbishop, when straightway the wine returned to its former taste of water.”† It is a pretty story, but we are afraid that it cannot stand, any more than Hoveden’s story of St. Godric, for it is constantly mentioned that St. Thomas was not a water-drinker. “Being of a very chilly temperament, water did not agree with him, so that he never drank it, and but seldom beer, but he always took wine, though in great moderation and with all sobriety.”‡ The testimony of Garnier of Pont Sainte Maxence is to the same effect.

“Le meillur vin useit que il poeit trover;
Mès pur le freit ventreil, eschaffé le beveit;
Kar le ventreil aveit et le cors forment freit.
Gingibre et mult girofre, pur eschalfer, mangeit;
Ne pur quant tut adès l’ève od le vin mesleit.”§

* Anecdota Bedæ, &c. Ed. Giles. Caxton Soc., 1851, p. 234.

† Hoveden ap., Savile, p. 520.

‡ Herb. de Bosham—Vita, Ed. Giles, vii. p. 70.

§ Ed. Hippeau, p. 136.

So that Hoveden's miracle, we fear, must be classed with the legend of the carp, which we cannot help quoting in all its quaintness, although it has been already published.

"And anon after Saynt Thomas came to come (to Sens) on Saynt Marcus day at afternone. And whan his Cature shulde haue brought fysshe for his dyner, because it was fastynge day, he coude gette non for no money, and came and tolde his lorde Saynt Thomas so, and he bad hym by such as he coude gete, and than he bought flesshe and made it redy for theyr dyner, and Saynt Thomas was served wt a capon rosted and his menny with boyllled mete and so it was that ye pope herde yt he was come and sent a cardynall to welcome hym, and he found hym at his dyner etynge flesshe, whiche anon retourned and tolde to the pope how he was not so perfyght a mā as he had supposed. For contrary to the rule of the church he eteth thys day flesshe. The pope wold not believe hym but sent another cardynall whiche for more evydent toke the legge of the capon in his kerchyef and affermed the same. And opened his kerchyef before ye pope and he founde the legge tourned in to a fysshe called a carpe and when ye pope sawe it he sayde they were not trwe men to say suche thynges of this good bysshope, they sayde feythfully yt it was flesshe that he ete. And after this Saynt Thomas came to ye pope and dyd his reverence and obedience whome ye pope welcomed and after certayne comunycacions he demaunded hym what mete yt he had eten and sayde flesshe as ye have herd before bycause he coude fynde no fysshe and very nede cōpelled hym thereto, than ye pope understode of ye myracle that the capons legge was tourned in to a carpe of his goodness granted to hym and to all them of ye dyocise of Canterbury lycēce to ete flesshe ever after on Saynt Marcus day whan et falleth on a fysshe day and pdon all whiche is kepte and accustomed." *

¶ We wonder very much whether there was any such dispensation to eat meat on St. Mark's Day in the diocese of Canterbury, which served as the foundation of fact for this curious legend. It reminds us somewhat of the grave old narrator's account of how, on some great occasion, "two fountains sprung up, one of wine and the other of water: that of water remaineth unto this day." Was the sequel of the capon's leg being changed into a carp in the Cardinal's kerchief, "kept and accustomed?" If so, it is singular that our Catholic ancestors should have lost

* Morris's *Life of St. Thomas*, p. 376. We have restored the spelling of the "*Lyfe of Saynt Thomas of Caunturbury*" published by Rycharde Pynson.

the tradition, for amongst ourselves, St. Mark has been a day of abstinence until very lately. By a Rescript of July 8, 1781, Pope Pius VI. abrogated the fast which, in consequence of an immemorial tradition, the English Catholics kept on all the Fridays of the year, with the exception of the Paschal Season. The Pope then refused to dispense with the abstinence on St. Mark's Day and the three Rogation Days, which the Vicars Apostolic had asked at the same time; but this was granted by Pope Pius VIII. by a Rescript dated May 29, 1830.

In 1696, a life of St. Thomas was published at Lucca, by John Baptist Cola, *della Congregazione della Madre di Dio*. It consists in the main of a translation of that published in French by Beaulieu, in 1674, but it also contains, distinguished by italics, a few anecdotes collected from other sources by the translator. At page 179 he mentions the Italian families of whom he had heard as claiming descent from the banished relations of the saint. Of these he gives the first place to "F. Andrea Minerbetti," a Knight Commander of the Order of St. John at Florence, and then he enumerates the "Signori Becchetti" of Piacenza, Fabriano, Verona, of Sacca in Sicily, and of Berceto in the territory of Parma, to which latter place he attributes the possession of a precious relic of our saint. He then speaks of the "Signori Morselli" of Vigerano and Piacenza. In the former place this family rejoiced in the possession of a fountain which St. Thomas had caused to spring up miraculously on one of his journeys to Rome, which favour they recorded by engraving on the city insignia, which it was their privilege to carry in procession on St. Mark's day, the following verses, in which the Morselli celebrate their devotion to St. Mark and to St. Thomas of Canterbury.

"Clarorumque tribus, Morsellorumque propago
 Marcola, quæ gemino nitet illustrata decore.
 Nam licet Huic soli, cum Marci festa geruntur,
 Vexillum patriæ populo præferre precanti,
 Hæc etiam in terris Sanctorum munere gaudet;
 Nam sibi conspicuum Thomas pater ille beatus
 Præsul arenosis fontem impetravit in arvis."

But by far the most interesting of all the narratives of this book, which we have not seen mentioned elsewhere, is the account of a vision of St. Catherine of Bologna. In

order to devote herself to prayer this saint had deprived herself of her natural rest to such an extent that her spiritual daughters, fearing both for her mind and body, implored her to devote less time to this holy exercise. St. Catherine, after asking fervently for God's guidance, fell asleep and saw St. Thomas of Canterbury, to whom she was particularly devoted, appear to her in his pontifical vestments, and make a sign to her to observe what he should do. She noticed that he prayed for some time and then devoted a while to rest, and then returned again to prayer; and then, drawing near to St. Catherine, he gave his hand to her to kiss, on which she awoke and saw him and kissed his hand before he disappeared. The account of this the saint wrote in her Breviary "which is still amongst her relics at Bologna," with these words:—"Oratio pro Sancto Thomâ meo gloriosissimo Martyre, tam benignissimo, qui manus suas sanctissimas concessit mihi, et osculata sum illas in corde et corpore meo; ad laudem Dei et illius scripsi, et narravi hoc cum omni veritate." In both the lives of St. Catherine given by the Bollandists (March 9), this is narrated, with a slight variation in the words written by the Saint in her Breviary. "S. Thomas meus gloriosissimus et clementissimus Patronus," one says are the words used respecting our great English martyr by the wonderful virgin who now for four hundred years has dwelt incorrupt amongst her Poor Clares at Bologna.

We now ask the reader to turn with us to the Chronicle of Battle Abbey, and to permit us to enter into an examination of the portion of it that relates to St. Thomas at greater length than we have hitherto done with any of our collection. It well deserves greater notice than has been taken of it. By Mr. Morris it has been dismissed in a single paragraph; Mr. Robertson, to the best of our recollection, makes no allusion to it whatever; and Lord Campbell mentions it with his usual inaccuracy. "One day, at a meeting of the clergy, some bishops affected to talk in highflown terms of their *being independent of the royal authority*; but the Chancellor, who was present, openly contradicted them, and, in a severe tone, reminded them that they were bound to the King by the same oath as men of the sword, 'to be true and faithful to the King, and truth and faith to bear of life and limb and earthly honour.'" As this Battle controversy took place when St. Thomas was Chancellor, and as his only concern with

it was his official position as Chancellor, it being a report of one of the earliest, if not the earliest, trial extant, it was well worthy of a fuller notice and greater attention from the historian and present holder of the Great Seal. It is a pity that, before Lord Campbell stereotyped his book and brought it to "as perfect a state as he could hope that it might ever attain," he did not correct some of the blunders in his life of St. Thomas. For instance, he tranquilly says,* "There has been an unfounded supposition recently started that Becket was of the Norman race. His Saxon pedigree appears from all contemporary authorities." The precise reverse of this is the truth. Not a single contemporary writer calls him a Saxon, and Fitz-Stephen, to whom Lord Campbell makes frequent and lengthy reference, says that his father, Gilbert Becket, was from the village of Tierrie, in Normandy. Lord Campbell has chosen to follow Thierry, the historian of the Norman Conquest, and as he happened to have a crotchet on this point, he has misled his English disciple; but this is no excuse for Lord Campbell's wanton assertion respecting "all the contemporary authorities" whom he evidently had not consulted.

Again he says, "Ffoliot, Bishop of London, publicly accused him of plunging a sword into the bosom of his mother, the Church" (p. 68.); at the time of the war in France, in which St. Thomas the Chancellor had led the King's army in person, while the fact was that Ffoliot was not Bishop of London until St. Thomas was Archbishop of Canterbury, and the accusation was brought by Ffoliot in a letter written, not at the time, as Lord Campbell misinforms his reader, but long afterwards when St. Thomas was in exile. But the most flagrant of his Lordship's blunders, to select only one more, is the extraordinary confusion he has made (p. 79, note q.) between John of Salisbury, the well-known scholar and friend of St. Thomas, and John of Oxford, Dean of Salisbury; and he has not only attributed to the good Christian the excommunication that fell upon the schismatic, but he has actually given as the cause that provoked the censure, a

* *Lives of the Lord Chancellors of England*, by John, Lord Campbell. Fourth Edition. London, 1856. Vol. i. p. 57, note.

private letter to the Saint, written in a severe strain, concluding with the words, "Take it as you please," and, says Lord Campbell, "he was excommunicated for his pains!" This blunder is probably without parallel. To another of Lord Campbell's errors, in which he has been followed by Canon Robertson, and that a very flagrant one, most unworthy of the judicial ermine, we called our readers' attention in a recent number. But we must now pass from our present Lord Chancellor to his great predecessor, and in order to give the account of the Battle Abbey controversy, we must turn to the Chronicle of that famous house, as edited in Latin by Mr. Brewer and translated by Mr. Lower.

The abbey of Battle was founded in honour of St. Martin, by King William the Conqueror, on the spot where the Battle of Hastings was fought, in suffrage for the souls of those who died there, and in thanksgiving for the victory there gained. Its royal founder conferred upon it many privileges, especially of exemptions from burdens, and amongst other grants in the act of its foundation occur the words: "Let it be free and quit for ever from all subjection of bishops, and from the rule of all persons whatever, as is Christ Church at Canterbury."

Hilary had not long succeeded to Seffrid in the See of Chichester, when he began to try to extend his jurisdiction over the exempt abbey of St. Martin at Battle. His claims were that the Abbot should be blessed in the Church of Chichester, having first made his profession of canonical obedience to it; next, that the Abbot was bound to attend the Diocesan Synod, and further, that the Bishop had the right of lodging in the abbey and its manors, by which latter claim he hoped in time to subject it altogether to himself. The Abbot, on his side, with all patience and humility, pleaded the exemption in the Act of Foundation, which bore the signatures of Lanfranc the Primate, and Stigand, the Bishop of Chichester. The Bishop, however, hoped to be successful through the favour of Pope Eugenius and of Archbishop Theobald.

In the time of King Stephen, the Bishop began the strife by summoning the Abbot to his Synod, and on his non-appearance he punished him with suspension, unless he should make satisfaction within forty days. When this came to the Abbot's ears, he immediately complained to the King, whose court was at St. Albans, who sent

Robert de Corneville, one of his clerics, to the Bishop, warning him to leave the abbey as free as the chapel royal itself. The contending parties were cited to appear before the King in London, in the presence of the Bishops and Barons, but on the appointed day the Bishop was not present. The charters and grants were produced and read, and in the Bishop's absence the King decreed the exemption of the abbey.

Thus matters remained during the life of King Stephen. Immediately on the King's death, which occurred October 28, 1154, Hilary summoned the Abbot to his Synod once more, and on his non-appearance he excommunicated him in solemn council. One of the brothers of the Temple hastened with the news to London, where, by Archbishop Theobald's advice, the Abbot was waiting for the new king's arrival, with his brother Richard de Luci, a nobleman whose name often appears in the history of St. Thomas. On this Theobald sent a message to the Bishop by Salamon, one of his clerics, to the effect that the Abbot was absent at his bidding, and that the Bishop should withdraw the sentence until they could meet. This Hilary accordingly did.

In 1155, the first year of King Henry's reign, in the Council which was held in London, in Lent, some bishops and abbots brought forward their Charters to have them confirmed by the king; and amongst the others was the Abbot of Battle. The Bishop of Chichester hastened to Archbishop Theobald, and warning him that the liberties and dignities of Canterbury and Chichester were in danger, requested him to interfere. The King, "yielding to the wishes of so eminent a personage, by whom he had so recently been invested with his sovereignty," ordered the Chancellor not to put the Great Seal to the Charter of Battle Abbey. The day following the Abbot went to court, but as the King was going out to hunt, he returned to his dwelling-house "at Battlebridge, in Southwark." On the third day he went to Westminster, where he found the King before the altar, about to hear Mass. After the Introit,* he went up to the King and said: "My Lord,

* Mr. Lower says, "after the entrance of the host!" This mis-translation arises from an ignorance of liturgical terms which surprises us in Mr. Lower. Dr. Giles has a still more ridiculous mistake

your excellency ordered that the Charter of our Church was to be confirmed with the royal seal: why it is now refused I do not know: let your clemency command that the royal word be kept, and not overthrown by any one's envy." The Chancellor* was then summoned, and the King ordered him to place the seal to the Charter; but while he was yet speaking, the Bishop, guessing what was going forward, hurried up and said: "My Lord, your clemency must remember that the day before yesterday the venerable Archbishop of Canterbury and myself laid a complaint before you of the Abbot of Battle, who is seeking for charters against the dignities of our Churches, so that if his subtlety prevails they will lament the loss of those rights which they have canonically possessed hitherto. Let your royal dignity therefore prohibit its having any confirmation, lest through his example others should rise against their bishops." The King, however, ordered the Charter to be sealed, and bade the Bishop and Abbot, together with the Chancellor, to appear before the Archbishop, when, if the matter could not be arranged, the Charter was to be left in the Chapel Royal in the keeping of the Chancellor, until the King's pleasure should be known. When the Mass had been sung as far as the *Pax Domini*, the Bishop took the *Pax* as usual to the King, and afterwards, to the astonishment of many, to the Abbot also.

The Chancellor accordingly accompanied the Bishop and the Abbot to the Archbishop at Lambeth, before whom the Charter of King William the Conqueror was

in the following sentence, which, we should think, he must himself be not a little perplexed to understand. "After the nocturnal devotion, which is said to be done whilst it is dark, but really in the light, on the day of preparation, until the ninth hour takes place, &c." *Giles's Life and Letters of Thomas a Becket*. London, 1846, vol. i. p. 58. This is meant for the translation of a passage in Fitz-Stephens, which simply means: "On Maundy Thursday, after Tenebræ, and on Good Friday till the hour of none." The old writer, wishing to speak of the spiritual beauty of the Tenebræ, confuses Dr. Giles by styling it, "quod dicitur tenebrarum, sed est lucis."

* We thus learn from the Chronicle that St. Thomas was appointed to the Chancellorship within the first few months of Henry's reign.

read. At the clause declaring the abbey to be as free from all jurisdiction of bishops as Christ Church, Canterbury, there was a great outcry, some declaring it to be against the Canons, others against the dignities of Canterbury, while others said that the words were "frivolous." Hilary not finding the names of any of his predecessors to attest the grant, and holding the clause to be uncanonical, declared that it ought to be erased by the authority of the judges there present. The Archbishop was of the same opinion. Although the opposition of the Abbot was but reasonable, they would not rest quiet. When the Chancellor perceived the difference of opinion amongst them, he carried off the Abbot's Charter to the Chapel Royal. The Abbot returned home, and the Bishop rejoiced as if he had won the day.

The Abbot, however, took the opportunity of a Parliament which was held in the summer of the same year, in order to receive the submission of a noble rebel, called Hugh de Mortimer, to renew his petition for his Charter, and owing to the interest of Reginald, Earl of Cornwall, and Richard de Humez, "the King's Tribune," who were members of his Council, and friends of Richard de Luci, and of his brother the abbot Walter, the petition was successful.

[* The Abbot took leave of the King with thanks, retired from the court with his charter, and in due time arrived at Battle, to the great joy of the brethren.

In the following Lent the Bishop renewed hostilities by summoning the Abbot to Chichester, and there, in the Chapter house, on Mid-lent Sunday, a long debate ensued between the Dean on the one side and the Abbot on the other; the text being a mandate from Adrian IV., the English Pope then reigning, to the Abbot to give due obedience to Hilary "to whom he had made profession thereof." The Dean demanded a written and sealed profession of obedience: the Abbot asked for a respite that he might visit and consult the king, "whose chapel-royal and a pledge of whose royal crown Battle Abbey is acknowledged to be." By quiet pertinacity, the Abbot carried his point; and, "having made his prayers before

* The meaning of these brackets will be subsequently explained.

the altar of the Holy Trinity there, and fortified himself with the sign of the holy cross, he returned home with his friends.”

King Henry had celebrated the anniversary of his accession at Westminster, and at the beginning of 1156, he passed over into Normandy. It was Easter 1157 before he returned to England, and, for the last six months Hilary, the Bishop of Chichester, had been in attendance on the King's Court. On the complaint of the Abbot, made through his powerful brother Richard de Luci, the King commanded the Bishop “that he should permit the Abbot of Battle, as his own chaplain, to rest in peace from all complaints, till he should return to England.”

After landing at Southampton, Henry proceeded to Ongar in Essex, which belonged to Richard de Luci, and when the Abbot came to meet him there, the King summoned him “to attend on the coming Whit Sunday at St. Edmund's (where he was then to be ensigned with the royal crown)” and, when, he promised him, the cause between him and the Bishop should be tried. The Abbot awaited the appointed day at his manor of Hou, not far from Ongar.]

In the year 1157, the King was solemnly crowned anew in the third year of his reign at Bury St. Edmund's, in the presence of the prelates, nobles, and a multitude of people, on the Feast of Pentecost, which fell that year upon St. Dunstan's Day (May 19).^{*} Hilary, Bishop of Chichester, and Walter, Abbot of Battle, were present, having been summoned that their long dispute might be brought to a conclusion. The cause was adjourned for a few days to be heard at Colchester, where the parties arrived on Thursday in Whitsunweek. On the Friday, the Abbot, with Richard de Luci, went to the King, who bade them wait in the Chapter-house of the monks for him. When the King had heard Mass, [he entered the Chapter-house, strictly ordering that no one but those whom he should summon by name should follow. He then called Thomas the Chancellor, Robert Earl of Leicester, Richard de Humez, the Tribune, Richard de Luci, Warine Fitzgerald, and Nicholas de Sigillo. There

^{*} This coronation, Mr. Brewer tells us, is unmentioned by any other writer.

was also present a certain physician named Ralph; and likewise Henry of Essex, the King's Tribune, who had been previously sent to the Chapter House to the Abbot by the King. In addition to these, William, the King's younger brother, came, and took his seat with the rest near the King.

All having taken their places, and the Abbot sitting by with three of his monks, Richard de Luci opened the proceedings: stating that the Abbot was prepared to produce his charters. This the King directed should be done, and] Thomas the Chancellor read the charter of the great King William before them. [The King thereupon took the charter into his own hands, and having closely examined it, deigned to commend it in high terms, blessing the soul of that noble king, who had regarded the abbey he had erected with so strong affection as to bestow upon it such great liberties and dignities.] The Chancellor next read another charter of King William upon the personal affairs of the Abbot, and [this, in the same manner, the King took and examined, and commanded to be put up with the rest, and carefully kept. He also declared that if ever he himself, under divine inspiration, should found an abbey, he would prescribe for it similar liberties and dignities to those of Battle Abbey. He also examined] the charters of the other kings, namely, those of King William the younger, and of King Henry, [and at the same time, the charter confirmed by his own seal, and commanded that they should be carefully preserved. Then] the Chancellor looking to the Abbot said, "My Lord Abbot, the Bishop of Chichester has, what seems to many, a strong argument against you, when he says that you made your profession in the Church at Chichester." The Abbot protested that he had done nothing against the dignity and liberty of his Church. The King, looking towards the Chancellor, said, "Profession is not against the dignities of churches; for they who make profession promise only what they owe." Richard de Luci, hearing this, again spoke: [My lord, your Highness has heard the privileges granted by the noble King William to his abbey, which he styled *Battle*, because God had there given him victory over his enemies, and which that abbey—which is your own royal chapel, and the pledge of your royal crown—has preserved inviolate until now. Wherefore I avow that that abbey ought to be held in high

account by you and by all of us Normans, inasmuch as at that place the most noble King William, by God's grace, and the aid of our ancestors, acquired that whereby you, my lord King, at this time, hold the crown of England by hereditary right, and whereby we have been all enriched with great wealth. We therefore pray your clemency to protect with the right hand of your authority, that abbey, with its dignities and liberties, in order that it, with all its possessions, may remain as free as it has ever been known to be in the times of your ancestors. But if this pleases you not, I humbly beg that you will remove my brother the Abbot from his place, that the abbey may not mourn the loss, in his time, of the liberties which it had preserved inviolate in that of his predecessors." And Robert, Earl of Leicester, [and others, cried out that the King would take equal care to preserve this abbey as he would his crown, or the acquisitions of their ancestors] and the King declared that he never could bring his mind to permit the Church in question to lose its dignities and liberties in his time, and that he would speak to the Bishop and arrange all the matter peaceably.

On the Tuesday after the Octave of Pentecost (May 28), the King entered the monks' Chapter-house in the company of the two Archbishops, Theobald of Canterbury, and Roger of York, the Bishops Richard of London, Robert of Exeter, and Robert of Lincoln, Silvester, Abbot of St. Augustine's, Canterbury, and Geoffry, Abbot of Holme, Thomas, the King's Chancellor, Robert, Earl of Leicester, and Patrick, Earl of Salisbury, and amongst the Barons, Henry of Essex, Reginald de Warenne, Richard de Luci, and Warin FitzGerald, together with a great number of commoners. Hilary and Walter were also present. When a dispute between Archbishop Theobald and Abbot Silvester, of much the same character, had been decided, Richard de Luci rose and made a speech to the King in his brother's behalf [in these words:

"This day has been appointed by your excellency, my lord King, whose good fortune equals your virtues, for my venerable brother Walter, ruler of your Abbey of Battle, to come to the consistory of this place, against the reverend Hilary, bishop of Chichester, for the settlement of the controversy so long maintained between them on their respective privileges. Obedient to your mandate, he is come, prepared to give satisfaction to any one who has aught to

allege against him, consistently with your honour and the rights of the Abbey committed to his keeping.

"This, your Abbey of Battle, having been reared from its foundations by the most noble King William, on account of the victory which God there gave him over his enemies, was endowed with great dignities and liberties, which up to this time are proved to have been held inviolate. That Abbey should therefore be held in high estimation, both by you, my lord King, and by all of us Normans, inasmuch as there the noble King William, by the will of God, and by the counsel and aid of our fathers, overcame his foes, who unjustly sought to take from him the crown and realm of England, and acquired them for himself and his successors. From your near consanguinity to him, this whole people has now to rejoice that you, by hereditary right, occupy his throne—while we by the gifts of his beneficence, and by succession from our ancestors, enjoy abundance of possessions and riches. Therefore, my lord, all this assembly of Norman nobles heartily implores you strictly to protect that place, as the monument of your triumph and of ours, in its proper dignity and freedom, against all its adversaries, and most especially against the machinations of the English, so that it may be exposed to no damage."

He then repeated his request that, if judgment were given against him, the Abbot might be allowed to resign, "lest the whole Norman nobility have occasion to mourn the loss during his government, of the privileges of the abbey, hitherto preserved inviolate, through the protection of your ancestors, by his predecessors, as the token of your royal crown and their acquisitions."

The Abbot then expressed himself as ready to answer all objections that might be alleged against the privileges of Battle, "which is your own free chapel and the pledge of your crown;" but he prayed that the Charter of the Conqueror, granted at the foundation of the abbey, might be first read.] When this had been done by one of the clerics present, Thomas, the King's Chancellor, said to the Bishop of Chichester:

"My lord Bishop, your charity has heard what has been here done before our lord the King, in the hearing of all present. And now if it pleases your prudence to make answer against these things, it is lawful for you to do so: for to you, as it seems to us, this parable appertaineth."

The Bishop then rose and thus began:

"With no desire of wandering, as many have, but from our love and honour towards you, my lord the King, and knowing

naught of this opposition, have we come with others here present, into these parts of the kingdom. Wherefore if it should please you and the Abbot and the others who are before you, that a peaceful arrangement should be made by your mediation, between myself and the Abbot, saving the right of our Church of Chichester, it might be done. For, therefore, am I come hither."

But when some refused a compromise, saying that the matter had been so long pending, that it ought to be definitely settled, the Bishop in a loud voice amidst a strict silence, resumed :

"Since you have rendered a peaceful compromise impossible, I will expound before the King and all here assembled, the rights of the Church of Chichester, and the previous state of the question.

"Jesus Christ, my Lord King," (and then repeating himself) "our Lord Jesus" (and saying the same a third time) "hear all of you and understand, Jesus Christ our Lord appointed two mansions and two powers in the constitution of this world, the one spiritual and the other temporal. The spiritual is that of which our Lord Jesus Christ spoke to our first Pastor, Peter the Apostle, and his successors, saying, 'Thou art Peter and on this rock I will build my Church.' So your charity knows that from the earliest times the custom has prevailed in the Church of God, that the Pastors of the Church being the Vicars of the same Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, should preside in due rule over holy Church. Hence in those blessed Apostles to us who preside over the Church of God, was it said by our Lord Jesus Christ, *He who hears you, hears me.* So also the Roman Church, adorned with the Apostolate of the same Prince of the Apostles, hath held through the breadth of all the world so great and magnificent a princely dignity that no Bishop and no Ecclesiastical person can, without its judgment and permission, be deposed."

To this the King said, holding out his hands :

"It is most true that a Bishop cannot be deposed, but he can be driven out by hands held out thus."

Every body laughed, and the Bishop went on again :

"What I said before, I now repeat. The Roman Law proves that this state of the Church has been so appointed from ancient times, and that no lay person, not even a king, can give to Churches Ecclesiastical dignities or liberties, or confirm the same, except by the permission of the same Father."

Then the King got angry, and said :

"Dost thou think with thy subtle cunning to strive for the Pope's authority which was given him by man, against the authority of royal

dignity which was given me by God ? I bid thee by thy fealty and oath of allegiance to submit to right reason thy presumptuous words which are contrary to my Crown and Royal Dignity. I beseech the Archbishops and Bishops who are present, saving the right of my Royal Crown given me by the Supreme Majesty, to do me right justice on thee : for thou actest, it is plain, against my Royal Dignities, and thou art working to take away from the King's Majesty the liberties of old rightfully granted to me."

A murmer arose amongst the people against the Bishop, which could hardly be suppressed. Then the Chancellor ;

"[It is not worthy that it should] have dropped from the memory of your heart, venerated Bishop [whose excellency]..... for you sin against our Lord the King, to whom, beyond doubt, [you made] the oath of allegiance. Wherefore your prudence must provide."

The Bishop seeing that the King was offended, and that all were against him, as soon as the murmur was quieted, continued his speech thus :

"My Lord, if anything has been uttered by my mouth offensive to your royal Majesty, I call the Lord of heaven and your Royal Dignity to witness, that I have not said, with studied cunning, anything against you or the excellence of your dignity. For I have by all means, had the highest regard for your paternity, extolled your excellency, magnified your Dignity, and ever loved you with the most hearty affection as my dearest Lord. May your Royal Highness then, I pray, suspect no evil in me, nor easily believe any one who suggests it. I wish to diminish nothing of your power which I have always loved and magnified with all my might. All that I have said, has been to the honour and glory of your Highness."

To this the King answered :

"Far be such honour and glory from us and ours, and away with all by which, as all can see, you try in your soft and deceitful speech to annul what has been granted to me, by the help of God's grace, by the authority of the Kings, my predecessors, and by hereditary right."

Then said the Bishop :

"All things, my Lord, which in your hearing have been pronounced by me, by your leave, and that of all here present, I now bring to an end. And since my preface does not please, omitting these things, we will despatch the business in a few words."

Hitherto we have given our account of this controversy, almost in the words of the chronicler. If we have not

distinguished by inverted commas, all that we have taken from Mr. Lower, it has been because we have not hesitated to alter and curtail whenever it seemed advisable. It has been of importance to give our report in full up to this point, but it will not be necessary to do more than give a summary of the conclusion of the discussion, which runs to a length worthy of a modern Chancery Suit.

Hilary's speech stated that the Abbot had been present at his consecration and installation, that he had attended at a Synod, and had received him as his Diocesan at a Visitation. Henry of Essex interrupted him with, "And now you repay evil for the good services he showed you!" The Bishop resumed with an account of how the controversy had arisen by the Abbot's refusal to attend a subsequent Synod, and, that when the See of London had fallen vacant, the Abbot thought that he had interfered to prevent his advancement. Henry of Essex and Richard de Luci, both protested that the Abbot's desire for the bishopric had been in no way unworthy or simoniacal. The Bishop continued his statement of the case by recounting how he had been summoned before King Stephen on this question, but that the Abbot had not appeared, and how, finally, at the expiration of the year, he had excommunicated the Abbot for his contumacy. This sentence he had relaxed at the Archbishop's request. "If so," said Henry of Essex, "you did that after King Stephen's death which you would not have done in his lifetime. What the King is now about to do belongs to *his* prerogative." The Bishop concluded his speech by referring to all that had happened since the King's accession, complaining in every respect of the Abbot's conduct, and praying the King "to order the ancient and rightful institutions of the canons to be confirmed between us in all things, and to decide these matters in accordance with the customs of the Church."

To this the King replied, "We have heard a statement which has much surprised us, that you, my lord Bishop, esteem as frivolous, the charters of the Kings, my predecessors, confirmed by the lawful authority of the Crown of England, with eminent men as witnesses." This word "frivolous"—*peremptorias*—was used when the matter was argued before the Archbishop, at Lam-

beth* and St. Thomas seems to have reported it to the King.

The Abbot then handed in King William's Charter, and pointed out that it was confirmed by the attestation of Archbishop Lanfranc and of Stigand, then Bishop of Chichester. In it, it was specified that the Abbot should not be bound to attend the Synod, though he might do so voluntarily. The Bishop said that he had never seen this Charter, and on the Abbot commencing a reply, the King interrupted him: "From henceforth it is not for your prudence to make good your claim; but it becomes *me* to defend it, as my own royal prerogative." After much further talking, at the suggestion of Richard de Luci, and with the King's permission, the Abbot retired to another part of the Chapter House to consult with his friends, who are enumerated, and prove to be nearly all the influential persons present: Roger, Archbishop of York, Thomas, the King's Chancellor, John, treasurer of York, Robert Earl of Leicester, Patrick Earl of Salisbury, Henry of Essex, Reginald de Warenne, Warine FitzGerald, and some other barons, and a considerable number of knights. The King in the meantime went into the church to hear Mass, and this being over, returned to his seat, and Thomas the Chancellor was called upon to deliver the judgment—as, from its effect, we suppose we must style what certainly reads more like the speech of an advocate.

He began with a little sarcasm of the Abbot's thankfulness for the account the Bishop had given of the hospitality he had received at the abbey. He admitted the fact of the Abbot's presence at the consecration, installation and Synod, but he said it was from no ecclesiastical obligation, as the charter proved: it had been at the command of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Theobald hereupon acknowledged that he had given such a mandate. As to the sermon in the Chapter House at Battle, a Bishop from Ireland or from Seville, might have done the same. In the matter of the See of London, the Bishop's conscience must have suggested suspicions that the Abbot never entertained. The Abbot averred {that he attended before King Stephen in the King's chapel near

* Lower, pp. 83-111.

the Tower of London, and that the Bishops of Winchester and Ely were present, and heard the King's confirmation of the Charters. He could not have been excommunicated by the Bishop, the Chancellor argued, for when hearing Mass with the King at Westminster Abbey, he had given the *Pax* to the Abbot after the King had received it. "For this, if I have done wrong," apologised Hilary, "I will confess my fault to the Archbishop and do penance."

The Chancellor then spoke of letters of Pope Adrian IV., commanding the Abbot to attend at Chichester. The King, on hearing of this, demanded, with evident signs of anger, whether the Bishop had procured them. The Bishop declared that he had not, and that they were sent by the Pope, who was our countryman, Nicholas Breakspear—as the Abbot had defamed him in Rome, and thus had procured them against himself. The Archbishop, hearing this denial, made the sign of the cross in token of astonishment. The Chancellor demanded whether there were any other letters that could affect the Abbey of Battle, and the Bishop solemnly affirmed that there were none.

Archbishop Theobald now addressed the King: "Will your excellency command us to retire and determine these matters according to the legal method of ecclesiastical custom?" "Nay," said the King, "I will order you to determine them in my presence, and after due deliberation, I will decide." So saying he arose and retired to the cemetery of the monks, the rest, except the Bishop and the Abbot, accompanying him. After some consultation, the King sent for the Bishop, and after much discussion, the King commanded Henry of Essex to bring in the Abbot and the monks. The Bishop then solemnly liberated and "quit-claimed" the Abbey of Battle, as a chapel royal, of all the rights he had hitherto maintained—that he had not, nor ought to have any authority over it—and that he absolved the Abbot as having been unjustly excommunicated by him, and finally, he declared him, from that day for ever, free from all episcopal exactions and customs.

"Is this done of your own free will, and not by compulsion?" demanded the King. The Bishop replied: "I have done this of my own accord, induced by considerations of justice." After this, on Theobald's propo-

sal, the kiss of peace was given by the Bishop to the King, the Abbot and Richard de Luci. And now, with the rejoicings of the Abbot, and the list of the witnesses to the final arrangement, the chronicler brings to a close his account of this memorable suit.

The reader will have seen, with the liveliest surprise, the speech put by the chronicler into the mouth of the angry King, to the effect that the Pope's authority was of human origin, while his own royal power was divine,—a phrase absolutely without parallel in the records of that age,—and he will ask whether the sentence is genuine, or at least on what evidence it rests. We now proceed to examine the MSS. of the Chronicle, and in so doing we will direct our attention to the speech of King Henry to which we have just referred, and to the short speech in which St. Thomas reminds Hilary of his oath of allegiance, the fragmentary state of which is most tantalizing.

The MS. from which Mr. Brewer has printed his Edition of the Battle Abbey Chronicle is a beautiful parchment MS. of the latter part of the twelfth century, or in other words, dating from the very time when its record closes. It is in the Cottonian Library in the British Museum—Domitian II. It is remarkable for two erasures—one in each of the two speeches we have now under consideration. In the king's speech the words attributing a divine origin to his own authority are given, but not those which in the narrative above speak of the Pope's power as human, and are given in italics. Consequently, in Mr. Brewer's edition and in Mr. Lower's translation these words do not appear, and the former gentleman supposed that the gap had once been filled with some profane Norman oath, erased by some puritanical hand.

We were not quite without knowledge of this portion of the history of Battle Abbey even before the whole of it was printed by the Anglia Christiana Society. Spelman, and after him, Wilkins,* had published long ago the greater part of this portion of the narrative; but singularly enough, the extract given by them has not been collated by Mr. Brewer and seems to have been entirely overlooked by him. The manuscript from which Spelman printed is also in the Cottonian Library (Vitellius D. vii., fol. 152.)

* Spelman, *Concil. Orbis Britan.* Lond., 1644, vol. ii. p. 53. Wilkins, *Conc. Magn. Britan.* Lond., 1737, vol. i. p. 427.

It suffered much in the fire, but it is perfectly legible. It was written by Joscelyn, whom Hearne* calls "Archbishop Parker's Domestic Antiquary," and the true author of the lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury that appeared under Parker's name. That Spelman printed from it, is clearly seen by a comparison, the last sentence in Joscelyn being scored out, and printed by Spelman with the note *Sequentia tenui linea cancellantur*.

The twelfth century MS. is very much more full than Joscelyn, as the reader will at once see by observing what large portions of the narrative we have given between brackets. All these portions are omitted by Joscelyn, but in the King's speech is found the phrase given by us in italics, in the place of the erasure in the old MS. Joscelyn has underlined it, but probably only with the view of calling attention to it. The other gap exists exactly as *it once did* in the old MS. ending even with the same part of a word—*tis*.

At first sight it would seem from this that the erasures in Domitian II. had been made at two different periods, the one before and the other after the transcript was taken, and that the copyist had omitted some of the speeches for the sake of shortness. This is, however, very improbable. The clause respecting the Pope's authority is not likely to have been erased since Parker's time; and as to the other gap, though Joscelyn has exactly the gap that Domitian II. once had, as we have said, even to the half word, it is not a copy of the present state of this speech. We believe that Joscelyn did not copy from Domitian II. at all: and that the erasures in the latter were made by the hand that wrote it. Of the latter point a careful examination of the MS. leaves us in little doubt.

The speech of St. Thomas, the appearance of which in the MS. has convinced us that the erasure is as old as the MS. itself, ran originally thus:

.....deme
 re elaboras. Murmure itaq in poplo contra
 epm ceitato vix sedari potuit. Tunc cancell
 A cord vri excidisse memoria psul venande
a line erased
 tis eni in dum nrm regē, cui fidem sacramtū
erasure Unde prudentie vre pvidendū

* Rob. de Avesbury, Oxon 1720, p. xxiii.

The scribe then erased the "A" in the third of these lines, and the "m" of "fidem" in the fifth; and he wrote partly in the margin and partly over the erasure of the fourth line, as well as over the erasure of the sixth, so that the MS. now stands thus:

.....deme

re elaboras. Murmure itaq in poplo contra
epm ccitato vix sedari potuit. Tunc cancell

Haut dignū e a cord vri excidissee memoria psul venande
cui' excellentiā

tis eni in dum nrm regē. cui fidei sacramtū

vos fecisse nulli dubiū e. Unde prudentie vre pvidendū

These amendments are in the same hand as the rest of the MS., but the colour of ink shows clearly where the writing is over an erasure. The word "excell-entiam" is half on the margin and half over the erasure.

From this examination we have come to the conclusion that the original which Joscelyn copied was not Domitian II., but a transcript taken from it, while it was in the state of transition which we have here first given, and before it received the partial amendments which we now find in the MS. The gap ending with the part of the word "peccatis" (if that was the word) renders it very difficult to doubt that it was from this MS. Joscelyn's original was derived: and the erasures in this speech having been made by the scribe himself render it exceedingly probable that the erasure in the king's speech was made by the same hand. This seems to us to prove that we have but one report, and that the reporter in these two instances doubted the accuracy of his narrative. We should certainly not place much confidence in the genuineness, say of a sentence in a Judgment by Lord Chancellor Campbell, if the shorthand writer himself were to erase it from his notes. In all probability the italicized words in the speech of Henry II. once stood in the MS., but it is exceedingly improbable that even that irascible monarch ever spoke them, blasphemous as his speeches sometimes were in his anger. This the compiler of the chronicle felt, and he has erased it. This being the case, it would be futile for us to attempt to complete by conjecture the fragmentary speech attributed to St. Thomas. If a sentence once correct has been corrupted in transcription or erased in part since it left its author's hands, something may be done in the way of restoration by plausible conjecture; but what

can be done when the author himself does not know how to complete his sentence? There is, however, no reason in the world that we should assume that the missing line here was of a similar character with the erased line in the king's speech; in fact the words *cujus excellentiam* require something complimentary to the bishop.

In estimating the value of the Chronicle as an historical record, we must bear in mind that it is a thoroughly *ex parte* statement. It was written by a Religious of the Abbey, the privileges of which were at stake: and it is the account we might expect from one of the three monks who accompanied the Abbot to Colchester, and who sat by his side and shared his anxiety in that Chapter House. As a partisan, the writer was consequently anxious to make the Chancellor St. Thomas speak as much in favour of the Abbot, and against the Bishop, as possible.

Before we leave this point of the trustworthiness of the Chronicle as evidence, one further consideration must be duly weighed. St. Thomas himself, when in exile, mentions this very controversy in a way which the late Mr. Froude considered* to be fatal to the authority of the Battle Chronicle. In a letter to the Pope,† the Saint meets the accusation that the troubles of England were to be imputed to himself by citing the proofs of tyranny and oppression of the Church which had taken place before his own promotion to the Archbishopric. After several instances he says: "And how did the Bishop of Chichester succeed against the Abbot of Battle, when in virtue of apostolic privileges, having named and denounced the Abbot in Court as excommunicate, he was straightway compelled to communicate with him before them all, without any absolution, and to receive him to the kiss of peace? For so it pleased the King and the Court, whom he did not dare to contradict in anything. And this, most holy father, happened in the time of your predecessor and of ours." This does not read like the statement of the man who had taken the part ascribed to him by the Chronicler of the Abbey.

We will not only leave it to the reader to say how far

* Froude's Remains, Part II. Vol. II. p. 576.

† Lupus, bk. 4. Ep. 14, Vol. II. p. 648. Giles, Ep. S. Thomæ, I. p. 54.

these considerations affect the credibility of the narrative we have placed before him, but we will ask him also to judge what view should be taken of the conduct of St. Thomas. We will content ourselves with summing up what it seems to us may be said for and against him, if the correctness of the report of the Colchester trial be assumed.

Against him it may be, and has been said, that his principles respecting Ecclesiastical independence of the royal authority were very different during his Chancellorship to what they were when he previously held a purely clerical office under Theobald, or subsequently after his own elevation to the Primacy. In this instance the Bishop of Chichester had the authority of a Letter from Pope Adrian IV. which enjoined the Abbot of Battle to submit and obey; he had Archbishop Theobald on his side, who, when the matter was referred to him by the King, declined to give judgment in the Abbot's favour, and who is evidently anxious all through the controversy, that the King should permit a purely Ecclesiastical cause to be tried "according to the legal method of Ecclesiastical custom:" against him the sole argument was a Charter of William the Conqueror, no Papal confirmation of which was alleged: and yet the Chancellor delivered judgment against the Bishop.

For him there is more to be said than at first sight appears. Pope Adrian had said to the Abbot, "It has come to our knowledge that you refuse due obedience to our venerable brother Hilary, Bishop of Chichester, to whom you have made profession thereof." The very foundation, therefore, of the Pope's judgment rested on a misrepresentation, which was that the Abbey was not exempt, and that the profession of obedience was therefore absolute. The exemption of the Abbey was expressly assented to by Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Stigand, the Bishop of Chichester, at the time of its erection, and in the original Charter of the Conqueror, which is confirmed by the anathema against its violators, not only of these prelates, but also of one of no less venerable a name than St. Wulstan, then Bishop of Worcester. The Canon Law was not as express in its enactments then as it was after its codification into the *Corpus Juris* a century later by St. Raymund of Pennafort. The reservations to the Holy See were by no means as explicit. An archbishop received his Pallium from Rome, and then his

powers were very little short of what, in our time we should consider, Patriarchal. The Holy See exercised its higher jurisdiction by Legates, and on every point appeals were carried to Rome in the last instance ; but subject to these limitations the power of an Archbishop was hardly restricted, and his acts, unless overruled, were held to be canonical if they did not go counter to the Decrees of Synods or to Ecclesiastical tradition. It is not to be wondered at that he who could confirm the election of a bishop and consecrate him to his See without reference to Rome, could also, especially when in conjunction with the Bishop of the Diocese, give exemption to an abbey from Episcopal control.

There are, besides, viewing this transaction by the light of modern Canon Law, two points well worthy of consideration. The privileges of Royal Chapels are well known, and it is to be remarked that the argument most frequently brought forward in the controversy was that Battle Abbey was a *Dominica Capella*. And next, all Canonists acknowledge in a founder the power even of derogating from the Canon Law in the act of his foundation. Conditions that he might ask for in vain when the act was completed, a founder might impose of his own authority before the transfer to the Church was carried into effect. It was for the Church to choose whether she would accept the foundation so hampered ; and in the case of Battle Abbey, the Church was a party to the conditions imposed in the Conqueror's Charter. We are therefore inclined to regard the opposition of the Bishop of Chichester and the manifest tendencies of Archbishop Theobald, not so much as zeal for Ecclesiastical liberty as jealousy of monastic exemption. When St. Thomas afterwards in his exile came to refer to this matter, it was to blame the King for having compelled a bishop to give the kiss of peace to an abbot whom he had excommunicated, and not for having, by an encroachment on a papal privilege, exempted an abbey from episcopal jurisdiction. The conclusion now arrived at was never afterwards disputed, but received all manner of subsequent Ecclesiastical sanction, for not only is Archbishop Theobald's confirmation of the exemption of the abbey extant, but we have similar confirmation by Popes Honorius and Gregory, which recite the recognition of the rights of the abbey by Bishop Hilary, in the presence of Henry King

of England, of illustrious memory, and of Theobald the Archbishop, his Metropolitan and Legate of the Apostolic See; which recognition the Archbishop confirmed by Apostolic and metropolitan authority.*

We have said nothing of the temper King Henry displayed on this occasion, a temper worthy of the Norman monarchs and of Henry Plantagenet. It was cunningly fostered by Richard de Luci, the most powerful nobleman of the court, and the brother of the abbot whose cause was at stake. Nothing could have been suggested more certain to move the king's irascibility than the insinuations that the attack on the abbey was to be attributed to English jealousy of this great monument of the Norman Conquest, and that it was therefore a proof of disloyalty to the king himself. Little wonder when the king had silenced the abbot by saying that he would be spokesman for him, that Roger de Pont L'Eveque, the Archbishop of York, should be found in consultation with the Chancellor, whom, years before, he had nicknamed "Clerk Baillehache," and on the side of the regular against the secular, though he so hated religious himself that he used to say that his predecessor Thurstan had never done a worse thing than when he built Fountains. † Considering the circumstances, the Chancellor, who was by his office the mouthpiece of the king, spoke most temperately in his concluding speech, even if we accept the report as fair, and regard the proceedings as canonical. He answers in detail the various arguments adduced by the bishop, but he in no way claims the right to decide the matter by secular authority. After he had concluded, the king having been irritated anew by mention of the letter of Pope Adrian which the bishop had obtained without his consent, declares that *he*, and not the Archbishop of Canterbury, shall decide the cause; and it is brought to an end by the *quiet-clamatio* of the Bishop himself. We cannot, however, wonder that the remembrance of scenes such as this, in which the Chancellor found himself powerless in the presence of his jealous and violent master, should have led him to the well-known conclusion, that if he were by virtue of his office bound to defend the liberties of the Church, the love between them would

* Chron. de Bello; Appendix ex Registro de Bello, p. 187.

† Chron. Walteri de Hemingburgh. Histor. Soc. vol. i. p. 119.

speedily be turned to hatred. "I knew," he said, when the king offered him the archbishopric, "that you would require many things, as even now you do require them, in Church matters, which I could never bear quietly; and so the envious would take occasion to provoke an endless strife between us."

ART. II.—1. *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers*. A series of Excursions by Members of the Alpine Club. Fifth edition. London: Longman and Co., 1860.

2. *The Glaciers of the Alps*; being a Narrative of Excursions and Ascents, an Account of the origin and phenomena of Glaciers, and an Exposition of the Physical Principles to which they are related. By John Tyndall, F.R.S., Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution &c. London: John Murray, 1860.

3. "*The Eagle's Nest*" in the Valley of Siert; a Summer Home among the Alps, together with some Excursions among the Great Glaciers. By Alfred Wills, of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law, etc. London: Longman and Co. 1860.

WERE Tacitus to return amongst us, he would not find the passion for adventure, which formed so prominent a feature in the character of the Germans of his day, much diminished in at least one branch of their descendants. We may have receded in many ways, as some fastidious critics and enthusiasts of by-gone times assert, from the good qualities of our forefathers. According to some, indeed, we are but living on the inheritance of old renown, neither adding to it, nor even keeping it up; so that, when the day of trial comes, we shall be found to have spent our capital, and to be unable in our degeneracy to make good our loss. But the most invidious censor cannot deny that the love of adventure survives as strongly as ever. MacClintock has lately returned from a two years' sojourn in the frozen seas of the North-West Passage. Young has just started on a similar mission. Livingstone is tracing up the unexplored regions of

Southern Africa. Wherever the lot of our countrymen is cast, in whatever position they find themselves, the same spirit which sent forth those brave men on their perilous voyages, breaks out. They miss no opportunity; they brave all hazards, to see everything that is to be seen. The number of Englishmen who betake themselves annually to the Continent, or elsewhere, is counted by thousands. They may profess to journey in search of health, of pleasure, of excitement, or of change. But the mere fact of the migration is strong evidence of the migratory inclination. And each year attests the development of the propensity by its increased number of travellers, by the enlarged area of their excursions, and by the variety of ways in which they seek to bring their foreign experiences home to the appreciation of their more stationary countrymen. They may not indeed derive from their travels the valuable lessons of that ancient tourist who

Multorum providus urbes
Et mores hominum inspexit, latumque per æquor
... .. aspera multa
Pertulit.

But most certainly they so far faithfully follow in his track, that we may regard their wanderings, whether selected by choice, or appointed by a strong impulse, as a national characteristic.

However, we are reminded, that we cannot lay claim to the exclusive possession of this impulse. Other nations, too, acknowledge, or are swayed by its influence. The Americans share it to "a pretty considerable extent," but then they are of our own race, and may be fairly regarded as endowed with the same idiosyncracies as ourselves. Germans and Frenchmen travel, although their pilgrimages are no more than feeble images, both in extent and intensity, of our own. In fact, we suppose the predilection for travel is only another form of that appetite for change which so rules men in all they do, and must consequently be found more or less expressed in every family of the human race. But there is one form of this general yearning, one special appetite of adventure, which is peculiarly our own—the admiration, the passionate love of mountain scenery. It is not merely that this is a feeling wholly unknown to the Ancient World, so far as we have any

acquaintance with the characteristics of its social existence, and the enjoyments of its every day life; nor, that it has sprung up in modern times, progressing in strength, and growing in popularity as we advance in the refinements peculiar to our own civilization. But it is one which we do not share with our continental neighbours; but, by some caprice of nature, or peculiar law of our insular position, have kept altogether to ourselves. It is difficult to assign the origin of this feeling which seems so exclusively national. It cannot be attributed to any characteristic of race, for it numbers indiscriminately amongst its followers men of Teutonic as well as of Celtic descent. Neither can it arise from a barbarous leaning for savage scenery in preference to the softer and more cultivated beauties of nature, or the higher excellences of art; for we find many in whom this mountain love is strongest, holding the foremost rank in appreciation of these latter. The more our people have advanced in refinement, the more civilization has spread amongst us, the greater we find has been the development of this passion, the wider the field for its exercise, the larger the number of its votaries. The more extended and intimate association with the Continental nations which has resulted from its gratification, has brought no diminution of its activity among ourselves, nor tended in anyway to weaken our exclusive possession of it. To be sure men of Germanic race seem occasionally to bow to its influence, and to rival our countrymen in their zest for its excitement, and in their keen enjoyment of its rapture. But, we believe, it would be found on examination, that those Germans are generally natives of mountain regions, of Switzerland, Upper Bavaria, or the Tyrol. French and Italian writers also, sometimes indulge in description of mountain scenery; but when they do so, it is not difficult to detect those shadows which always distinguish counterfeit and second-hand from genuine and original enthusiasm. One of the best tests of this is the wide difference between our countrymen and Italians and other foreigners in visiting the hills in the neighbourhood of Rome. Few of the latter are ever induced to undertake those easy ascents; though the glorious views which the summits command, combining mountain and plain, sea and land, the ruins of the ancient world, and the triumphs of modern art, form a panorama which can scarcely be matched elsewhere. The utmost limit to a

Roman mountain-excursion is Monte Cave, and even then the object is invariably a party of pleasure, whose accessories can be more agreeably promoted in the coolness of the hill-side, than in the oppressive heat below. The writer of these pages had the good fortune some years ago to encounter a party of young Irishmen in the grey mist of an October morning, on the summit of Monte Gennaro. They had come over from their villa at Tivoli, a walk of some ten miles, threading their way without a guide, in the darkness of the night across the Campagna, and through the passes, in the hope of seeing the sunrise from the mountain top. All of them had the genuine enthusiasm of mountain travellers, and were probably as proud of their night-excursion as any one who has ascended Mont Blanc. Amongst them were some, who a few days before had walked across the country through ravines, fording streams, and picking their way along the beds of torrents to Monte Cave—a distance of fully five-and-twenty miles—and back again before night. Others of them described a pedestrian expedition of some thirty miles, going and returning, to Veii and its ruins. It was not so much the things done, as the quiet tone of satisfaction, the heartfelt delight with which they were related, that impressed the writer. The most experienced veteran of the Alpine Club might be proud to claim these youths as countrymen. They had not indeed had the opportunity of journeying *per nives sempiternas et rupes tremendas*. But the same healthy impulse swayed them which had led him forth over peak and glacier and dazzling *névé*, amid the fastnesses of the ice-world; and they obeyed it within their limited sphere as best they could. Similar expeditions are constantly performed by the young students of the English and Scotch Colleges at Rome; in fact they form the staple enjoyment of their annual vacation. But the writer feels bound to say, that, although tolerably well acquainted with the doings of Roman Society for a long period, he never heard of any one except his own countrymen, undertaking such excursions. Monte Gennaro and the site of old Veii are a *terra incognita* to most Romans and Continental sojourners in the Eternal City.

The works, whose titles we have prefixed to this Article, afford ample evidence that the spirit of mountain adventure is not on the wane amongst us. Professor Tyndall's *Glaciers* was published in July. During the four months

which have since elapsed, it has received a measure of attention, and evoked an amount of discussion, not greater indeed than it deserves, but much exceeding what usually falls to the lot of most productions, even those which are commended by a more popular theme to public favour. "*The Eagle's Nest*" has been still more fortunate. It came out so lately as August. The first edition was exhausted within two months, and the second is already in circulation. In the short space of a twelvemonth from its first appearance *Peaks, Passes and Glaciers* has already gone through five editions, no indifferent sign of public favour or faint indication of sympathy with its contents. Indeed the mere existence of such a body as that from which it emanates, tells its own tale. An Alpine Club, regularly formed and recognised in London, and assuming a certain authority of direction in matters of Alpine journeyings, shows that mountain travel is one of the standing institutions of the country. That such a body may be capable of exercising most salutary influence on the objects akin to it, and of promoting the public interest in many points on which otherwise it would remain uncared for, and in many ways which could not be otherwise available, is evident. We have had a melancholy proof of this in the correspondence which appeared in the public journals during the past few months, arising out of the sad accidents which happened last August and September, on the Col du Geant, and the Windacher Ferner. The true character of those accidents was at once clearly established; and thus the public mind was immediately preoccupied against erroneous impressions, and other tourists were put on their guard against a recurrence of circumstances which had, in those instances, been attended with such fatal results. The object proposed in the formation of the Alpine Club is thus set forth in the preface of *Peaks, Passes and Glaciers*.

"It was thought that many of those who have been engaged in similar undertakings would willingly avail themselves of occasional opportunities for meeting together for communicating information as to past excursions, and for planning new achievements; and a hope was entertained that such an association might indirectly advance the general progress of knowledge, by directing the attention of men not professedly followers of science, to particular points in which their assistance may contribute to valuable results. The expectations of the founders of the Club have not been disappointed;

it numbers at the present time considerably more than a hundred members, and it is hoped that the possession of a permanent place of meeting will materially further the objects which it has proposed to itself.

“The interest shown by the public in narratives of excursions through the less frequented districts of the Alps contained in several recent publications, had naturally suggested to others the idea of recording their adventures, either in separate volumes or in the form of contributions to periodicals, when it was proposed that the facilities for combined action presented in the Alpine Club should be made use of to bring together in a single volume some of the materials likely to interest the general reader, which were available in the hands of several members of the Club. It was thought to be no slight advantage that in this mode of publication the effect of each author would be rather to condense than to extend his narrative, and it was hoped, at the same time, that the resources which could be made available for such a volume would secure a degree of excellence in the illustrations—both plates and maps—that could not easily be attained if several writers had separately given their productions to the public.”

That the experiment has been eminently successful is evidenced by the fact that four editions of the work in its original form were exhausted in little more than six months from its first issue, and that the present edition has been published in obedience to a demand for the work in a portable form suited for the use of travellers. It consists, as the title indicates, of a series of papers containing descriptions more or less detailed, of fifteen excursions among the Alps, and a sketch of an ascent of Mount Etna. It is hardly exaggerating to say, that in this way the reader is presented with the materials of more than a dozen volumes. We have certainly seen many books of travel which have grown to bulky proportions from far more meagre notes than those which record the events of these excursions. Each excursion occupies a separate chapter; and the chapters are arranged in a certain geographical order.

One of the first thoughts sure to occur to every reader of these works—to the practised Alpine traveller as well as to the novice who expects to glean from its pages his first initiation into the mysteries of the land of ice and snow—is the very imperfect knowledge which we possess of the whole Alpine region. It is not that we, all of us, have very inadequate conceptions of the mighty wonders which there exist in such lavish profusion; that our ideas of their

physical constitution, of the marvellous changes which they are perpetually undergoing, of the strange forms and conditions of organic existence which are there battling for life, are all of the vaguest kind. But we are really ignorant of the geographical position, the conformation, the relative bearings of most of the places situate within the region. The very names of some of the highest peaks *certâ sine lege vagantur*; in many instances indeed none whatever have been yet assigned. The maps hitherto published are most inaccurate on all these points; so much so, that so far from guiding the traveller they must infallibly lead him astray. As it is to be presumed that they are compiled from "authentic surveys," we must be permitted to express an opinion, that the "authorities" undertaking such surveys, discharge their duties very badly. Apart from all other considerations, it is of great scientific importance that the topography of Alpine districts should be accurately defined. Many great geological and other physical problems depend for a solution on Alpine studies. It is clearly impossible, that such investigations can be properly carried on, or their results be generally available, unless the explorers know where they are themselves, and the scientific public can accurately follow their track. This is a point on which Alpine travellers have recently rendered invaluable service. But much still remains to be done. It is not merely a correction, but a thorough reconstruction of the Alpine maps, which is required. As an instance of the uselessness of the existing maps, even with reference to such a comparatively well-known locality as the Mont Blanc region, we may cite the account which Mr. Wills gives of the difficulties that attended the preparation of the map of that district for *Peaks, Passes and Glaciers*.

"The map of Mont Blanc given in this volume was corrected from a reduced copy of a map in Johnston's Physical Atlas, which is no doubt compiled from the most authentic sources. It is no exaggeration to say, that the whole of the eastern portion of the chain is a pure effort of imagination. Auguste Balmat (a well-known and very intelligent Chamouni guide), was in London while the map was in preparation, and he and I are responsible for the portion of it east of the Aiguille d' Argentières. We found it necessary to throw down mountain ranges, to create glaciers to fill their places, and in fact to take the most revolutionary proceedings with respect to this part of the King of Sardinia's dominions. It was impossible

in the uncorrected map to recognise a single feature of the actual topography. The present map lays, of course, no claim to absolute accuracy; the corrections were made merely from memory and general knowledge of the district; but it is free from the gross blunders of its predecessors."

Of the Sardinian Government map, from which the two maps contained in *The Eagle's Nest* were compiled, Mr. Wills says:

"It is executed in a most elaborate style, but I must say that I am quite unable to reconcile a great deal of it with my personal knowledge of the district.....For all matters of nicety and accurate detail, it is, as to this neighbourhood of Sixt, utterly unreliable. All that I can do therefore, is to warn the reader against trusting to it, and to say, that if any of my descriptions should be at variance with its representations, I do not admit the map as a conclusive authority against me."—*Eagle's Nest*, pp. xiii. xiv.

Another instance is furnished by Mr. Mathews. He ascended the Vêlan in 1855, and saw from the summit, only a few miles distant, a magnificent mountain, nearly 2,000 feet higher than the spot on which he stood. He asked the name, and was informed that it was the Grand Combin, and that it was perfectly inaccessible. He mentally vowed to visit it. Next year he ascended the Dent du Midi, and again saw his snowy acquaintance of the year before. Consulting his map, the excellent one of Studer, he found it marked "Le Grand Combin." It was very steep and "ice-coated from top to bottom, but covered with such a multitude of gigantic masses of snow flung together in such wild confusion, that it was impossible to detect any practicable route among the labyrinth of precipices and crevices. The ascent would evidently be a matter of no ordinary difficulty." However, nothing daunted, he arranged to ascend it from the Val de Bagnes, engaged guides, and started on his expedition. They reached the summit of the Combin. We shall give the dénouement in his own words.

"It was just twelve o'clock. We drank off a bumper to the health of the Grand Combin, and shouted wildly with delight. This, then, was the inaccessible mountain, whose top we had reached in six hours of easy walking from Corbassière!.....Suddenly the clouds drifted away, and disclosed to view a magnificent snow mountain at the very head of the Corbassière basin. There was no mistake about it; it was the one we had so minutely examined a few days before from the summit of the Dent du Midi. Studer's map was

immediately brought out, and our position carefully studied. We were evidently standing at the point marked Petit Combin on the map, while the words Grand Combin occupied the place of the mountain we were looking at. We then formed ourselves into a Court of High Commission, and arraigned Felley (the local guide) on the capital charge of having brought us to the top of the Petit instead of the Grand Combin. He indignantly pleaded 'Not guilty.' 'That dome of snow below us was the Petit Combin ; as for the mountain yonder, that was quite another thing.' 'What was that, then?' 'That was the Graffeneire ;' a name previously unknown in Alpine travel. 'But it was much higher than where we were.' 'Oh, yes, very much.' 'Very well, the Graffeneire was what we wanted to go up.' Felley shook his head. 'Sur cette montagne là,' said Louis Felley, 'personne n'a jamais foulé le pied.' I distrusted Felley at first ; but many subsequent inquiries convinced me that he had given the real nomenclature of the Val de Bagnes, and although it is different from that in use throughout the rest of Switzerland, I believe the Bagnes names to be correct, and shall therefore use them in the present paper."—*Peaks, &c.*, p. 65.

That Mr. Mathews was not very rash in this resolution appears from the experience of the next year, 1857, when he discovered that the Graffeneire (*L'Agraffe Noire*) was the name by which the peak, marked in the maps Le Grand Combin, was known to the whole Valais. The editor, in a note which he has appended to the chapter containing an account of these expeditions, differs from Mr. Mathews. He cites a communication from Herr Studer, the author of *the* map of the Valaisan Alps, proposing to still retain the nomenclature which has been proved to be not merely incorrect, but false. Mr. Ball agrees with him on the ground that it is scarcely reasonable that the nomenclature of a few ignorant peasants should prevail. Now, in the first place, it is not the case that Mr. Mathews has taken his nomenclature from "a few ignorant peasants." He found that all the people living within sight of the peak in question unite in calling it by a different name from that registered in the maps. He found also that these maps were very inaccurate even in their rendering of the main features of the country. They seldom agree with the natives of the district in naming the peaks ; they altogether omit to delineate some of the mountains, and, by a natural process of "degradation," have been thus led into assigning the names to the wrong summits. To follow the nomenclature current in the neighbourhood would certainly seem

to be the first step in the right direction towards reform in this matter. We shall, at least, in this way arrive at a knowledge of what is, and what is not, and at a rational basis of agreement on the names of things. Otherwise each succeeding traveller will feel himself at liberty to exercise the discretion of his predecessors, and to name each peak according to the whim of the moment. It certainly does seem rather high-handed that one or two German or English gentlemen shall prescribe by what names Alpine peaks are to be known to future generations; wholly ignoring, and if needs be, setting at defiance the practice which has prevailed for centuries in the surrounding region.

The maps which are given in *Peaks, Passes and Glaciers*, are, as we have already hinted, a valuable accession to our topographical information. But they are not so much maps as ground plans, like those frequently inserted in historical works to illustrate the situations of remarkable places, or the positions occupied by hostile armies during an engagement. They would be much improved and rendered more permanently useful if they marked the geographical position by noting the latitude and longitude in minutes. This might require more accurate observations than *tourists* are accustomed to make; but surely not more than we have a right to expect at the hands of *travellers* who are members of the Alpine Club. Another most useful improvement would be the addition of a general map of that portion of the Alpine region which is embraced by these papers. This would connect the disunited excursions into one whole, and enable both the reader at home, and the tourist who may use the work as a guidebook, to recognise at a glance his exact position as he goes along, and to combine it with the scenes of other excursions. It would also help most materially to form an accurate idea of the Alpine region as a whole, of the mutual bearings of its several sub-divisions and their respective conformations and distinctive features. If we remember, that the whole of this district is included between $45^{\circ}, 50'$ and $47^{\circ}, 5'$ north latitude, and $6^{\circ}, 45'$ and $9^{\circ}, 30'$ east longitude, embracing an area of 117 miles in length by 75 in breadth, we shall at once perceive that such a map can be made to combine great minuteness and accuracy of detail with very moderate proportions. This would be indeed a most valuable acquisition. At present we have nothing of the kind: and

we must content ourselves with indulging the hope that some future edition may relieve our destitution.

Saussure, who may be justly regarded as the founder of Alpine travel and glacier investigation—at least so far as the non-Swiss portion of Europe is concerned—gives us the following picture of the Alps:—

“If a spectator could be placed at a sufficient height above the Alps to embrace at one view those of Switzerland, Savoy, and Dauphiné, he would see a mass of mountains intersected by numerous valleys, and composed of several parallel chains, the highest in the middle, and the others decreasing gradually as they recede. The central and highest chain would appear to him bristled with craggy rocks, covered even in summer with snow and ice in all those places that are not absolutely vertical; but on both sides of the chain he would see deep and verdant valleys, well-watered and covered with villages. Examining still more in detail, he would remark that the central range is composed of lofty peaks and smaller chains, covered with snow on their tops, but having all their slopes that are not very much inclined, covered with ice, while the intervals between them form elevated valleys filled with immense masses of ice, extending down into the deep and inhabited valleys which border on the great chain. The chain nearest to the centre would present to the observer the same phenomena, but on a smaller scale, beyond which he would see no more ice, nor even snow, save here and there on some of the more elevated summits.”*

Admirably circumstanced as the supposed elevated position might be for taking in at a glance the general outline of the whole region, it is clear that the imaginary observer should be gifted with more than eagle keenness of vision to distinguish the individual features of the scenery. Hence such a picture, however suited to take the place of a miniature bird's-eye view, to be inspected with a microscope, must be considerably enlarged and filled out with details to be useful either as a guide-map, or as an aid to the scientific traveller in classifying and organising his investigations and experiences. For these purposes it has been customary to distribute the Western Alps which comprise almost exclusively the haunts of tourists and travellers into four great districts—of which three, viz., those of Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, and the Bernese Oberland, are described in the volumes before us. The other great snow-

* Saussure *Voyages dans les Alpes*.

patch of the Bernina separating the Valtellina from the country of the Grisons, does not come within their range. The three great districts or provinces of the ice world, which we have enumerated in the first place, are well defined in their leading features and tolerably distinct in their respective demarcations. Thus the region of Mont Blanc, which is situated wholly in Savoy, and is the best known and most frequented of all, is bounded north and south by the valleys of Chamouni and Cormayeur, connected at their eastern and western ends by the passes over the Col de Bonhomme and the Col Ferret. Again, the district of Monte Rosa, rich in peaks and glaciers and terrific passes, dividing Piedmont from the Valais, is bounded towards the west by the passes from the Val de Bagnes. The eastern boundary is not well defined, but we suppose it will be assumed to exist somewhere about the Lotsch Thal and the valley of Macugnaga. The Bernese Oberland is altogether detached from the two districts just mentioned. It occupies the south-eastern corner of the Canton of Berne, between Unterwalden, Uri and the Valais, and is generally considered to be bounded east and west by the Grimsel and Gemmi passes. So far almost any map will enable us to trace the limits of these chief divisions of the Alpine World. But there is one great inconvenience attendant on this distribution. The reader may be led to imagine that all the wonders of this marvellous region are confined within these areas. Now this would be a great mistake. No doubt they cannot be surpassed in any of the special features of Alpine scenery in extent, beauty, or sublimity. They include the highest peaks, the most extensive glaciers, the spots which Alpine pilgrims will ever most frequent and on which their memories will longest love to linger. But outside them are districts rivalling them in some or all of their own peculiar attractions. The Righi, and the mountains of Glarus; the wild chain, westward of the Gemmi pass, which separates the Canton of Berne and the Valais; the range of the St. Gothard—the high road from time immemorial between Germany and Italy; the lovely neighbourhood of Sixt; and the mountain patch, lying between the Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa districts, which includes the Vélau and Graffencire and the romantic valley of Bagnes, are not comprised within their limits. These latter localities may not be able to contest the palm with the regularly

recognised Alpine provinces. But they are too important either from their size or their special features of interest, to be overlooked. Hence, we regard the works before us with particular favour for having so far travelled out of the beaten track as to introduce us to these outlying districts, and precisely to portions of them which, so far as we know, have not been previously described.

It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that, wonderful as is the labyrinth of mountain and valley, with its accessories of avalanches and cascades, of verdant plateaus and barren crags, yawning chasms and wild passes, these are neither the only nor the chief characteristics of Alpine scenery. The marvellous formations, which are known to us by their French name of *Glaciers*, are the special object of interest peculiar to the High Alps. They exist indeed elsewhere, but not in the same abundance, or equally romantic circumstances; nor can they be visited in any other region with the same ease of access and profitable examination. We write for the unlearned rather than for the learned, for those who have stayed at home rather than for graduates in Swiss travel. And so it may be useful to place before our readers a picture of what a glacier is, and of the successive transformations which conduct it from its cradle among the ice capped mountains to its grave in the waters of some arrowy stream.

Saussure defines the glaciers to be those eternal masses of ice which are formed and remain in the open air in the valleys and on the slopes of lofty mountains. He further divides glaciers into two classes: those which occupy the gorges that furrow the mountain ranges, and those which coat the sides of the mountains. These two classes of icy formation possess so few attributes in common, and arise from such wholly different causes, that it is obviously as inconvenient as it is improper to designate them by the same name. The former class only is now included under the term glacier. The most cursory survey of any portion of the High Alps presents to us a mountain range whose summits and slopes, for a considerable distance downwards, are clothed with snow all the year round. Of course in winter the snow descends to a much lower level, wrapping the mountains and the higher valleys in a white mantle. But, with spring, the land throws off this pallid vesture, and the invader

retreats to his upper fastnesses, where, far above the realm of vegetation, he bids defiance to the genial influence of the summer heats. This line of demarcation between the domain of perpetual snow and the lower world of vegetable life, is the very reverse of defined. It ascends or descends with the increased or diminished warmth of summer; it varies with the nature of the underlying soil, and the position and conformation of the localities. Thus, on the northern and eastern sides of the mountains, the shade protects the snow from melting; in the hollow gorges, its accumulation enables it to resist the heat which would have otherwise melted it. Where these snow deposits end, ice begins; and so delicate is the transition from one state to the other that it is impossible to define the end or the beginning. These icy formations extend down through the gorges, to a length differing according to the circumstances of situation and form, sometimes terminating at a distance of three miles, but more frequently reaching to ten, fifteen and twenty miles. Their other dimensions also vary, being from three furlongs to two miles and a quarter broad, and from 100 to 600 feet in depth. And thus the glacier stretches away far below the lowest limit where the unmelted snow rests, prolonging its course down the hollow valley, along the warm ground into the very region of cultivation, stopping generally within a few yards of the spot where ripe crops are grown and gathered; sometimes, even, as at Chanrion, bathing, if we may be allowed the expression, the luxuriant meadow. Two considerations must immediately suggest themselves to any one who actually views a glacier, or even reflects on the little we have said of it. The first is, its dependence on the masses of snow which occupy the upper portion of the gorge. It is clearly produced by them, and fed by them; it is the regulator which prevents their accumulation to a height rivalling that of the surrounding mountains, the channel which conveys their contribution to the rivers that rise in the valleys beneath. The second consideration is, that it moves. It could not have come down into its present position otherwise. It melts—the same temperature which ripens the crops at its extremity must fuse it; the sun acts upon it with a force varying according to the season, but always with an intensity special to itself; the evaporation from it at all seasons is very considerable, the

warm rains fall upon it, its surface is furrowed by innumerable streams: these causes must diminish its volume. Yet, there it is: in most cases retaining its dimensions, undecaying, occupying the same space and presenting the same appearances which it did a century ago. It may, from causes on which we need not dwell here, retreat, but only to advance again; it may invade the cultivated slopes stretched out below it, but only to recede in turn. Clearly then, the glacier moves, slowly, very slowly, no doubt, but not the less surely. And these anticipations which we are compelled to form at the outset, are demonstratively confirmed by a closer and more minute investigation.

The prevailing image of a glacier, in the minds of those who have never seen one, represents it as a solid mass of rigid ice, extending continuously down an Alpine valley, having a level surface, or at most one slightly convexed, sloping, gently down to its termination and vanishing, so to say, in an attenuated edge, like that of a wedge. This is a good example of a popular delusion, for nothing can be more at variance with the facts; indeed there is hardly a feature in this picture which corresponds with the original. The substance of a glacier is ice, and consequently its appearances are icy; but this is almost all it has in common with all other ice. To begin with the end:—the termination of a glacier resembles in almost every instance a jagged cliff, very frequently towering to a great height, and in some cases presenting a front so shattered with a labyrinth of clefts, that it is not merely dangerous, but impossible to climb. This shattered appearance is mostly to be met with when the termination is at the mouth of a short and rugged defile; but where the descent of the glacier has been through a long valley gently inclined, the precipitous ice-cliff presents a more regular and less broken appearance. In front of this terminal cliff we sometimes find a wide space covered with masses of rocks and debris of gravel, scattered about in the greatest confusion, destitute of every vestige of even the rudest vegetation, and wearing the aspect of the most lonely desolation. Sometimes, as we have already remarked, the glacier encroaches on the land occupied by tillage or pasturage, or allows only a narrow and yearly decreasing belt of waste to intervene between it and the cultivated fields. In these instances, “with slow but

irresistible power, the ice pushes forward vast heaps of stones, bends down large trees to the earth, and gradually passes over them;”* while far in advance of it the sward heaves in wrinkled folds rudely separated from its gravel bed by the irresistible force of the approaching glacier. What do these facts indicate? In the latter case, the glacier is evidently advancing, in the former it is receding. There the melting and evaporation which waste it are not compensated by the nourishment which it draws from its snowy store-house: here the supply is in excess of the demand, it is growing because its waste is less than the aliment which it converts into its substance. We have most striking examples of both these classes of glaciers within the narrow area of four square miles, in the south-east corner of the district of Bagnes, which has the pasturages of Chanrion for a central knoll. The Glacier of Breney to the north of these pasturages, is an instance of a receding glacier; an immense mass of stranded rocks and *débris* lying everywhere at its base, and high up the slopes along its sides, and over which the grass is noiselessly stealing year after year, attests by its “amazing waste of ruin” the former extent of the glacier, and the steady progress of the stranding process. The Glaciers of Durand and Chermontane lying to the south-west and south-east of the Chanrion, are visibly “advancing and ploughing up the pasturage before them.” Indeed the whole district of Bagnes, which is a perfect labyrinth of peaks, passes, and glaciers, abounds in instances of both classes, bearing mute but terrible evidence in the desolation which they have left behind them in their retreat, or the ruin which they menace with their march to the varying fortunes of glacier sway. †

* Simond's *Switzerland*, vol. i.

† *Peaks*, etc., chap. iv., pp. 69, 77. There is a passing allusion to Alpine nomenclature at page 71, which well deserves a larger consideration. Mr. Matthews is inclined to regard the *Chanrion* of *Chermontane* as equivalent to *les champs riants de la chère montagne*—“a whisper, certainly, of pleasanter things,” although perhaps not so true as the derivation given in a note tracing *Chermontane* to a corruption of *Zermontagne*, *Zer* meaning destruction. An analogous instance is *Zermatten*, with its French equivalent *Champéry*, bearing record by its name to the calamitous fury of some great avalanche of olden time.

There is always at the lower extremity of the glacier, whatever be its conformation, a cavern lying deep in the ice, varying in size and appearance according to the season and local circumstances. Some of these grottoes are 100 feet high, by 50 to 80 feet wide, and presenting most picturesque combinations. From this ice-cavern rushes a muddy torrent, that gradually settles into a whitish-blue colour which it maintains for many miles after its proportions have expanded into those of a noble river. This peculiar tint of the glacier water, which seems to preserve constantly the same appearance, unquestionably arises from the calcareous deposits which the glacier has brought along with and ground in its progress to the condition of an impalpable powder. One or two notable exceptions attest this demonstratively. Thus the waters of the Isère are remarkable for their black colour, indicating a different class of deposit from those which impregnate the more northern streams. Professor Tyndall is inclined to attribute to a similar cause "that magnificent blue of the lake of Geneva, which has excited the admiration of all who have seen it under favourable circumstances." The reader may form an idea of these ice-caverns from the following description of one situated at the termination of the Mer de Glace out of which the Arveiron issues.

"The quantity of water issuing from the vault was considerable, and its character that of true glacier water. It was turbid, with suspended matter, though not so turbid as in summer; but the difference in force and quantity would, I think, be sufficient to account for the greater summer turbidity. This character of the water could only be due to the grinding motion of the glacier upon its bed; a motion which seems not to be suspended even in the depth of winter. The temperature of the water was the tenth of a degree centigrade above zero; that of the ice was half a degree below zero; this was also the temperature of the air, while that of the snow, which in some places covered the ice-blocks, was a degree and a quarter below zero.

"The entrance to the vault was formed by an arch of ice which had detached itself from the general mass of the glacier behind—between them was a space through which we could look to the sky above. Beyond this the cave narrowed, and we found ourselves steeped in the blue light of the ice. The roof of the inner arch was perforated at one place by a shaft about a yard wide, which ran vertically to the surface of the glacier. Water had run down the sides of this shaft, and being re-frozen below, formed a composite

pillar of icicles at least twenty feet high and a yard thick, stretching quite from roof to floor. They were all united to a common surface at one side, but at the other they formed a series of flutings of exceeding beauty. This group of columns was bent at its base as if it had yielded to the forward motion of the glacier, or to the weight of the arch overhead. Passing over a number of large ice blocks, which partially filled the interior of the vault, we reached its extremity, and here found a sloping passage, with a perfect arch of crystal overhead, and leading by a steep gradient to the air above. This singular gallery was about seventy feet long, and was floored with snow. We crept up it, and from the summit descended by a glissade to the frontal portion of the cavern. To me this crystal cave, with the blue light glistening from its walls, presented an aspect of magical beauty. My delight was however tame compared with that of my companions."*—Tyndall's *Glaciers*, pp. 216, 17.

We now come to the surface of the glacier; and we shall suppose the reader placed upon it. All notions of its level condition or inappreciable convexity vanish at the first glance. As Byron says so truly

O'er the savage sea,
The glassy ocean of the mountain ice,
We skim its rugged breakers ;

although, after all, a glacier reminds one not so much of a frozen sea, as a frozen river, where tide and current running counter have broken up the swell into an icy surf. The normal inclination of the *direction* of the surface is gentle, in most cases not exceeding 3° to 5° . But the surface itself is the very opposite of smooth, being wavy or rather tossed into heaps and hummocks and rent by deep clefts or *crevasses* as they are technically termed. To use the graphic simile of an old traveller, "it does not form a field of ice by any means, and scarcely presents an inch of even surface; the whole bristling over with sharp ridges, and points bent forwards like the pikes of embattled soldiers."† The hollows between the ridges of the ice-waves are deep, wide and down-right rugged. Though the majority of them lie across the glacier, this is by no

* A most graphic and detailed account of this ice-cavern of the Arveiron, and one which is invested with the additional interest of a first discovery, is given by Saussure in his *Voyages dans les Alpes*, §§ 620-626.

† Simond's *Switzerland*, Vol. i. p. 295.

means their invariable direction. On the contrary, both in position and shape, they constitute a most varied entanglement, which considerably adds to the traveller's difficulties. Apart from this consideration, the roughness of the surface is alone sufficient to make journeying over a glacier a laborious task; while its unevenness renders it difficult to see one's road. In the troughs between the ridges the surrounding walls only are generally visible; and when the summit of a ridge has been gained, most probably other higher ridges appear which shut in the view. On a summer's day the hot sun, or warm rain, exercises a most perceptible influence on the appearance of the glacier, melting the surface of these ridges. The bottom of every hollow is a drain which collects these melted waters, and wearing for itself a channel, both increases the depth of the trough, and in its turn helps on the process of melting. Where the courses of the troughs intersect, their drains unite; and thus deep and rapid streams are formed which frequently bar the traveller's progress, unless he is provided with means of crossing them. But the course of these miniature ice-rivers is soon cut short by some yawning crevasse down whose sides they hurry in picturesque cascades. We may have an idea of the waste which goes on during summer on the surface of a glacier (and, by inference, we may be led to still more marvel what must be the character of the internal economy which sustains it,) from the fact, that carefully instituted experiments and measurements give an average of about a foot each week, for the four months of summer, or about sixteen feet for the season. The actual subsidence of the whole body of the glacier, arising from all causes, during a week at the same period of the year averages a little more than two feet, or about thirty-two feet and a half for the season. Now, if the glacier be exposed to such waste, without any mode of internal compensation, its upper surface must increase in declivity with each successive year, until at length it terminate at the extremity in a thin edge. But this is not the fact; on the contrary we meet with cases of glaciers advancing with their front erect, and betraying no symptom of decline. Whence does this arise? How is this waste, which clearly brings with it no decay, compensated? Not by the snow which falls on the surface of the glacier during the long Alpine winter; for experience and most

jealous examination have proved that none of this incident snow passes into, or is incorporated with the substance of the glacier. It is partly evaporated, but principally melted by the advancing spring, and goes to swell the surface rivulets, that in their turn contribute to augment the torrent which issues from the terminal grotto. Evidently then, the daily waste of the glacier is compensated, its diminished substance is renewed by sustenance drawn from the inexhaustible depot at its source. How this sustenance is conveyed through the mass, is an obscure, or rather, an unsolved problem. That it cannot move through it as the vital fluid circulates through an organic body is apparent. Many ingenious theories have been constructed in order to explain the origin and constitution of glaciers on which these facts depend. We could not hope to discuss these theories within the limits of this paper with any hope of doing justice to them or rendering ourselves intelligible. But our readers will find a full and critical account of them in Professor Tyndall's work.

The waste and diminution of the glacier substance on which we have just been commenting, goes on in summer and in the day time only. Night and winter are equivalent seasons for the glaciers and the whole Alpine world. Evaporation will still go on, and with a rapidity augmented in proportion to the increased dryness and rarefied state of the atmosphere. But in all other respects they are times of stillness and repose—save in as far as we may suppose the glacier to avail itself of this quiet for carrying on the silent work of reparation of past losses, and preparing for the inevitable waste which must succeed. No phenomenon is more striking among the High Alps than this change from day to night—the type on a small scale, or rather for a short space, of the change from summer to winter. The following picture of an evening on the Glacier de Léchaud, by Professor Tyndall, is most graphic.

“The hollow rumble of the rocks as they fell into the crevasses was incessant. From holes in the ice-cliffs clear cataracts gushed, coming I knew not whence, and going I knew not whither. Sometimes the deep gurgle of sub-glacial water was heard far down in the ice. The resonance of the water as it fell into shafts struck me suddenly at intervals on turning corners, and seemed, in each case, as if a new torrent had bounded into life. Streams flowed through deep channels which they themselves had worn, revealing beautifully the ‘ribboned structure.’

"I afterwards clambered up the moraine to watch the tints which the setting sun threw upon the mountains; clouds floated round the Aiguille de Charmoz, and were changed from grey to red, and from red to grey, as the density of the masses varied. The shadows of the isolated peaks and pinnacles were drawn, at times, in black bands across the clouds, and the Aiguille du Moine smiled and frowned alternately, as sunshine and shade fell upon its crags. One high snow-peak alone enjoyed the unaltered radiance of the sinking day—the sunshine never forsook it; but glowed there, like the steady light of love, while a kind of coquetry was carried on between the atmosphere and the surrounding mountains. The notched summits of the Grande and Petite Jorasse leaned peacefully against the blue firmament. The highest mountain crags were cleft, in some cases, into fantastic forms; single pillars stood out from all else, like lonely watchers, over the mountain scene, while little red clouds playfully embraced them at intervals, and converted them into pillars of fire. The sun at length departed, and all became cold and grey upon the mountains; but a brief secondary glow came afterwards, and warmed up the brown cliffs once more.

"The countless noises heard upon the glacier during the day were now stilled, and dead silence ruled the ice-world; the roar of an occasional avalanche, however, shooting down the flanks of Mont Mallet broke upon us with startling energy.....My companion also slept but little, and once or twice during the night I fancied I could feel him shiver. We were, however, well protected from the cold, being completely sheltered from the sharper action of the wind. At times the calm was perfect, and I felt almost too warm; then again a searching wind would enter the grotto, and cause the skin to shrink on all exposed parts of the body."—*Peaks*, etc., pp. 31, 32.

The change from night to morning is not less remarkable. We shall extract a picturesque description of early morning on the Great Gôrner glacier, at the foot of Monte Rosa, by the President of the Alpine Club.

"There was not a fleck of cloud in the sky, nor a breath of air stirring below, and no sound was audible save the crunching of our feet on the turf, stiff and crisp from the sharp frost of the night.....Just before sunrise we had reached the Rothe Kümme, the steep slope over the Gôrner glacier whence the range of Monte Rosa is visible in its whole extent, when a new object of interest presented itself. To the eye the air around us had appeared perfectly clear, and without the slightest tinge of vapour, when suddenly the lower zone between us and the opposite range became suffused with a rosy flush that was accompanied by an evident diminution of transparency; this ap-

peared to be strictly limited within a definite thickness of the atmosphere extending to a height of about 15,000 feet. At the moment when the change took place my eyes were turned to the south-east over the Matterjoch, where the colour of the distant sky near the horizon was of a dark hazy blue, when suddenly it took a violet tint from the interposition of the rose colour in the air between me and the pass of the Matterjoch, as if a gauze veil had suddenly been placed between the eye and the distant sky, and clearly showing that the tint was produced in the lower and not the higher regions of the atmosphere.....I was watching the gradual development of colour in the south-eastern sky, when I became conscious of a change. Turning to the left, I saw the Höchste Spitze and Nord End (the two highest peaks of Monte Rosa), with a rim of bright light round the highest part of the two peaks, so nearly to the same extent that I found it hard to believe the difference between them to be as great as is commonly believed.....

“What enjoyment is to be compared to an early walk over one of these great glaciers of the Alps, amid the deep silence of Nature, surrounded by some of her sublimest objects, the morning air infusing vigour and elasticity into every nerve and muscle, the eye unwearied, the skin cool, and the whole frame tingling with joyous anticipation of the adventures that the day may bring forth? In this mood I advanced over the glacier, rejoicing in the friendly shadow that the Nord End flung for miles along the great ice-stream, when a new incident occurred, of which I fear that I can give to the reader no lively impression, although the recollection of it after so many years is still delightful. We were approaching the moraine from the Nord End; the air was perfectly still, as the glacier was; the thousand trickling runlets that furrowed the ice yesterday were now at rest, and there remained fantastic structures on the surface of the glacier, some of them like children's houses of cards, with walls and successive floors one above the other, the results of alternate melting and freezing, and draining away of enclosed water on the porous surface of the ice. On a sudden, as if from some prodigious distance, there fell upon my ear the sound of musical instruments, pure and clear, but barely distinguishable. I halted and listened; there could be no doubt there was the beating of a drum, and from time to time the sound of brass instruments. I asked Mathias (the guide), who now came up, what he thought of it, but he had no idea of the cause. Then remembering that persons passing the night at the Grand Mulets have declared that they heard the church bell and even the barking of dogs at Entrêve or Cormayeur, I straight imagined that they were celebrating a *festa* in some of the valleys on the Piedmontese side of Monte Rosa, from which direction the sound seemed to come. We moved on, and the sounds continued, becoming rapidly more intense, and soon as we approached a deep, narrow crevasse the mystery was explained.

“At a considerable depth below us a trickling streamlet in the

interior of the glacier fell from one ledge of ice to another ; the crevasse under our feet played the part of an organ pipe, and the elastic mass of ice struck by the descending rill produced sonorous vibrations. Two interesting conclusions followed from this charming experiment in the laboratory of the glacier. First, that the movement of water in the interior of a glacier is not stopped at night, and hence that a sharp frost probably does not penetrate very far below the surface ; second, that the formation of fissures transversely to the direction of the veined structure, and parallel to the surface of the glacier, is not confined to the lower extremity of a glacier, where such fissures are constantly seen in and above the roof of the cavern whence the glacier torrent flows, but may probably extend in many directions throughout the glacier."—*Peaks*, etc., pp. 118-122.

The *crevasses* are generally vertical cuts, whose walls visibly converge, and in many cases have an unmistakable forward inclination. They vary from a few inches to several feet in width, occasionally reaching to some hundred feet in depth, and extending sometimes nearly right across the breadth of the glacier.

"They are grandest in the higher ice regions, where the snow hangs like a coping over their edges, and the water, trickling from these into the gloom, forms splendid icicles. The G6rner Glacier, as we ascend it to the old Weissthor, presents many fine examples of such crevasses ; the ice being often torn in a most curious and irregular manner. You enter a porch, pillared by icicles, and look into a cavern in the very body of the glacier, encumbered with vast frozen bosses, which are fringed all round by dependent icicles. At the peril of your life from slipping, or from the yielding of the stalactites, you may enter these caverns, and find yourself steeped in the blue illumination of the place. Their beauty is beyond description ; but you cannot deliver yourself up, heart and soul, to its enjoyment. There is a strangeness about the place which repels you, and not without anxiety do you look from your ledge into the darkness below, through which the sound of subglacial water sometimes rises like the tolling of bells. You feel that, however, the cold splendours of the place might suit a purely spiritual essence, they are not congenial to flesh and blood ; and you gladly escape from its magnificence to the sunshine of the world above."—Tyndall's *Glaciers*, pp. 316, 17.*

* It is not often that travellers have an opportunity of observing "the birth of a crevasse." Such an opportunity was however enjoyed by Professor Tyndall, who describes the occurrence at p. 317 of his work.

Sometimes, particularly in the upper regions, the *crevasses* are hidden by a thin covering of snow which conceals their existence from the unwary traveller; frequently they are bridged across by arches of snow that may or may not be capable of sustaining a man's weight, and consequently need to be cautiously explored before they are ventured upon. The traveller usually is obliged to thread his way amongst their mazes, sometimes crossing them by ladders, sometimes clambering down one side and ascending the opposite one by the aid of ropes and the ice-hatchet. A glacier excursion, evidently, is not one of unalloyed pleasure, nor one which can be safely undertaken without the assistance of practised guides; for otherwise, independent of all other dangers, the tourist runs the imminent risk of losing his way.

Crevasses, as a rule, are mostly found in the marginal ice, in which case they are known as *marginal crevasses*, "forming an angle of 45° with the side of the valley, and *being obliquely pointed upwards*." Sometimes we find them in greater abundance on one side than on the other. This occurs at a bend of the valley, down which the glacier flows. Then the *convex* side of the glacier is the more fissured. Thus at the Montanvert of Chamouni, the western side, next the Montanvert, is less fissured than the opposite one. The whole eastern side, indeed, of the Mer de Glace is more crevassed than the western in consequence of there being "two large segments which turn their convex curvature eastward, and only one segment which turns its convexity westward." Marginal crevasses do not usually extend far inwards; nothing being more frequent than to find a glacier much crevassed at the sides but with its central portions quite compact. This seems to be the invariable rule where the bed is of a gentle and uniform inclination. But, if the bed is abrupt and broken, the ice must pass over the brow of a precipice. The glacier breaks across this brow, forming fissures more or less yawning and jagged, hence styled *transverse crevasses*. This is the cause of the "wild dislocation" of the Mer de Glace, and of its tributaries and neighbours.

"No glacier with which I am acquainted illustrates the mechanical laws just developed more clearly and fully than the Lower Glacier of Grindelwald. Proceeding along the ordinary track beside the glacier, at about an hour's distance from the village, the traveller

reaches a point whence a view of the glacier is obtained from the heights above it. The marginal fissures are very cleanly cut, and point in the direction already indicated; the glacier also changes its inclination several times along the distance within the observer's view. On crossing each brow the glacier is broken across, and a series of transverse crevasses is formed, which follow each other down the slope. At the bottom of the slope tension gives place to pressure, the walls of the crevasses are squeezed together, and the chasms closed up. They remain closed along the comparatively level space which stretches between the base of one slope and the brow of the next; but here the glacier is again transversely broken, and continues so until the base of the second slope is reached, where longitudinal pressure, instead of longitudinal strain, begins to act, and the fissures are closed as before."—Tyndall's *Glaciers*, pp. 320, 21.

In addition to *marginal* and *transverse* crevasses, we sometimes meet with *longitudinal* ones. These occur whenever either the terminal, or the upper portion of a glacier is hemmed in by a narrow gorge, while, at some distance higher up, or lower down, the valley is comparatively wide, permitting the glacier to expand laterally. The ice in these cases, *falls away* from the central line, producing fissures along the direction of the current. We have instances of these longitudinal crevasses on the Glacier of Breney, already referred to, and others among the mountains of Bagnes. One of the most beautiful examples of them, and indeed one of the finest spectacles of the Alps, is presented by the Rhone Glacier, as viewed from the Grimsel Pass. Having descended a steep and rugged defile, it finds itself in a wide and gently sloping valley; it expands laterally, forming a long line of longitudinal crevasses, from each side of which other fissures diverge, spreading out in all directions, like the leaves of a fan. A little consideration will satisfy us, that all these different kinds of crevasses arise from the application of the same mechanical laws to circumstances differing in locality and other conditions.

Pursuing our observation of the surface of the glacier, the object which must next arrest our attention is the double parapet of rock, which, continuing along its sides for its whole course, seems to define its territory and guard it from encroachment. These bands of rocky *débris* are known by the technical name of *Moraines*. They do not penetrate the ice, but are merely superficial; and an idea

may be had of the enormous power and weight of a glacier from the fact that some of the rocks thus reposing on its surface are of very large dimensions and weight—for example, eighty feet long, twenty broad, and forty high. So true is it that they simply lie *upon* the ice, that in many instances, where they seem to be heaped up, a very slight examination reveals that it is the ice itself which is so heaved to the height of many feet, and that the rocky fragments do but cover its swelling. Nearly every glacier has two of these rocky parapets along its sides, in which case they are called *Lateral Moraines*. But some have in addition a line of rocks down the centre of their course, running parallel to the lateral parapets. This central line is known as a *Medial Moraine*. When in the waste belt which lies in front of a receding glacier, lines of rock are found lying in such positions as point them out to be continuations of the corresponding lines on the surface of the glacier, they are called *Terminal Moraines*. Now, what is the origin of these *moraines*? Saussure's view of their formation* attributes them to the disintegration of fragments of the mountain slopes overhanging the course of the glacier. The absorption of melted snow, and its subsequent freezing and consequent expansion detach large masses from the cliffs, which roll down to the glacier in larger or smaller fragments according as their descent has been unimpeded or checked by projecting crags. From this opinion there is no dissent, so far as *lateral moraines* are concerned, inasmuch as actual observation confirms a very reasonable hypothesis.

"The glacier is flanked by mountains which are washed by rain, dislocated by frost, riven by lightning, traversed by avalanches, and swept by storms. The lighter *débris* is scattered by the winds far and wide over the glacier, sullyng the purity of its surface. Loose shingle rattles at intervals down the sides of the mountains, and falls upon the ice where it touches the rocks. Large rocks are continually let loose, which come jumping from ledge to ledge, the cohesion of some being proof against the shocks which they experience; while others, when they hit the rocks, burst like bombshells, and shower their fragments upon the ice."—Tyndall's *Glaciers*, page 263.

There is, however, one remark to be made upon the

* *Voyages dans les Alpes*, § 536.
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subject. Moraines are found in situations where no such detachments of mountain fragments take place, or could take place. Their presence there is plainly due to the motion of the glacier, which has borne down upon its surface, as on a moving tray, the rude gifts of atmospheric action which it formerly received while passing through a higher and more exposed region. If the glacier did not move, not only we should not have a moraine in situations where the atmosphere has not the opportunity of disintegrating the surrounding mountain slopes; but at the places where such opportunity exists, the detached débris would remain heaped up, increasing each year in proportion to the extent of the disintegration. But if the glacier has moved downwards in the intervals between the successive catastrophes, then the rocky fragments will have been borne down some distance from the spot whence they fell, before their place will have been supplied by the fall of their successors. Two conclusions evidently follow from these facts. First—The existence of a *lateral moraine* does not by any means import that the course of a glacier lies entirely between slopes calculated, from their structure, configuration and atmospheric circumstances, to contribute periodical accessions of fresh materials—inasmuch as, (1) we have moraines that cannot have been so produced, and (2) such a state of periodical contribution would augment the moraines to an incalculable extent, and one very different from their actual condition. Hence, a single peak at the head of the glacier, one cliff favourably circumstanced as we have just now indicated, is sufficient for the formation of a whole lateral moraine; provided only its discharges occur, as they are sure to do, at periods sufficiently frequent. Secondly—The causes, which lead to the formation of the moraines, furnish us with a means of accurately and easily measuring the movement of glaciers. But of this we shall have to speak more in detail a little farther on.

It not unfrequently happens that two or more glaciers meet, and like confluent streams mingling their currents continue their united course in a common channel. Some remarkable phenomena occur on these occasions; for instance, the production of a *medial moraine*. The old theory, propounded by Saussure,* attributed their origin to

* *Voyages* § 536. It is only just, however, towards the memory

the supposed circumstance, that the large boulders, in falling from the adjacent slopes, do not stop when they reach the edge of the glacier and contribute their quota to the formation of the *lateral moraine*; but, urged by their prereceived velocity, aided by gravity, roll on until they settle on the centre of the glacier *at its lowest part*. Perhaps some of our readers may recollect the problem propounded by some wag to the Royal Society—"Why does a dead fish weigh more than a living one?" After much laborious investigation, some one at last thought of examining whether the fact supposed in the problem was so or not, and thus discovered the trick. Saussure's theory of *medial moraines* is disposed of in precisely the same way. It so happens, that the line of the glacier on which this moraine rests, so far from being the lowest, is always the highest part. Thus on the Aar glacier, the spine of ice, on which its central moraine rests, is some eighty feet above the level of the surrounding field. One might also be inclined to inquire, how the boulders in their centripetal journey crossed the intervening hummocks and hollows unchecked? Or, how comes it to pass, that these *medial moraines* are never found on single glaciers, but only on those which result from two or more branches? Where these branches join, their contiguous lateral moraines are laid side by side. The uninterrupted flow of the trunk glacier down the common channel will bear these united lateral moraines on its surface down the centre of the enlarged stream, while the tributary branches will always contribute to continue them to the point of junction. No matter what be the number of tributaries, their confluences will produce each its independent rocky wall, all continuing to hold a parallel direction, and will so continue till they reach the extremity of the glacier—unless, indeed, in the exceptional case of the surface of the latter becoming convulsed by causes extraneous to it, and foreign to the laws which regulate its constitution and

of this great man to remember that he assumed as a normal consequence of the superficial melting of the glacier we have described above, its central degradation, or gradual hollowing. Still the objections urged in the text would apply, especially that which is drawn from the absence of central moraines upon single glaciers. The facts are not as he supposed them, therefore his explanation is at fault.

movements. But the union of the tributary moraines is not to be so understood as to imply the mixture and confusion of their rocky materials. Although united, they continue distinct, preserving to the end all the features of their original individuality, and so attesting the special peculiarities of the mountain district whence each has been derived.*

But the moraines are not the only things deserving of notice on the surface of a glacier. Amongst the other most interesting objects are the "Glacier Tables"—huge boulders in the vicinity of a moraine, supported on pillars of ice high above the general level. Their position is easily explained. While the ice all around is being subjected to atmospheric influences, and consequently melts, falling at the rate of about a foot a week during the summer season; the portion on which one of these boulders rests is practically protected from melting (or, more correctly, it melts at a rate incomparably slower than that of the surrounding ice)—the immense mass which covers it radiating and communicating more heat to the surrounding air, than it conducts to the surface beneath it. In this way these tables are raised, by the sinking of the glacier around; and so they become so many registers of the amount of waste which the glacier has suffered, by indicating the original level which their pillars have preserved, but from which the surrounding ice-field has subsided. Still they conduct some heat, and small though the quantity be, it must produce an effect in a long lapse of time. The action of this almost inappreciable quantity of heat is curiously modified by the fact, that the sun's rays fall on the table chiefly from a southerly direction, describing an arc whose centre will coincide with the southern extremity of the table. Hence ensues a rotatory dip of the table, inappreciable in its variations, but occupying about noon a line which may be practically regarded as due north and south. Consequently

* Tyndall's *Glaciers*, Part II. (8) *Moraines*. It sometimes happens, that two glaciers may seem to have united, presenting all or some of the appearances usually exhibited on the junction of a branch with its trunk stream when, in reality, no such union has taken place. An interesting instance of this is given by Mr. Ball (*Peaks, Passes and Glaciers*, chap. vi. pp. 108-110.) in the case of the Findelen and Görner glaciers.

"the dip of glacier tables sufficiently exposed to the sunlight, enables us at any time to draw the meridian line along the surface of the glacier," *—a law, the importance of which requires no observations of ours to demonstrate. Gradually the dip augments, until at last "the inclination becomes so great that the block slips off its pedestal and begins to form another, while the one which it originally occupied speedily disappears under the influence of sun and air." The Unter-aar Glacier, near the Grimsel, presents a picturesque variety of these tables in great abundance and perfection.

The "Gravel Cones," which are occasionally met with, arise from causes really the same, although apparently opposite. The streams which we formerly described as flowing between the ridges that furrow the surface of the glacier, bring with them extensive sandy deposits, the scourings of the moraines. These deposits up to a certain point promote the action of the streams in wearing down the ice. But when they accumulate, they act precisely in the same way as the "Tables." They protect the underlying surface, thus dividing the stream which brought them down into two channels, and, gradually rising into a new ridge; while the sides of the former ridges are being worn down, and their summits depressed, they metamorphose a whole section of the glacier. Where ice-hummocks formerly rose, we now find channels; and from the troughs of the former channels gravel-covered ridges have arisen. We have said ridges: but from mechanical causes on which we need not here dwell, the change, in each case, will have commenced at some one point, around which the sandy deposits arrange themselves, rising gradually in a conical form, the central point constituting the apex of the cone. It is difficult at first sight to regard these cones as other than heaps of gravel. But the first examination reveals their real structure. They are ice-mounds merely coated with gravel.

Other remarkable objects to be met with on many glaciers are the water-shafts or "*moulins*" as they are called—probably from the mill-race velocity with which the surface waters plunge down their icy depths, for in no other way have they any analogy to a mill or its gear.

* Tyndall's *Glaciers*, page 265.

They are deep funnels bored through the solid body of the ice, and penetrating generally to a considerable depth. Indeed, it has been supposed that they quite pierce through the glacier to its bed; but this is a mere conjecture, for hitherto all attempts to measure their depths have been unsuccessful. They exist in most of the great glaciers; and, like almost all other glacier phenomena, are to be found in great number and variety on the Unter-aar. Their formation seems to require a tolerably continuous condition of the ice—crevasses being inimical to their existence by anticipating their functions. As the glacier moves down its valley, it is subjected to strains, which, though not sufficient to produce crevasses, are quite competent to cause it to crack and gape slightly. We have already mentioned the superficial streams which run about in every direction over the glacier. These streams unite, forming rivulets of no mean proportions.

“Imagine such a crack as we have described intersecting a glacier rivulet. The water rushes down it, and soon scoops a funnel large enough to engulf the entire stream. The *moulin* is thus formed; and as the ice moves downward, the sides of the crack are squeezed together, and *regelated*. But as the motion continues, other portions of the glacier come into the same state of strain as that which produced the first crack. A second one is formed across the stream, the old shaft is forsaken, and a new one is hollowed out, in which for a season the cataract plays the thunderer.”—*Glaciers*, pp. 363-4.

So many as six old shafts have been counted in advance of an active one—a fact sufficient to refute the opinion of Professor Forbes, that they were stationary and did not move with the motion of the glacier, even independently of the actual measurements which have proved that they participate in the movement of the surrounding ice. Their special province seems to be to act as drainage pipes for the surface waters of the glacier.*

These, and many other phenomena will be sure to call forth the admiration and astonishment of all visitors of the glacier world. But, in our opinion, that which merits the greatest attention and will awaken the deepest interest in the mind of the thoughtful traveller, is the truly marvellous texture of the ice itself as evidenced by what have been familiarly but expressively denominated *Dirt Bands*. That the appearances and external features of glacier ice

* Tyndall's *Glaciers*, p. 362-66.

are of an individual character, widely different from those which are presented by all other kinds of ice, is sufficiently clear even from the meagre sketch we have been able to lay before our readers. This difference is not superficial and external, confined to the experiences of the eye and hand, and foot, wearied by the perpetual roughness of its glittering road; it is intimate, pervading the whole mass. The structure of glacier ice, as we have already had occasion to observe, is not homogeneous. But, as in everything relating to glaciers this absence of homogeneousness takes place according to law and method, order is visible in its very confusion.

Whoever may have been their first discoverer, we are certainly indebted to the Principal of St. Andrews for the first account of the *dirt bands*. Being on the Mer de Glace, on the 24th of July, 1842, "his eye was caught by a very peculiar appearance of the ice, which he was quite sure he now saw for the first time. It consisted of nearly hyperbolic brownish bands on the glacier, the curves pointing downwards, and the two branches mingling indiscriminately with the moraines, presenting an appearance of a succession of waves some hundred feet apart."* Co-existent with these hyperbolic dirt bands, we meet with a singular conformation of the glacier surface in a series of slopes, which follow each other in succession, increasing in steepness as we ascend, each being separated from its neighbour by a space of comparatively level ice, until at last their distinctive features are lost in the confusion at the base of the ice cascade of the Géant. Viewing them in connexion with their local circumstances, it is impossible to regard them as anything but the permanent result of the dislocation suffered by the glacier in passing over the brow of the precipice which causes the cascade. On first looking at these slopes from the neighbouring eminences, they present the appearance of ice terraces or gigantic stairs. This appearance becomes toned down, as they descend the glacier, until at length they soften into massive protuberances or "wrinkles," as Professor Forbes has most appositely termed them. They look northwards. The dirt bands first appear at some distance below the cascade, and it is precisely across the northern points of the slopes, and at their bases, that they are arranged. In this way they lie

* Forbes's *Travels*, page 162.

in pairs. As they descend the glacier they become gradually elongated. Abstracting from this absence of concentricity, observations have established that, between the lower band of one pair and the upper one of the pair next succeeding, an average space of about 700 feet intervenes. Contrary to the opinion at first entertained, it has been found that they do not extend right across the glacier, but are confined to that portion of it which is derived from the Col du Géant. Professor Forbes attributed their formation to a more porous condition of the underlying ice, which, becoming disintegrated by atmospheric causes, detains the scourings of the moraines and other lighter débris. It would appear that this hypothesis cannot be sustained, inasmuch as subsequent investigation has failed to detect the supposed relative porosity of the "internal icy structure." Professor Tyndall is of opinion that they are produced by the superficial snow "forming a receptacle for the fine dirt transported by the innumerable little rills which trickle over the glacier. The snow gradually wastes, but it leaves its sediment behind." This opinion, however, fails to explain the strangest part of the phenomenon, namely, the arrangement of the dirt bands in hyperbolical curves.*

Akin to the dirt bands—indeed so much akin that an ordinary observer will find a difficulty in believing that they are not most intimately allied—is the wonderful and most beautiful phenomenon known as the *Veined Structure*, of which no adequate explanation (as it seems to us) has yet been offered. Starting from a point some distance above the termination of the glacier, we note as we ascend a remarkable contrast in the successive belts of ice. They appear to constitute a series of vertical curvilinear layers,

* These dirt-bands are to be met with on many of the great glaciers. Mr. Wills has given us a most interesting account of those of the Ferpêcle. He concludes with an observation, bearing closely on a point, to which we shall have to allude a little further on. "The continually increasing 'frontal dip' of these dirt-bands is calculated strongly to impress the mind with the notion that they are connected, in some way, with the *veined structure*. But unless the motion of the Glacier de Ferpêcle be much slower than that of any great glacier whose motion has been measured, their close proximity to one another would seem almost fatal to the supposition that there is any connection between their intervals and the annual amount of motion of the glacier."—*Eagle's Nest*, page 267

differing in density, specific gravity, colour, hardness, porousness, and consequently in fusibility. Their colours are blue, and blueish white. Of these several ices, if we may so speak, the blue possesses all the above-mentioned qualities in the greatest degree—the relative densities of blue and white being, respectively .995, and .925; that is, blue ice is .07 denser and heavier than white. Hence, the white ice melts more readily and rapidly, and it is in it that the troughs spontaneously form, affording channels for the superficial water-courses, and beds for the gravelly deposits which they wash down from the moraines. The fineness of many of these sandy particles allows them to enter the pores of the ice where they are detained partly by mechanical pressure, partly by subsequent freezing, until a fresh thaw penetrating deeper, sets them free again. The consequence of all this is to impart a peculiar appearance to the surface of the glacier. Little grooves and ridges are formed upon its surface, the more resistant *blue* plates protruding after the softer *white* material between them has melted away; while the fine brown lines formed by the lodgment of the sandy deposits in the grooves, resemble those produced by the passage of a rake over a sanded walk. That this rotation of white material and blue veins is not a partial phenomenon affecting the constitution of glaciers to a small extent only, is clear from the fact, that a large portion of some glaciers is thus built. The greater part of the Mer de Glace, for example, and the whole of the Rhone glacier, from its cascade downwards is composed of this *laminated* ice. On the clean walls of some deep crevasses, and in the deeper channels worn by ice-rivulets, the alternation of the blue-veined structure with the white ice is best observed, and the extremely beautiful appearance which is thus presented has been aptly compared to that of a polished chalcedony. The veins are best developed near the margin of the glacier along a line perpendicular to the direction of the greatest pressure being directed *downwards*, and inclined *obliquely* to the sides at an angle of about 45° —a condition of things diametrically opposed to the theory which would attribute their origin to the differential motion which is sensibly *parallel* to the sides. Under certain favourable circumstances the blue veins have been found to exist in the central portions of glaciers, thus constituting *transverse* structure. But the laborious investigations of Professor Tyndall appear to

have established essential differences between the laminæ of structure, and the layers of stratification, and to have shown that a great similarity exists between the former and the cleavage planes of calcareous spar and slaty formation. Wherever transverse structure exists, it is found to have assumed the hyperbolical curvature which characterizes the dirt bands. Hence, if it were of more general occurrence, it would invest with great probability the hypothesis of Professor Forbes, and we should be justified in roughly conceiving the glacier as built up of a series of hyperbolical walls or loops facing outwards. But the facts do not permit us to entertain any such general assumption as even vaguely probable. Near the origin of the glacier, these loops, where they do exist, are more transverse, becoming more and more elongated as they recede. As its termination is approached, they not only *face* outwards, but deflect from their vertical direction, *inclining outwards*, and forming with the bed of the glacier an angle gradually diminishing from 90° to 0° , until, at the terminal cliff they are found to over-lap each other in an almost horizontal position.

The lengthened and minute investigations of the great men who have devoted themselves to the study of the glacier world, dwelling for months together amidst the dreary fastnesses of its desolate wilds, have not succeeded in completely accounting for the origin or explaining the character of this veined structure. Some* have had recourse to the fanciful hypothesis of an ice-tension towards the axis of the glacier drawing out the substance of the glacier, as it slides along, in thin well-defined filaments. Others† have referred it to an original difference in the ice material itself, whether constitutionally inherent in the several snow particles from the first, or derived from the process by which these particles have been manufactured into the glacier fabric. Professor Tyndall attributes it to *pressure*. The pressure of the glacier exerted in many ways, and under most varied circumstances, crushes the ice in its "*structure mill*," expelling from it the imprisoned air, and welds again the bruised mass by re-gelation into the more compact and transparent ice of the blue veins.

* Whewell "Philosophical Magazine," Ser. III. vol. xxvi.

† Forbes, *passim*.

The same pressure exerted on the winter snow falling into the channels of the drained streams and rivulets, the narrower crevasses, and the grooves worn during summer in the more porous portions of the glacier, squeezes it into solidity and forms the white ice-seams. In this diversity of view there is one point upon which all seem to be agreed. All appear to acknowledge some mysterious dependence of the veined structure and its kindred dirt-bands on the influences of the snowy reservoirs whence the glacier draws its existence, and on the way in which they minister to its continuance. Each successive year reveals in its upper regions a new series of dirt-bands, which have been formed, or have struggled into light, since the previous year. Farther up still, in that neutral territory which constitutes the border-land between the realms of ice and snow, we meet with snow-wreaths, arranged in the same order and fashion as the curved laminæ far below, and passing insensibly, as they approach the sides of the gorge, into the veined structure. Surely in view of these facts, it is not a vain imagination to look upon those hyperbolic curves of white and blue, which we meet in the consolidated glacier, as traces of successive and ever recurring stages in its continuous and progressive physiology. These are the frozen ripples which mark the eternal ebb and flow of the snowy tide.

The consideration of all these phenomena, of moraines, ice-tables, gravel cones, dirt-bands, veined structure, etc., must confirm the second of the two conclusions which as we have said above, follow from the inspection of the nature of the moraines. The first conclusion went to establish the sufficiency of a single cliff at the head of the glacier for the production of an entire moraine. The second, equally evident, with the first, is, that, if we are able to mark the topographical position of even one of the superficial boulders, whether forming part of the moraine, or standing isolated—to make as it were a trigonometrical survey of a glacier section—we can at once determine by its annual, monthly, weekly, or even daily parallax, if appreciable, the rate of motion of the glacier; or, at all events, of that zone of it where it is placed. Now, evidently, there can be no difficulty in determining the position of such a rock, or in ascertaining the change of position which it may have undergone after the lapse of a certain period. And so, neither can it be difficult to ascertain with

tolerable exactness the rate of motion of the glacier on which it is placed. Two or three examples will make the matter quite clear.

In an ascent of the Col du Géant in 1787, Saussure was obliged to abandon a ladder in a cleft, whose position he very precisely described. This ladder was found in 1829 imbedded in ice, on the Mer de Glace about *three leagues* in advance of its former position. This gives an average rate of motion of the surrounding ice of about 375 feet per annum.

In the year 1830, a guide named Dévouasson, while conducting a party over the Glacier de Taléfre, had the misfortune to fall into a deep crevasse. He was rescued, but had been so jammed between the converging walls of the chasm, that in the exertions necessary for his extrication, a brown knapsack which had been strapped across his shoulders, was literally torn off by the immense force of the ice pressure, and detained below. Ten years later, this identical knapsack was found disgorged on the Glacier de Léchand, at a distance of 4300 feet below the spot where it had been entombed. It was of course much crushed and cut in its passage through one of the most rugged and torn glaciers of the Alps; but otherwise it preserved the same colour and appearance which it wore ten years before. The average annual rate at which this novel aspirant to the honours of the Alpine Club travelled in its icy vehicle was 430 feet—a slow progress, one may be inclined to think, but which will appear sufficiently diversified in incident to satisfy the most craving appetite for adventure, if we remember that it passed over the ice-falls of the Taléfre in the course of its dreary journey.

In 1827, the naturalist Hugi built a cabin at the point of junction of the Finster-Aar and Lauter-Aar glaciers, for the purpose of studying the condition of the descending mass. The cabin was fixed, he himself tells, at the foot of the *Abschwung* or rock which forms the spur of the mountain dividing the two glaciers. Hugi returned in 1830, and left a paper within the cabin, stating that he had found it several hundred feet below the rock. Six years later, he found it had descended 2200 feet. In 1839 Agassiz discovered it on the main glacier, so far below its original situation, that he doubted its identity, until reassured by the papers of Hugi, found inside. It had in the three years, 1836-39, descended 2200 feet more. Here

we encounter a number of curious and interesting facts. First, we have, incontestably, a visible effect of glacier motion. Secondly, we have data which give us an approximation of the *rate* of motion. Unfortunately, Hugi has given us the amount of descent only on the occasion of his second return. From this quantity it appears that the annual average rate of motion in the nine years, 1827-36, was a little more than 244 feet. But in the three years 1836-39, this velocity increased three fold, averaging 733 feet. In 1840, when revisited by Agassiz, this velocity was found to have amazingly diminished, the cabin being only 200 feet lower than in the previous year. In 1841, he found it had descended 291 feet; and, in 1842, 269 feet. Fortunately, there is an immense block by the side of the cabin, by which the movements of the glacier may always be measured.

Up to the investigations of Professor Tyndall on the Mer de Glace, by far the most important observations of glacier motion were those executed by Agassiz on the Finster and Lauter Aar glaciers. In 1841, he had deep holes bored by instruments specially prepared for the purpose, in which he planted stakes. Returning in 1842, he was enabled not only to ascertain the rate of motion by their displacements, but to discover by the unevenness of these displacements, that all the parts of the glacier do not move equally fast, the motion of the sides being slower than that of the centre. He had also a regular map of the two glaciers, and of their trunk-stream, the Unter-Aar, constructed by M. Wild, one of the first engineers in Switzerland. Referring to it, any one can at a glance recognize the amount of change which a period of eighteen years will have wrought.

But by far the most complete series of glacier observations yet executed are those of Professor Tyndall in 1857, on the Mer de Glace, which have cleared up many doubts, and refuted many opinions previously assumed to be correct. He first discovered, that, although the central portion of a glacier moves faster than the sides, the line of fastest motion, nevertheless, does not coincide with the geometrical central line or axis of the glacier, but "*is a curve more deeply sinuous than the valley itself, and crossing the axis of the glacier at each point of contrary flexure.*" In other words: it forms a spiral winding round this axis according to the shape of the valley down which

the glacier flows, and having greater or less curvature according to the greater or less sinuosity of the valley. It approaches nearest to the side of the glacier where a *convex* elbow of this latter fits into a *concave* bend of the valley; and, consequently will always be found at that side of the geometrical axis on which the glacier is convexed.* This is one of the most important discoveries which has been made with regard to glacier motion, proving that, although incomparably slower, it obeys precisely the same laws as those which govern the flow of rivers. It explains at once whence it comes to pass that the convex sides of glaciers are more crevassed than the concave ones. For example:

“The eastern side of the Mer de Glace is observed on the whole to be much more fiercely torn than the western side, and this excessive crevassing has been referred to *the swifter motion of the Glacier du Géant* (the principal tributary to the Mer de Glace). It has been thought that, like a powerful river, this glacier drags its more sluggish neighbours after it, and thus tears them in the manner observed. But the measurements (of the movements of the several parts of the Mer de Glace) show that this cannot be the true cause of the crevassing. The points which moved quickest lay upon portions of the glacier far to the east of the line of junction of the Glacier du Géant, which in fact, *moved slowest of all*.”—Tyndall's *Glaciers*, p. 218.

While conducting this series of observations, Professor

* Mr. Ball mentions that, in 1845, he noticed “a double current in the Findelen Glacier, with an intervening portion near the centre, that advanced rather more slowly than those on either side. Such an exception to the regular increase in the rapidity of the ice current in passing from the sides to the centre, is doubtless due to some peculiarity in the form of the bed of the glacier. A rock rising in the middle of the current would divide it just as it does water. Mr. Ball, unfortunately, does not state whether this double current is merely the same as the lateral currents, or distinct from them, and intervening between them and the centre, and thus constituting five currents of different velocities, the two lateral currents, and the intervening double current, in the midst of which flows a slower central current. This is an interesting point which ought to be cleared up. We presume, as Mr. Ball has published his observations this year, without any allusion to investigations of a later date than 1845, that it yet remains unsolved.”—Peaks, etc. p. 108.

Tyndall was able at considerable risk to determine, that (at least at the Tacul) in glacier cascades, the ice passes over the brow of the precipice with more than double the velocity with which it moves at the bottom: a fact which accounts for the frontal dip of the dirt-bands and of the blue veins in transverse structure. It has also been ascertained, that while the movement of the glacier is advanced or retarded according to the mean temperature of the season—being in winter about half what it is in summer—it is but little affected by the brief changes occurring during the night. The movement, whether fast or slow, is continuous, and does not take place by jerks,* or at recurring periods: Professor Forbes was able to trace it in the brief space of an hour and a half. If we regard the glacier along the direction of its length, its upper portions move more slowly than its lower extremity moves; the middle region (under normal circumstances) more slowly than either, the greater depth which the glacier there attains tending to diminish its velocity, while the quantity of motion is increased. Again, if we consider the motion of a line across its breadth, the centre as we saw above—although not always the exact central point—moves quicker than the sides, which are detained by the friction of the slopes of the valley with which they are in immediate contact. While, if we view a vertical section of the glacier, the top-most strata are found to move faster than the bottom, which is retarded by the friction of the bed. But, as in the case of rivers, all the movements of the glacier, and indeed everything appertaining to it, depend on a thousand local circumstances which must produce endless varieties of velocity, form, and constitution, even in the case of a single glacier, and render it impossible to establish general rules capable of universal verification. We cannot further pursue this tempting branch of our subject. We must refer our readers for full information to the sections of Professor Tyndall's work, which treat of glacier motion; assuring them that in his hands, while nothing is omitted which scientific curiosity could desire, every

* This is an unanswerable argument against the hypothesis which ascribes the motion of the glacier to molecular force generated by the freezing of water contained in the capillaries of the glacier.

thing becomes invested with a most attractive interest.*

We need scarcely remark that many glaciers depart in several features from the picture we have been hitherto engaged in portraying. Some, for instance, have scanty medial moraines, others are destitute of ice-tables and gravel cones. But these, after all, are but accessories which heighten the effect. In all the prominent characteristics which mark the glacier type, as distinguished from other icy formations, all well-behaved glaciers will be found to conform to our model. Some there are, indeed, rude boisterous specimens, that seem to revel in the ultra-savage grandeur of the region in which they are placed; and catching, as it were, its infection of lawlessness, exhibit the typical features in every variety of grotesque form and exaggerated proportion. Such is the glacier system of Mont Blanc, the tales of whose Titanic chaos have stamped Alpine scenes in the popular imagination with the prejudice of direst peril. Situated in wild rugged defiles, short but extremely precipitous, the surface of the glacier becomes fissured and cleft in every direction. As it descends, falling probably in its course over steep precipices, the crevasses become still more rent and torn, splitting into immense fragments of ice, whose disproportionate superficial area exposes them to violent atmospheric action. The consequent disintegration of the mass produces a scene of unequalled and appalling sublimity. The upper surface has completely disappeared, engulfing with itself, in the yawning chasm, the rocky boulders which elsewhere form moraines. Jagged pinnacles rise all around to an enormous height,

* One of the most interesting Alpine experiences is recorded by Mr. Wills—indeed, considering the solemn reflections to which the slow but irresistible movement of the glaciers must give rise, it could hardly have been noted at the time without a feeling of reverence and awe. “I had let my companions go on ahead, and was leaning on my stick, trying to take in the grand scenery around me, when my ear was struck by a curious sound. I listened, and after a few minutes heard again distinctly the peculiar creaking sound you get when you squeeze ice in a Bramah’s press. It was the ice of the glacier straining under the operation of Nature’s great press, as it was urged relentlessly through its narrowing channel.”—*Eagle’s Nest*, p. 286.

towering above the universal wreck as if in mockery of the powers which have wrought such ruin, mimicking in their fantastic shapes and airy attitudes the forest of peaks that surrounds them. It is the favourite region of the avalanches, and their constant fall reminds one of the destructive causes which are busy near at hand. Now and then a discharge of fragments from an overhanging cliff comes to attest their strength, and to increase the confusion; or a snow-slip descends from the side of a neighbouring mountain to cover all, and lure by the treacherous evenness of its surface some unwary traveller to an inevitable doom. The whole scene looks like a frozen picture of a giant war, waged between the elements and the ice, in which neither power has conquered, but both have succumbed to each other's fury, leaving a wild waste of ruin to evidence the fierceness of their strife. It is, as Byron says, the very likeness of "a frozen hurricane"—

"There, many a precipice
Frost and the Sun in scorn of mortal power
Have piled—dome, pyramid, and pinnacle,
A city of death, distinct with many a tower
And wall impregnable of beaming ice.
Yet not a city, but a flood of ruin
Is there, that from the boundaries of the sky
Rolls its perpetual stream; * * *
* * * * the rocks, drawn down
From yon remotest waste, have overthrown
The limits of the dead and living world,
Never to be reclaimed."*

Whatever may have been the characteristic peculiarities of a glacier in its lower and middle portions, its upper part near its origin seems, in almost all cases, to have been formed in one common mould. We shall then suppose that all difficulties have been vanquished, and that the traveller has reached this border region, where the ice commingles with its snowy sources. We meet indeed with new features, distinct from those we have observed below, but bearing not merely a resemblance but an unmistakeable family likeness to them. They differ less, than do the lineaments of the child from those of the full grown man.

* Shelley, *Mont Blanc*.

This hybrid zone, which partakes of the properties of both ice and snow without being wholly either, is known by a special name: the French-speaking naturalists and mountaineers have called it *névé*, the German *firn*. The first intimation which warns the traveller that he is quitting the glacier proper and nearing its limits, is the abundance of snow, which even in the middle of summer lies deep and crisp beneath his foot. The great elevation (amounting frequently to 9000 feet,) and the sheltered position prevent it from melting. As he advances he finds the roughness and hilly conformation, which has hitherto characterized the glacier ice, give place to a smooth coating gently undulating, like the almost imperceptible swell of the ocean at rest. At the same time the convexity, which is the normal appearance of the surface of the glacier, is seen to sink and pass by inappreciable gradations into a concave form, which becomes more and more decided in shape as it recedes, and stretches away to the mountain peaks that form the head of the gorge, insinuating itself into their defiles, and gliding by infinitesimal variations of curvature into the exact pattern of their slopes. As he proceeds he finds his road less broken and interrupted than formerly. The crevasses are fewer and narrower. But his caution must be ever on the watch. The superficial snow becomes deeper, and seems to have entered into full possession of the ground. It conceals the ice beneath, and frequently covers the crevasses, rendering a false step destruction. But it is different from the snow lower down on the glacier. There, wherever it exists, it lies in any way, just as it fell; here it is arranged according to a certain method, corresponding as we have already observed, in a remarkable degree to the laminated appearance of the lower glacier, and to the actual veined structure which, if it be removed is found to exist—or rather to be in process of formation—beneath it.

Where the boundary line is to be drawn, or how the passage from one territory to the other takes place, we cannot say. But, at last the traveller finds himself on the *névé*, the unformed, but forming glacier. A moment's glance convinces him that he is within the great workshop where the wondrous mass he has all this time been inspecting was forged. Nor has the manufacture ceased with its production. Wherever he turns he sees

piled up in lavish profusion and variety inexhaustible stores in every stage of forwardness and preparation. Before him is the raw material furnished in endless supply by the eternal snow-fields overhead. The perfect finished article he has left behind. Beneath him and all around everything is in a state of transition, differing almost as much from the snow above, as it does from the ice below. The consistency, mechanical condition, and physical appearances of this intermediate fabric are alike remarkable. The *névé* is about *one-third* less dense than the hard blue ice, and is consequently much more liable to atmospheric action, and susceptible of alteration of structure. It is passing into ice in virtue of this influence of the atmosphere and its dependent alterations, aided by the warm summer rain, by intense solar action, and by all the consequent vicissitudes of freezing, and thawing, and freezing again. It is being pressed into ice in its lowermost strata, yielding gradually to the enormous weight of the superincumbent mass, and solidifying and shaping itself in obedience to its direction as if it were a plastic body. How slow is this process of transformation! Compared with it the tortoise's tedious journeying is rapid as the flight of an arrow. A generation, at least, must pass away before last winter's snow shall have reached the first slopes of the glacier proper. But it is not the less surely going on because of its slowness. Ice, strictly speaking, if any there be, lies now in unapproachable abysses full a hundred fathoms deep, where sounding-pole and ladder and hatchet are of no avail. Snow alone is visible, and it is everywhere. Snow hard and unyielding underfoot; pure white snow robing the slopes wherever the scathing lightning and crashing avalanche have left it room to rest; frozen, dazzling, blinding snow on the mountain summits that rise like giant spectres all around. Crevasses again appear, wide yawning and irregular; they must be crossed on a snowy arch of most slender proportions, that will perhaps crumble at the first tread. Some who have had the courage to descend those snowy chasms relate almost fabulous tales of their marvellous beauty, and tell us how they have seen layers of snow lying packed on green icy shelves, anticipating by their mimic stratification the arrangements which they will receive, when in progress of time they are drifted down into the substance of the glacier. It is a realm of silence,

desolation, and awe. All trace of vegetable life has completely disappeared. No animal, save man, ever plants its foot in these lonely wilds, which nature seems to have exclusively appropriated for her own domain.

But even nature's domain must have a limit; and so at last we may suppose our traveller to have arrived at the end of his long journey. The end is like the beginning. The surface of the *névé* is not always, or even frequently, joined to the mountain snow by a continuous surface, as might be inferred from the sketch we have been giving of its appearance. As the terminal face of the glacier is generally a precipitous ice-cliff, seamed by clefts, and ploughed by the falling blocks of the moraines which are discharged over its edge; so the head of the *névé* in most cases, breaks off abruptly over against the slopes which hem it in. The dividing chasm is usually far more formidable in its dimensions and configuration, than most of the crevasses; and its formation is so peculiar that it has received the special name of *Berg-schrund*, or 'mountain-cleft.' On the other side of the *Berg-schrund* rise the mountains, covered with snow to their summits, wherever their sides are not too steep, or disintegrated by the atmospheric forces constantly at work. It would be a great error, however, to suppose, that the dazzling robe which clothes these slopes is pure snow, such as we are accustomed to meet at lower levels.* On examination it is found to be compactly frozen. Even the very summits of the peaks are crowned with an icy diadem. This will not appear strange, if we again remember the intensity of the solar heat in these elevated regions. The

* On this subject Saussure (*Voyages* § 530) quotes and adopts the opinion of Gruner "Sur les hautes montagnes, et sur leur sommits couverts de neiges, on ne trouve aucune glace proprement dite, mais une neige vieille et durcie." The facts are wholly at variance with this theory. The summit of Mont Blanc, indeed, is so constantly swept by hurricanes, that the snow is rarely allowed to remain in a state of quiet for a sufficient period to permit it, first, to thaw, and then to congeal. But the narrow summit of the Finster-Aar-Horn, is one sheet of most smooth and treacherous ice, which actually projects and hangs over the edges of the summit, like the carved work of a massive cornice, exposing the incautious traveller to the most imminent risk. Similar icy cornices add to the perils of Monte Rosa and the Wetterhorn.

surface of the snow melts by day and is frozen by night. This process is interrupted during the winter snow-falls—the season, when the supplies for maintaining the glacier are, so to say, voted by the atmosphere, and appropriated by the *névé*. When summer comes the surface of the winter's fall resumes its alternate thawing and freezing; thus presenting to the eye the appearance of a glittering ice-coat enveloping the mountain, except in some few sheltered nooks, where the thaw has been impeded or altogether prevented, and the unmelted snow has been able to preserve its frozen crispness undisturbed. On some summits, whose shape and topographical position permit an accumulation of snow, the icy transformation is specially favoured, towering to a slender acuminate cone, formed apparently of magnificently green crystal, and so justifying the name of *Monte Cristallo*, which the Italians have given to such a peak—the Ortler Spitz, or *Awl-Peak*, as the Germans almost more expressively denominate it, in the Tyrol.

We had intended to give a short account of the several theories which have been proposed, to explain the formation and motion of glaciers, but the length to which our observations have already run forbids it. For our reader's sake we are glad of this inability, as it affords us the opportunity of referring them to Professor Tyndall's work for full details on this most interesting branch of our subject, which he has treated in the clearest and most intelligible manner. Of this work we can safely say, that no language we could use would convey our appreciation of its merits. The Alpine traveller will recognize in it the genuine and warm reflection of those experiences, the recollection of which forms the highest enjoyment of his life. While they who have never visited the wonders of the glacier world, or whose tastes shrink from all serious books as affording but dull reading, will find the tales of marvel recorded in its truthful pages as attractive and absorbing as any story of wild adventure or the plot of the most alluring and popular work of fiction. For one thing we Catholics owe Dr. Tyndall deep gratitude, namely, his vindication of the merits of Monseigneur Rendu, the late Bishop of Annecy, as a glacier explorer. He has shown to Protestants the injustice they do us when they suppose that high religious training is, amongst us, hostile to secular knowledge; and has proved by a practical illustration

that a thorough acquaintance with physical phenomena, and a profound investigation of the abstruse laws which govern them, are perfectly compatible with admitted excellence and great repute as a Catholic bishop.

The three works which we have prefixed to this Article, form together a body of information on the Western Alps, more extensive and perfect than any hitherto in our possession. It is, as we may naturally expect, more complete with regard to some districts than to others. But, even on account of its short coming, it is most satisfactory; inasmuch as by accurately ascertaining the limits of our knowledge, it defines the localities with which it is desirable that our acquaintance should become more intimate. Viewed in this way, the work of the Alpine Club may be regarded as a general hand-book, embracing a more extended circle; while the other works are its complements, descending to greater detail, and devoting themselves to colour and finish some particular portions of the picture which was spread before us in cartoon by the former. Professor Tyndall has most judiciously divided his book into two parts, one chiefly narrative, the other chiefly scientific, but each so skilfully handled that the narrative is never without its lesson of instruction, nor the scientific discussion dry or unentertaining. His narrative is chiefly occupied with the Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa districts, including two ascents of these mountains, so different in all their accessories, in position and local circumstances, and yet such rivals in sublimity and general effect. We have also a flying visit to the Tyrol, *en route* to Vienna, and a peep or two at the Oberland. Of the scientific portion our readers may be able to form some opinion from the extensive contributions which we have borrowed from it. No pains, no trouble, no amount of toil has been spared to ascertain every fact and its appropriate explanation, and to elevate the conclusions which they suggest to the rank of positive certainty. We need only refer to the expedition to the Mer de Glace, undertaken in the depth of the severe weather of last Christmas. The season, which all the rest of the world devotes to domestic enjoyment, was spent by Dr. Tyndall in the snowy solitude of the glaciers, amidst storm and tempest, such as only rare winters bring even to the Alps, miles away from any human abode, and at a time when the highest elevation of the thermometer marked eight

degrees below the freezing point! It is not often that science can produce such an instance of abnegation.

To Mr. Wills's work, a sad interest attaches from the "cold atmosphere of sorrow" which ushered in its publication. The chief portion of it is devoted to a description of the beautiful valley of Sixt, a district lying quite out of the beaten track, although at the very threshold of Chamouni, from which it is parted only by a narrow ridge of mountains. Sixt is but half-a-day's journey from Geneva. The road to it branches off the high-road to Bonneville and Chamouni. Yet it is very rarely visited, and has been now described, we believe, for the first time. Accident, rather than design, seems to have originally directed Mr. Wills hither; but his first view of it led him to rank it as superior in beauty to any other spot within the whole range of Alpine scenery. Year after year he returned; and each succeeding visit did but strengthen his first love, and colour more deeply his first impressions. "In the whole course of my wanderings," he wrote home to his wife, "I have never seen anything so exquisitely and perfectly beautiful. There is not the Mont Blanc of course; but, excepting for that, Chamouni is not fit to be named in the same day with it. Why do not people go to Sixt? I have never seen a place with so many and so great attractions." An irresistible longing came upon him to be the possessor of a *châlet* in this happy valley. The account of the steps taken in order to secure this object of his desire, is extremely interesting, illustrating as it does, most graphically, the administrative system of Sardinia with reference to the transfer of public property.* With much difficulty, he succeeded in obtaining the coveted spot, and then brought his wife to see it. To-

* We regret that Mr. Wills has not seen the justice of the opposition, which his project received from the Curé of Sixt. Even according to his own representation of the proceedings, it is plain that this opposition sprang solely from an honest, although perhaps mistaken, anxiety of the Curé to secure the temporal and spiritual welfare of his flock. Mr. Wills frankly declares him to be an enlightened and "educated man, and well acquainted with what is passing in the world beyond his valley." He had therefore all the less right to characterize his views as proceeding from a narrow-minded and ignorant hostility.

gether they visited all the romantic nooks of the valley,—together they climbed its slopes and surveyed its glaciers, for it is within the precincts of the glacier realm,—together they ratified the choice of their summer home, planned its *châlet*, and arranged the laying out of the grounds.

“As we left the plateau, avowedly for the last time that season, she said to me, ‘I wonder whether we shall ever be here together again!’—words destined, alas! to find a mournful echo in the commands of Providence. A disease so secret, so insidious, that its very existence had escaped the anxious affections of friends, and eluded the experienced vigilance of a most accomplished medical man, had silently reached its climax, and suddenly arrested the mysterious current of life; and without time for one farewell, the gentlest and most graceful spirit that ever was the light and the pride of a happy home had passed from earth.”

It would be impossible to select from the portion of the volume dedicated to Sixt passages for quotation, without marring their interest and beauty. Everything is so fresh, so genuine, so novel, that we feel satisfied he who has once taken up the volume will not lay it down until he has finished it,

Both Professor Tyndall and Mr. Wills describe a joint ascent of Mont Blanc, undertaken for the purpose of depositing on its summit a self-registering *minimum* thermometer, with the view of ascertaining, if possible, the lowest point to which the winter temperature of that elevated region descends. Auguste Balmat, the celebrated guide, was of the party, as indeed he had been the originator of the experiment. On the occasion in question (13th September, 1858), the thermometer stood at $-12^{\circ}.3$, Centigrade, or twenty-one and a half degrees of Fahrenheit below the freezing point—an amount of cold of which we can have no practical appreciation. Mr. Wills recounts in most feeling and vivid language the sufferings of the whole party, and the appalling torture endured by Balmat, whose hands were frozen.* While Professor Tyndall’s description of the atmospheric phenomena and the dangers of the ascent, if not adequate, which no language could possibly be, is certainly not unworthy of the unique marvels and awful grandeur of the scene.†

* Wills’ *Eagle’s Nest*, Chap. viii., pp. 230-246.

† Tyndall’s *Glaciers*, pp. 168-194.

Our idea of the Mont Blanc district will be much enlarged on reading the first four chapters of *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers*, which are devoted to excursions within its precincts. The second of these chapters, (which in strict geographical order ought to have been the first,) is from the pen of Professor Tyndall, and describes "a day among the *Seracs*" of the Col du Géant. It is a most animated sketch of the peculiarities of conformation which the glaciers around Mont Blanc, in common with many others in similar situations, derive from their descent through deep mountainous ravines, along rocky beds, and over steep precipices. The amorphous dislocation of the ice, the very unsteadiness of its discontinuity, and the consequent extreme difficulty and hazard of making one's way over such a chopping sea of solid but jostling materials, are briefly but vividly sketched. We shall quote one passage which gives a picture that will be recognized by every visitor of Chamouni as a family-likeness. It extends to considerable length, but we shall not detract from its effect by curtailment.

"The vast mass of snow collected on the plateau of the Col du Géant, and compressed to ice by its own weight, reaches the throat of the valley, which stretches from the rocks called Le Rognon to the promontory of L'Aiguille Noire. Through this defile it is forced, falling steeply, and forming one of the grandest ice-cascades in the Alps. At the summit it is broken into transverse chasms of enormous width and depth; the ridges between these break across again, and form those castellated masses to which the name of *Seracs* has been applied. In descending the cascade, the ice is crushed and riven; ruined towers, which have tumbled from the summit cumber the slope, and smooth vertical precipices of ice rise in succession out of the ruins. At the base of the fall the broken masses are again squeezed together but the confusion is still great, and the glacier is here tossed into billowy shapes, scooped into caverns, and cut into gorges by torrents which expand here and there into deep green lakes.

"Across this portion of the glacier we proceeded westward, purposing to attempt the ascent at the Rognon side. Our work soon commenced in earnest, and perils and difficulties thickened round us as we advanced. The confusion of ice-pinnacles, crags, and chasms, amid which we hewed our way, was very bewildering. Plates of ice jutted from the glacier like enormous fins, along the edges of which we had to walk; and often, while perched upon these eminences, we were flanked right and left by crevasses, the depth of which might be inferred from their impenetrable gloom. At

some places forces of extreme complexity had acted on the mass ; the ridges were broken into columns, and some of these were twisted half round, as if with a vertical motion ; while the chasms were cut up into shafts which resembled gigantic honey-combs, round the edges of which we crept tortuously. Our work was very difficult, sometimes disheartening ; nevertheless, our inspiration was, that what man has done man may do, and we accordingly persevered.

“ Looking to the right, I suddenly became aware that high above us, a multitude of crags and leaning columns of ice, on the stability of which we could not for an instant calculate, covered the precipitous incline. We were not long without an illustration of the peril of our situation. We had reached a position where massive ice-cliffs protected us on one side, while in front of us was a space more open than any we had yet passed ; the reason being that the ice avalanches had chosen it for their principal path. We had just stepped upon this space when a peal above us brought us to a stand. Crash ! crash ! crash ! nearer and nearer, the sound becoming more continuous and confused, as the descending masses broke into smaller blocks. Onward they came ! boulders half-a-ton and more in weight, leaping down with a kind of maniacal fury, as if their sole mission was to crush the séracs to powder. Some of them, on striking the ice, rebounded like elastic balls, described parabolas through the air again, madly smote the ice, and scattered its dust like clouds in the atmosphere. Some blocks were deflected by the collision with the glacier, and were carried past us, within a few yards of the spot where we stood. I had never before witnessed an exhibition of force at all comparable to this, and its proximity rendered that fearful which at a little distance would have been sublime.

“ Unbroken spaces, covered with snow, now began to spread between the crevasses ; these latter, however, became larger, and were generally placed end to end *en échelon*. The extremities of the chasm ran parallel to each other for some distance, one being separated from the other, throughout this distance, by a wall of incipient ice, coped at the top by snow. At some places, the lower portion of the partition between the fissures has melted away, leaving the chasm spanned by a bridge of snow, the capacity of which to bear us was often a matter of delicate experiment. Over these bridges we stepped as lightly as possible. In many cases, indeed, we could not at all guess at the state of matters underneath the covering of snow . . . Further up in the *névé* the fissures became less frequent, but some of them were of great depth and width. On those silent heights there is something peculiarly solemn in the aspect of the crevasses, yawning gloomily day and night, as if with a never satisfied hunger. We stumbled on the skeleton of a chamois, which had probably met its death by falling into a chasm and been disgorged lower down. But a thousand chamois between these cavernous jaws would not make a mouthful. I scarcely knew which to choose—these pitfalls of the *névé*, or the avalanches ; the latter

are terrible but they are grand outspoken things ; the ice-crag proclaim from their heights, 'Do not trust us, we are momentary and merciless.' They wear the aspect of hostility undisguised ; but these charms of the *névé* are typified by the treachery of the moral world ; they hide themselves under shining coverlets of snow, and compass their ends by dissimulation."—*Peaks*, etc. pp. 33-36.

Verily, we covet many such papers from Professor Tyndall.

The first chapter is from the pen of Mr. Wills, one of the ablest of Alpine travellers, and describes in glowing language the passage from the Col de Balme to Orsières across the difficult glaciers du Tour, de Trient, and de Salena. It had been previously effected, in 1850, by Professor Forbes, and since the successful experiment of Mr. Wills and his companions, has been made by two or three parties. The paper is a most graphic account of the difficulties of travelling over broken glaciers. Here is a description of an unexpected night bivouac up among the cliffs which overhang the last-named glacier. In order to appreciate it, the reader should know that the party had expected to have reached comfortable quarters at Orsières, long before the hour at which the darkness of the night had compelled them to halt ; and, with the exception of a slight repast, had not tasted food since six A.M.

"With some anxiety we examined the contents of the knapsacks. We found a small quantity of mutton and three or four pounds of bread, half a flask of kirschwasser, a few raisins, some chocolate, and a tolerable supply of sugar ; not too much for five men, who had been walking more than twelve hours. Happily, Balmat had some citric acid and lemon essence in his pocket, by the help of which and the sugar, we turned the water into an excellent and most refreshing lemonade. Still, we had to sup on half rations, or something less. My companions fortified themselves against the cold with kirschwasser, but to me it is a nauseous and horrible compound, which nothing but necessity would induce me to touch, so that I was fain to content myself with the lemonade,—rather a cool 'night-cap' on the bare mountain side.

"Before lying down to seek such rest as we could get, we divided the night into five watches. We considered that an hour and a quarter apiece would carry us through the night. . . . It was not till we came to lie down that we fully appreciated the comfort of our bivouac. The slope on which we were encamped was so steep, that no one who was not fortunate enough to find a hole in which to nestle could keep himself from slipping, especially as the bilberry bushes on which we lay were soaking wet with the heavy dew.

W., who is great at sleeping, with admirable instinct found a most eligible hollow close against the fire, where the only danger he incurred was that of being scorched ; but it was the only place of the kind ; and after trying every spot which seemed to give the slightest promise of support, and finding that nowhere could I keep myself from slipping down, except by clinging to the wet bushes, I was obliged to desert the fire and betake myself to the under side of a boulder about thirty yards off, where I had the double advantage of a hollow to sit in and a back to lean against. Here I tied my handkerchief over my head, and tried to think I was very warm and comfortable ; but I was not so successful as not to be very glad when Balmat brought me a large stone, which he had heated in the embers of our fire, to sit upon.

"It was a night I would not have missed, with all its inconveniences. The stars shone bright and clear out of the sky of jet ; not a wreath of vapour could be seen ; the solemn glacier far beneath us, showed dimly through the gloom, with a dead and spectral white, as if it had been some mighty giant lying in his shroud. The crags beyond it were sombre as a funeral pall, and in the darkness, seemed to rise to such an enormous height, that the eye grew weary of wandering upwards, before their massive ebony was relieved by the liquid and transparent blackness of the sky, with its thousand glittering points of light. Not a sound broke the awful stillness of the scene, except the faint dashing of the distant torrent which we had sought so unsuccessfully, and the crackling of the fire, as R. heaped upon it fresh armfuls of bilberries and rhododendrons. Occasionally, by the fitful glare of the flames, I could see his form moving slowly and noiselessly about, now in bold relief against the ruddy light, now half hidden by the curling smoke, now illuminated by the blaze, as he passed round to the other side in search of fuel, quite unconscious of how much he was adding to the picturesqueness of the scene. I could not help thinking of home, and of those who, not improbably, were at that very moment thinking of me, little dreaming that I was lying out on the side of a glacier, many thousand feet above the sea, with nothing between me and the blue vault of heaven. It was a pleasant thought, and led me gently back to another bivouac beneath a rock by the Lax de Tacul, and thence to many an Alpine wandering enjoyed in the same good company." —*Peaks, etc.*, pp. 18-20.

In the year 1855, six young Englishmen, unaccompanied by guides, accomplished the feat of ascending Mont Blanc by a new route from St. Gervais. We have here, in the third chapter, an account of four attempts to complete and improve this route, one of which resulted in a large party having to grope their way, on a dark and stormy night, amidst torrents of rain, down the icy sides of the Aiguille

du Gouté, and across the perilous crevasses of the Glacier de Bionassay. The object of these efforts was to establish a passage to Mont Blanc from the Savoy side different from the established one from Chamouni by the Grands Mulets, and avoiding, if possible, the necessity of descending to the Grand Plateau. It is hoped, that from some point of this new route (if it be feasible at all) another way may be discovered leading down into Italy—thus resolving the problem of passing from Chamouni to Courmayeur over the summit of Mont Blanc. Beyond the scientific advantage of knowing whether such passages exist, we do not consider that their discovery can be of any practical utility. They must lead across the dangerous *nêvé* at the head of the southern glacier de Miage—an obstacle sufficient to prevent their ever being adopted by travellers.

Following the mountain range, we are taken from Mont Blanc to Monte Rosa, across the outlying district which includes the Vêlan, the Combins, and the Graffeneire, and many other magnificent peaks and passes. The savage defile known as the Val de Bagnes, occupies the centre line of the whole region and is famous on account of a terrible catastrophe of which it was the theatre in 1818. The severe winter of 1810-11 had accumulated so large a quantity of snow on the mountains, that the avalanches which fell in the succeeding spring far exceeded the average in number and magnitude. The summer suns were not sufficient to melt them, and the result was the formation of a spurious glacier, in front of the regular glacier Gétroz, right across the course of one of the affluents of the east branch of the Dranse, at a point where the gorge through which it flows was not more than half a mile wide. The natural course of such a formation is to grow; but few fears were entertained so long as the usual turbid stream issued from its base. However, in the six years intervening between 1811 and 1817, in consequence of the obstruction, a lake was gradually formed between the two glaciers. The winter of 1817 was abnormally severe, and the opening from the ice-cavern through which the rivulet issued became unfortunately frozen up so firmly, that when spring came the head of the stream was dry, and its waters were thus intercepted and went to swell the volume of the intermediate lake. Rapidly this increased in size, receiving additional supplies from the melting snows of the neighbouring mountains and

glaciers. In autumn, 1817, it was but fifty feet deep; in the beginning of May, 1818 it was in some places two hundred and thirty feet in depth, and continued to rise at the rate of twenty eight inches, or the amazing amount of over one hundred and twenty thousand tons daily. Under the superintendence of M. Venetz, a most able engineer, and afterwards so famous amongst glacier theorists, a channel was cut to allow the escape of the superfluous water. This novel operation was attended with great difficulties, and with constant danger to the workmen engaged in it; but it was finally completed within thirty days from its commencement. On the 13th of June, the day on which the waters first entered it, the lake was about 11000 feet long, its average breadth was 400 feet, its average depth 200 feet, and its contents amounted at least to nearly twenty-two million tons. The success of the engineering experiment was so very great, that the rush actually deepened the channel, carrying off within three days and a half over six and a half million tons of water; and in time the current might have worn for itself so deep a bed, as not merely to carry off the accumulated contents of the lake, but to hasten the dissolution of the accidental icy formation itself. But, meantime, causes were at work which could hardly have existed in the case of a regular glacier; and—whether owing to a disintegration of the mass, caused by the infiltration of water and the foreign substances which it brought with it, or from the enormous pressure at an extremity of the ice wall, where it joined some detached pieces of rock,—it suddenly gave way on the 16th of June. Nearly fifteen million tons of water—an almost inconceivable mass—were instantly precipitated down the valley. The average velocity of the flood has been estimated at thirty-three feet per second, or *twenty-two and a half miles an hour*, a rate of motion, to realize which we must seek for a parallel in railway speed. The people of the valley had been long prepared for this catastrophe. Signals were made the moment it occurred, but how unavailing such signals must have proved for all practical purposes we may readily understand, if we picture to ourselves the position of an unfortunate man surprised on a railway by a train racing after him at the rate of over twenty-two miles an hour. Yet, terrible as this position would undoubtedly be it is not altogether so hopeless as the situation of those who were

surprised by the flood of the burst glacier ; and when we find that not more than about fifty lives were lost, we must rather wonder that the calamity did not overtake a much larger number. The village of Bagnes was overwhelmed, and many other villages and the town of Martigny suffered considerable damage. The escape of the village of Beauvernier was almost miraculous. The flood was seen passing like an arrow by the side of the village without touching it, although much higher than the roofs of the houses. A rock which projected into the valley, served to divert the direction of the torrent. Not only houses and châlets were carried away, but even extensive forests, and for a long distance the very soil was washed off from the rocks, and a wild tract of savage desolation attests to this day the fearful power of a burst glacier. By a providential circumstance, the same causes which had produced this terrible accident, had rendered the waters of the Rhone uncommonly low, so that the bed of the river was capable of carrying off this immense addition to its normal contents. Otherwise the damage would have been fearfully increased. As it was, the loss of property was estimated at 1,200,000 francs ; an appalling calamity for an Alpine district.* To obviate, if possible a recurrence of so fearful a catastrophe, gangs of workmen are constantly employed in cutting away the face of the dangerous glacier Gétroz, and thus prevent its advance into the valley.

Under the guidance of Mr. Matthews—than whom a pleasanter or more energetic companion we could not desire—we can find our way out of the Val de Bagnes over the Col du Mont Rouge, some ten thousand or eleven thousand feet high, and so by the Combe d’Arolla to Handières, a little village at the head of the lovely Val d’Erin. Arrived there, we shall again place ourselves in the hands of Mr. Wills, and with him turn southward. Following the course of the torrent we catch glimpses of the great Ferpècle glacier, one of the largest in Switzerland, scaling the precipices of the Dent Blanche as we ascend, and looking up wonderingly at “ its grand white peak and shaggy sides, towering apparently to an immea-

* An interesting account of this inundation is to be found in Simond’s *Switzerland*, vol. I.

surable height." After a pleasant but toilsome journey of nine hours, we stand on the summit of the Col d'Erin, which some measurements place so high as 11,939 feet.

"Fortunately for the effect of the scene, you can scarcely see any thing of what lies beyond the Col till within a very few paces of it. These few paces are sufficient to disclose, in a few moments, a scene of novel character and unsurpassed magnificence

"The long low wall of snow close on our left, was suddenly replaced by no less wonderful an object than the peak of the Matterhorn itself, not six miles distant from the spot on which we stood, and still between three and four thousand feet above us, presenting to our astonished gaze a sheer precipice of nearly seven thousand feet from the summit to the glacier Zmutt below; the strata in many places so quaintly twisted and contorted as to strike the eye at once on beholding it, and to suggest the thought what awful convulsions must have been nature's birth-throes when this gigantic object was produced. It is impossible to convey any idea of the imposing aspect of the Matterhorn as beheld from this point. As seen from Zermatt and from all the more usual points of view, the mountain presents itself edgeways rather than sideways, so that you look directly, not upon a face of rock, but upon a sharp *arête*, sloping down towards you, with immense precipices on either side; but here we were face to face with one of these precipitous walls, and perceived for the first time its real height and steepness. I doubt if anywhere else in Europe such a precipice is to be seen. For thousands of feet together, it is too steep to be able to retain any but the lightest and most scattered deposit of snow: and as the eye ranges over its rugged surface the huge mass tapers, now gently, now abruptly, till it ends in a narrow blunted ridge of rock, far up in the blue sky, yet so near as to be seen with wonderful distinctness. Nor is this great peak an object of solitary grandeur. Considerably nearer to our Col, in fact, just opposite the opening, is the Dent d'Erin, not a thousand feet lower than the Matterhorn itself, and ending in a huge system of precipices, equally abrupt and inaccessible with those of its more gigantic neighbour. Its inferior elevation, and the greater height of the glaciers out of which it springs, alone detract from its comparative magnitude. It has a sharper and more graceful outline: its precipices are still more abrupt though not so profound: there are purer and whiter snows about the base of its pinnacles; and beneath its faces of rock a beautiful curtain of glacier, so steep as to give one the impression of a precipice of ice, connects it with the glacier of Zmutt. It is connected also with the Matterhorn, by one long, unbroken sweep of rock, sometimes bare, sometimes clothed with a similar graceful curtain of ice, steeper and loftier than any other I remember to have seen. Looking at these remarkable masses of ice, you get some

little notion of how steep the faces of rock must be on which neither ice nor snow can lie, when you see ice lying for some fifteen hundred feet together in a bank so like a precipice as this. In all my Alpine wanderings, I have never seen a prospect which seemed to me quite so full of majesty as this."—Wills, *Eagle's Nest*, pp. 274-276.

A sharp turn to the left, a passage over a dangerous *bergschrund*, a run down the Zmutt glacier, a passing glance at its neighbour of Hörnli, a peep at the Schwarze See, and we are in the pleasant meadows of Zermatt, that oasis amidst the "destroyed" pasturages. Zermatt is, (or rather was, for tourist influences are rapidly degrading it to the level of Chamouni,) a lovely spot in the very heart of the glacier scenery which lies grouped in such profusion and wondrous sublimity around Monte Rosa. Fixing its temporary head quarters here, the work of the Alpine Club conducts us, northward and southward, by ways previously untold across cols and passes first revealed to the travelling world by its authors; introducing us, by the way, to other passes which local traditions aver to have been formerly in almost daily use, but which have remained untrodden by other feet than those of the chamois for a period dating back far beyond the memory of man. One of these excursions leads us from Zermatt, over the Trift glacier, to the Trift pass, some twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, whence the whole panorama of the Monte Rosa district is suddenly and most distinctly brought to view; thence on, over the Zinal glacier, to the out-of-the-way and most romantic Einfisch Thal. The usual incidents of Alpine climbing are diversified by a humorous account of a pic-nic on the névé, interrupted by a furious cannonade of boulders crashing down from the summit of the Trifthorn. Perhaps the most interesting of all these excursions, in a scientific point of view, is that of the President of the Club, Mr. Ball, from Zermatt to Ayas, on the Piedmontese side of Monte Rosa. It gives us some most important observations on the vicissitudes of the great Findelen and Görnér glaciers, whose advance and retrocession seem to be mutually dependent in some unascertained reciprocal ratio. We have also some other equally useful observations on the rate of increase and diminution of moonlight and twilight, and their comparative intensity in the High Alps, and on the strange acoustic delusions to which travellers in these ice-realms

are frequently subject. The whole is told in a familiar style, easily comprehensible by the most unscientific reader. We have another brief but pleasant account of the ascent of the Mischabel-Dom—one of the four peaks of the Saas-grat—if indeed anything so terrible can be called pleasant. The last few hundred yards of the ascent are a sheer edge that seems almost perpendicular. From the summit Zermatt can be seen most distinctly, although it is some miles distant, and some ten thousand feet below. We pass on to the Saas-thal and climb the steep Laquinhorn, as the southern peak of the Fletsch-horn is called, under the escort of that first of Alpine travellers, and most worthy man, Herr Imseng, the Curé of Saas; and then again up the Allelein-horn, never before intruded upon by tourist's foot. Monte Rosa itself is not touched upon, as it seems to us, most judiciously: the object of the work being to sketch a panorama of the Western Alps, not to describe scenes often depicted before. But the deficiency, if any one be inclined to regard it as such, is amply compensated by Mr. Wills,*—who gives a most graphic and entertaining account of an ascent, performed a week after the fearful expedition to Mont Blanc already referred to—and by Professor Tyndall†—who was so enamoured with the grandeur and beauty of the place, that he actually ascended twice within eight days, the second time alone!—a perilous feat which he records, but neither boasts of nor excuses. On his first ascent of Monte Rosa, Dr. Tyndall had the good fortune to be overtaken by a shower of six-leaved snow-flowers, a phenomenon which he explains in the second part of his volume, and which has led him to some most interesting experiments and discoveries.

Four chapters are devoted by the Alpine Club to the Oberland; all introducing us to scenes which were either not at all, or but only imperfectly known. We have an ascent of the Finster-aar-horn, and the Shreckhorn, a passage from the Grimsel to Grindelwald by the Strahleck, and a journey all along the Aletsch glacier, the largest in Switzerland, up to its very névé, and across the Col de la Jungfrau, one of the most beautiful and enchanting

* *Eagle's Nest*, chap. x. p. 288.

† *Glaciers*, pp 122-133, and 151-160.

excursions of the whole volume.* Following the main chain of the Oberland, we have a rapid sketch of the wild and fantastic range between Berne and the Valais, westward of the Gemmi pass, a locality scarcely ever visited by strangers, although it comprises every variety of beauty, and is intersected by passes, which, for savage grandeur may vie with any of their more famous fellows. Turning northwards, another chapter gives us a description of the Alps of Glarus and the adjoining district, a part of Switzerland little visited and less known by Englishmen. But, in our opinion, the most suggestive chapter of the entire volume is that which gives a graphic picture of a night spent on the summit of the Bristenstock, a peak some 10,000 feet high, overhanging the St. Gothard road on the north-east. This "adventure" happened to two of the heroes of the guideless ascent of Mont Blanc, who, trusting to their good fortune on that occasion, made this ascent also without guides. Having lost their way, and being unable to descend, they were surprised by night on the summit of a ridge perpetually covered with snow. The occurrence itself pronounces the strongest condemnation of this foolhardiness of attempting such journeys, and incurring such fearful risks without guides. It is to this, and to similar stupid displays of folly, that almost every Alpine accident amongst tourists may be traced. It is only brainless young men, utterly ignorant of the localities, who are guilty of this criminal recklessness. The really veteran and accomplished travellers—the men whose large experiences and varied resources, drawn from the practice of many years, might be supposed to warrant self-confidence—never think of exposing themselves to such dangers. They are loud in inculcating the great security, apart from other advantages, which is always obtained by the presence of trained guides. We referred, just now, to Professor Tyndall's ascent of Monte Rosa alone. We must remember that he had accomplished the same journey, in the usual way, only seven days previously, noting all the peculiarities of the route; that he was a practised cragsman and glacier climber; and, above all, that he was actually treading in

* The Strahleck, Finster-aar-horn and neighbouring glaciers, are vividly described in some of the most interesting sections of Professor Tyndall's book.

the footsteps of a party who only preceded him by a couple of hours, within sight of whom he was during almost the entire journey, and whose track he carefully followed. Now, let us turn to the reflections with which he closes his narrative of this ascent.

“I think it right to say one earnest word in connexion with this ascent ; and the more so as I believe a notion is growing prevalent that half what is said and written about the dangers of the Alps is mere humbug. No doubt exaggeration is not rare, but I would emphatically warn my readers against acting upon the supposition that it is general. The dangers of Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, and other mountains, are real, and, if not properly provided against, may be terrible. I have been much accustomed to be alone upon the glaciers, but sometimes, even when a guide was in front of me, I have felt an extreme longing to have a second one behind me. Less than two good ones I think an arduous climber ought not to have ; and if climbing without guides were to become habitual, deplorable consequences would assuredly sooner or later ensue.”—Tyndall’s *Glaciers*, page 160.

We fear we have exhausted the patience of our readers. So we shall conclude by telling them, that the present edition of *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers*, contains some most valuable suggestions for Alpine travellers, a classification of unascended peaks to stimulate climbing ambition, and a tariff of guide and other charges ; and by commending it most warmly to the perusal of all.

There can be no more convincing proof of the great change which has come over our national habits, than the striking contrast which this little volume presents, in the freshness, variety, and extent of the scenes which it describes, to any corresponding work of half a century back. The district which it traverses in its rambles is about 150 English miles in length, stretching from Savoy nearly across Switzerland, and rich in the most impressive features of wildness, beauty, and grandeur. There was a time—and that not so very long ago—when the public acquaintance with the Alpine world was confined to Mont Blanc. It is not yet quite one hundred and twenty years since the first visitors penetrated into the valley of Chamouni. In the year 1741, the celebrated Oriental traveller Pocock happened to be in Geneva, then one of the great fashionable centres of the Continent. He was challenged to produce from his large experience of wonders and of horrors anything to equal the awful gran-

deur of the *Montagnes Maudites* and their Alpine brethren. Their lonely terrors and savage grandeur were painted for him in those glowing colours, with which fancy loves to clothe unseen greatness; and strange tales were whispered in his ear of the wild appearance and fierce manners of the barbarous mountaineers who dwelt within their valleys. They were the same stories with which the Genius of the Alps two thousand years before had essayed to warn Hannibal from invading his domain, only rendered infinitely more probable by being now repeated in one of the chief centres of intelligence and refinement in Europe. Pocock's curiosity was thoroughly roused. He who had traversed so many lands and passed through so many strange scenes, burned to penetrate the solitude in which those hoary ice-kings had so long reigned undisturbed. He found a ready companion in an adventurous fellow-countryman named Windham. They procured all the information they could about the unknown land. They obtained passports recommending them warmly to all public authorities, and conferring on them large powers that they might be prepared for all emergencies. They also obtained a guard of soldiers, engaged a large retinue of servants, and armed to the teeth, set out on their romantic and dangerous expedition. They travelled slowly and cautiously, after the fashion of an army in a hostile and unexplored country, following the course of the Arve, and at length entered the valley of Chamouni. They attempted to propitiate the few wretched chasseurs whom they met with presents which were thankfully received. But, so great was their distrust, that they could not be induced to accept the shelter of a hut for the night, or to taste any of the provisions which were proffered them in return. They encamped on the shores of the Mer de Glace, under tents which they had brought with them for the purpose. Fires were lighted all around the encampment, sentinels were posted, guns were fired at intervals during the night, and all the precautions and vigilance of a hostile bivouac were scrupulously observed in order to guard against a sudden attack by the unseen savage mountaineers, who were supposed to be lurking in the neighbourhood awaiting the opportunity for a surprise—but who, we may add, had no real existence beyond the imagination of the romantic travellers. Living in the nineteenth century, we can hardly believe that such was the style of a journey to Mont Blanc little more than a century

ago. But we may yet read an account of this expedition in the numbers of the "*Mercure de Suisse*" for May and June 1743, in which a grave account is given of its perils and its adventures, and its daring and absolute rashness are largely descanted upon.* It was then that Europe first heard the name "*Mont Blanc*."

The discovery being made, men, as usual, were found ready to avail themselves of the fortunate intrepidity of their predecessors. Each year began to bring visitors to Chamouni, chiefly young Englishmen of position and fortune, allured by the love of adventure or novelty, to brave the still exaggerated dangers of the journey. Amongst them came in 1760, a youth, the greatest and most distinguished of all who yet have trod those glaciers or scaled those peaks, and who has contributed more to our knowledge of the whole Alpine region and to spread its reputation, than all others besides. By a strange coincidence, Saussure was a baby in arms the year of Pocock's discovery. Dating from 1760, he allowed scarce a year of his life to pass without visiting some considerable Alpine district, traversing the great central chain fifteen times, and crossing it by eleven different passes previously unknown to any one except the inhabitants of the immediate neighbourhood. Each year, as he returned to Chamouni, he noted the increasing influx of strangers, and the gradual change which their visits were slowly accomplishing in the simple manners of the people of the valley; and we may find foreshadowed in his pages all those evils of which modern travellers complain, and which have rendered Chamouni a bye-word, and converted the social character of the beautiful valley into the very antithesis of the rugged grandeur and stern simplicity in which it issued from Nature's mould.† If we remember the state of scientific knowledge

* See also Saussure, *Voyage autour de Mont Blanc* chap. xxiv. *Voyages* §. 732.

† He particularly laments the decay of "*la pureté des mœurs*," which he lays to the charge of our wealthy countrymen. We know not anything sadder, or at the same time more interesting, than Saussure's graphic account of the manners and customs of the Chamouni district, which might, in most respects, stand for a picture of the present day—witness, for example, the touching incident of the slain chamois.

at the period at which those journeys of Saussure were undertaken, and the circumstances under which they were performed, we cannot but be astonished at them, and marvel at the extent and completeness of their results. Even now, they will ever remain unsurpassed as mere physical feats; while the labours of each successive investigator prove how little their conclusions are susceptible of correction, how few and small must be the additions which remain to be made to their immense treasures. Any one may take up these *Voyages* in the expectation of amusement and instruction with the certainty of not being disappointed. The scientific student will ever recur to their pages as the great manual and storehouse of Alpine knowledge.

But the unscientific multitude knew nothing of the investigations of Saussure, and the many distinguished men who followed in his footsteps and emulated his example. Their ideas of the Alps and their marvels continued to be derived from copied descriptions of the select few, engaged in the performance of the *grand tour*, who drifted in the annual season through Savoy, and from the plains of Lombardy contemplated Monte Rosa, at a respectful distance. But all this is changed now. The profession of traveller is no longer confined to a caste; and even the most aristocratic no longer deem it essential to their dignity, when moving *en grand seigneur*, to pass in monotonous listlessness over the same beaten track, which was trodden by their fathers and grandfathers some sixty or eighty years ago. Books we have in abundance, descriptive both of the localities and of the people. And although our knowledge has not quite kept pace with the facilities for its increase, still its growth and improvement are evident. Each year introduces us to some peak hitherto unknown, to some important natural phenomenon previously unobserved, to some region of special interest hitherto overlooked. The physical condition of the glaciers, the laws of their structure, the nature of their movements, the vicissitudes to which they are subject, are all being carefully noted and studied by a multitude of scientific observers. The natural history of the region, its botany, geology, in fact its entire physical geography are being investigated with the most minute attention. That this Alpine passion is not on the wane is, we have already said, manifest by the institution of the

Alpine Club—an association of adventurous men, who have assumed the exploring of the Higher Alps as a part of their vocation, a portion of the settled professional business of their life. Among such a body there must be a variety of talents; and one in one way, another in another, but all harmoniously and usefully will pursue their task. Their investigations cannot but tend to increase our knowledge, to add to its extent, and to confirm its solidity. They have a wide field before them. The Bernina and the Tyrol, the Julian Alps have yet to be explored by such as they, by men who can observe accurately, and describe faithfully and vividly. We hope yet to see many a volume recording those labours of which the present gives such fair and cheering promise.

ART. III.—1. *The Papal Sovereignty viewed in its relations to the Catholic Religion and to the Law of Europe.* Translated from the French of Mgr, DUPANLOUP, Bishop of Orleans, Member of the French Academy. London: Catholic Publishing and Bookselling Company.

2. *Europa und die Revolution.* J. VON GÖRRES, 1821. Göttingen.

3. *The Political and Historical Works of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte,* with an original Memoir of his Life; 2 vols. London: Published at the Office of the Illustrated London Library, 227, Strand.

WHEN Napoleon the Great was a prisoner on the rock of St. Helena—when his mighty legions were broken and his tributary kings dispersed—when France was reduced again to her normal position among the nations of Europe, it was hoped that the disastrous principles of 1789 were stamped out of the European mind for ever; and that the waves of the revolution were rolled back in as effectual a manner as the Moslem invasion was by the Crusaders of the twelfth century. Everywhere a mighty reaction had set in. Society, if not to be entirely re-cast, was to be renewed under the vivifying influences of religion. The restoration was to be the prelude to an universal revival in faith, morals, and politics. The aberrations of an impious

science were to be corrected, the wantonness of art and literature purified, and the church, set free from the ignominious thralldom of the state, was to teach a lost people and an oblivious generation their duty to God and man. The 19th century was to make up in virtue for the vices of the 18th. The crisis of its moral disease overtook the last century at its close, and revealed to the horrified gaze of mankind the disorders it had long been a prey to. The commencement of the present century was an era of hope and of promise, but its hope has been laid low and its promise broken by the new outbreak of the old malady. The victory of Europe in arms—the restoration of legitimate authority—the promised return to truer principles, have only availed to check for a time the growth of revolutionary ideas—the onswEEP of revolutionary forces. The rescue of the Papacy from the sacrilegious hands of the spoiler, and the terrible downfall of the oppressor of Europe, have issued in 1860 in the destruction of the Pope's temporal power and in the triumph of Bonapartism. Waterloo is avenged, and the vanquished are become the victors; for the principles of the revolution against which the nations contended, are now triumphant in Europe. Jacobinism would have perished of its own enormity, but, modified by the necessities of Napoleon, and clothed with the glory of his name, it rose into vigour and life. Repressed at the point of the bayonet, and by the general indignation provoked by the insolence of the Conqueror of Europe, the ideas of '89 fell into disrepute for a time, not so much because they were impious, as because they were French: but only to revive again with fresh force in the revolutions of Spain and Portugal, and to receive a still further development in the impious philosophy and corrupt literature of Germany. Erastianism at the same time, in Austria and its Italian provinces, was a subordinate ally of the destructive principles in Protestant Germany, in the same way that Jansenism had subserved the purposes of Philosophism. In England, as well as on the Continent, a false, revolutionary Liberalism has made great progress. It has perverted our earlier and better policy, and has gone far to render of no value the valour of Wellington and the statesmanship of Pitt. It is, however, in the France of to-day that the ideas of '89 have found their true exponent. With the impatience of genius, Napoleon the First enforced his principles at the point of

the sword; but by wounding the self-love of nations, he roused, in spite of himself, a patriotic resistance to the ideas he desired to diffuse. But his Imperial nephew, with the craft which is habitual to his mind, is content with slow advances and with the gains of diplomacy. To win men or nations to his side, he appeals to the passions of the human heart, or to the pride of nationalities. He corrupts to conquer. His work is more complete than his uncle's, his dominion wider, his influence more permanent. In him the principles of '89 have found an apter representative, and have acquired through his agency an extension more vast and a more penetrating influence. The Elect of the French people aims at universal subjugation of the political mind, and at converting the conflict of principles to his own profit. His triumph approaches to completion. He gives the law to Europe. The principles he represents, or has called into action—the dogmas of popular sovereignty, of annexation, and of election by universal suffrage—the theories of non-intervention and of accomplished facts, have in many quarters passed into political axioms. The man who has evoked from the ruins of anarchy, ideas which were buried beneath their own disgrace, and obtains for them recognition and an authority over the minds of men so great, as not only to upset the laws of ages, but even to change the face of Europe, is a greater conqueror than he whose sword blazed victoriously in the sun of Austerlitz. Under the heel of the warrior, Europe lay bleeding and breathless, but yet not so prostrate as she now lies, sapped of her moral force, by the poison of false principles at work in the very vitals of society. The latest achievement of Bonapartism is in Italy, in the subversion of dynasties, in the effacing of political boundaries, and in the abolition of old established laws and customs—in violent assaults on the spiritual rights, jurisdiction, and independence, as well as on the temporal possessions and privileges of the Church: but its real triumph is in the apathy of Europe, in the deadening of the conscience of nations, and in the perversion of public morality. Its moral are greater than its material victories. Its real danger is in its hold over the minds of cabinets, keeping them between alternations of hope and fear. With consummate art, Bonapartism made itself a necessity in France: it lent itself to the service of religion, the more effectually to betray the sacred trust:

it supported the cause of order at home, to gain the power of planting anarchy abroad. It dragged Europe into an aimless and untoward war against the great Potentate of the north, and no sooner had it procured an admission for its crowned representative into the brotherhood of kings, than in pursuance of its traditional policy, it fell to work to divide Europe, to set nation against nation, and to exercise an indirect control over their counsels. But to enable this system to govern Europe, it was necessary to overthrow all established rights, sweep away the dusty records and titles of legitimacy and historic descent, tear up treaties, and set international law at defiance. In the history of the last fifty years, which has been but little better than a record of the growth of a centralizing bureaucracy, of a godless system of public instruction, of the enslavement of the Church, and of alternate violence and weakness in royalty, may be discovered some of the causes which have led to the triumph of Bonapartism in France, and to the supremacy which it now enjoys in Europe. It is but too clear that the social and religious corruption common to Europe in the 18th century, though brought to a head in the French revolution, was not healed, nor were the corrupting roots of the moral cancer eradicated. "Anarchy," was the profound remark of a man once glorious in Christian philosophy, "is the despotism of the many, and despotism is the anarchy of the few." The anarchy of '93 produced the anarchy of despotism. Never was there less liberty than after the reign of terror, and never was there more danger to religion than under the restoration.

If we recal to mind the state of Europe, just subsequent to the overthrow of Napoleon, we shall find that though revolutionary passions had somewhat subsided, yet the principles of '89 were still silently pursuing their fatal work. Here undermining, in secret, public morality; here coming in open collision with the rights of the throne and the altar. The princes of Europe, reinstated on their ancient seats of power, forgot the duties which devolved upon them at so momentous a crisis, as well as those lessons of experience which adversity should have taught them. On the morrow of such an upheaving of society as the world has seldom witnessed, was the opportune time for rulers to take into serious consideration the state of the peoples intrusted to their charge. No time was more favourable, not only to

introduce wise laws and reform old abuses, but to examine the principles of government, to adjust the limits of regal authority, and the claims of popular freedom; and yet no opportunity was so neglected or misunderstood. The rulers of Europe were smitten with a political blindness, and the nations are now suffering under the disastrous effects of their shortsighted policy. The sole result the revolution had upon kings was to make them more jealous than before of their authority. Royalty hedged its prerogative closer about than ever; for mutual suspicion had sprung up between sovereigns and their subjects. Wounded pride and fear put weapons into the hands of irresponsible power, and the most humane sometimes forgot their humanity when they had to deal with political offenders. "Political offenders, I consider, said the Emperor of Austria, Francis II, "the greatest of criminals; we have suffered too much from their crimes to pity or to spare."* While all revolutionary attempts were repressed and punished with the rigour of martial law, no effectual effort was made to eradicate the evil itself. The two great agencies to regenerate the human mind and to purify the soul from pernicious error—education and religion,—if not altogether neglected, were yet always controlled and hampered in the performance of their necessary work by the petty jealousy and encroaching spirit of the temporal power. Instead of Christian kings permitting the Divine Teacher of nations to go forth, in perfect freedom, to heal the wounds of a society so recently bleeding at every pore, to reconcile the differences which kept whole classes of men apart in ill-disguised blood-rancour, and, above all, to rescue by her profound instructions the victims of an impious philosophy, she was held a state prisoner. In defiance of the dictates even of ordinary prudence, the Church in France, under the restoration, was more or less crippled. The encroaching temper of different administrations, and still more the courts of justice, which had inherited the violence of Gallican parliamentary traditions, trampled on the free action of the Church; these attempts

* Harshness of punishment degenerated into petty persecution, when the Emperor, reposing again in safety on his throne, forbade Prince Metternich to permit the use of his library to an Italian nobleman incarcerated in the Spielberg.

however were met with a courageous resistance from a worthy episcopate and a devoted clergy. In tracing the causes, which after the lost labours of more than half a century, have ensured the triumph of Bonapartism in Europe, we must, as rapidly as we are able, bring out some of the main features in the internal policy and condition of the various—especially Catholic—states, which contributed, either directly or indirectly, to this disastrous result. Should we perhaps appear to be going over too familiar a ground, our apology must rest on our strong desire to fix the stigma of Jacobinism on the Napoleonic policy, and to show how, under a various nomenclature, it sapped the vital energies of nations, and deadened in them the vivacity of faith.

If, however, before we examine singly the condition of individual states, we look at the Europe of the present half-century, we shall perceive, putting down at their just value the various and partial reactions which have occurred from time to time, the growth, more or less in all the nations of Europe, of a public opinion, founded on the ideas of 1789. The political mind, darkened by loss of faith, is agitated by a wild desire of innovation, which attaches no weight to the sanction which antiquity gives, and which has no respect for authority. This new political creed strips the state of all delegated divine authority, and reduces it to a mere expression or exponent of the popular will.

Taking the pride of the human heart as the basis on which to build, the policy of the present day flatters the individual by making his judgment the ultimate appeal in all matters, civil or ecclesiastical. With consistent and destructive logic it pursues its aim to the end; it destroys all ecclesiastical polities, and eliminates churchmen from all offices of trust and political influence. While, on the one hand, in order to reduce the clergy to a separate caste, it deprives them of the rights and duties of citizens, it seeks, on the other, to annihilate all corporate action in the Church, and make the hallowed teacher of divine wisdom a mere department of the state. Of all the ancient ecclesiastical polities which flourished in Europe, and of that influence which once almost overshadowed the throne, not a vestige survives to-day, save in the House of Peers in heretical England, and in the temporal power of Papal Rome. But both the shadow and the substance, or rather

the reality and the counterfeit of ecclesiastical power, are doomed to destruction by the revolutionary party because they run counter to the levelling policy and spirit of the age. The presence of the Protestant bishops in parliament is a remnant of Catholic principle, and a protest against a fatal error in politics which we should be loath to see removed; but the Papacy is a living power, and the destruction of its temporal authority at Rome, could not be compassed without shaking society to its centre. "Europe without the Papacy," says the bishop of Orleans, "would be a revolution in religion and society; it would be probably the final doom of the European continent." "And for my part," he continues, "I have always thought that if God one day were to determine to curse Europe, and to pour out upon us the most terrible of His judgments—that is to take from us the light of faith and civilization,—He would begin by taking away from us the Papacy and transporting it elsewhere."

Sometimes with an audacity which avows its purpose, and sometimes with an hypocrisy which veils its hatred of the Church and of the Papal supremacy under a specious and "enlightened" regard for the true interests of religion, we shall observe, more or less, in all the countries of Europe, a policy, whether of kings or of parliaments, growing daily in strength as in virulence, pledged to the overthrow of all ecclesiastical rights and liberties. For the people—political liberty, which is nothing less than political license, is now its Shiboleth;—but for the Church enslavement, which is the worst of persecutions.

Why, it is asked, does not Austria interfere to save Europe in the present crisis,—to rid Italy of the pestilential horde of robbers and freebooters, foreign and native—Hungarians, Poles, and all the miscellaneous following of the revolution which now dominates in that unhappy land? Or why does not the great Catholic nation free the Pope from his enemies? Or why does the mistress of the rifle-armed Quadrilateral not strike a terrible blow before she herself be attacked in the Gulf of Venice? To meet these questions, or to account for its hesitating policy, or to throw light upon the part it is likely to play, in the great drama which is now being enacted in the kingdoms of Italy, it will be necessary to inquire somewhat into the past condition, political and religious, of the Austrian Empire.

“It was,” observes the Imperial author of the “Napoleonic ideas,” “the fears with which the French revolution inspired the crowned heads, that stayed with them the progress which had been introduced before 1789 by Joseph II. in Austria, and by Leopold in Italy.” But these wise fears, which Louis Napoleon lamented, did not long inspire the crowned heads. Austrian tyranny in ecclesiastical matters was only checked, not cured, by the French revolution. Josephism, itself the offspring of the Jansenistic heresy, was still rampant in Austria and Austrian Italy. The Church was nearly cut off from communication with the Holy See; it was forbidden to meet in synod, or to pass regulations for its own internal management. Most of the religious orders were suppressed, and the number of ecclesiastical students in the seminaries was limited by the express enactments of the state. The bishops were not allowed to address the flocks entrusted to their charge, without permission from the government.

The Episcopate, nominated by the crown, soon became a subservient tool in the hands of the temporal power, and showed an invariable hostility and resistance to the Holy See. The canons and higher clergy, largely infected with the evil tendencies of the age, and enjoying the gifts of the State, spent their lives in luxurious ease and bestowed but little consideration upon the duties of their sacred calling. With the departure of the ecclesiastical spirit, and in the absence of episcopal discipline, concubinage increased among the clergy to a lamentable extent.

The people were but too ready to follow the example of their pastors. An outward observance of religion satisfied consciences which had become blunted from the disuse of the sharpening Word of God. Education was in the hands of the State. Erastian and anti-papal ideas were infused by incapable men into the minds of the rising generation, which grew up in ignorance of the high claims of religion and of the grand principles of Ethics. The aristocracy, without political power, and without the dignity of talent, abandoned themselves to the pursuit of pleasure. While the constant interference of the bureaucracy in the business of social life, and in the concerns of religion, harassed the people and weakened in them the spirit of independence! Even the massive and glorious language of the country, so real in its expression, and so honest in its phraseology, which had

been found to be wanting too much in duplicity and "*double Entendre*," to suit the ignominious fashion of the last century, and which had been disused in polite circles, for the sake of a more crooked tongue and of a more licentious literature, had only gradually recovered its natural rights. Native literature revived with the language, and ceased to be only a feeble reproduction of French frivolity. It is, however, but fair to mention as a set-off on the score of intellectual culture, that Vienna was entitled to boast of her proficiency in experimental philosophy and the exact sciences, her schools of medicine being justly celebrated and unequalled at the time by any in Germany. Von Hammer, the great oriental scholar, added to her renown by his eminent and learned works. She recruited to her ranks Catholic writers and converts, from Suabia and the Rhine, as she did at a later period from the schools of Munich, and formed a nucleus of attraction. Frederick Schlegel alone went far to redeem her Catholic reputation. In religion likewise, the Jesuits and Redemptorists kept alive the holy fire of the sanctuary which was ever ready, as is always the case with the Catholic Church, to cast abroad its flames whenever a favourable opportunity offered. Rescue, indeed, was at hand. When, in the crisis of 1848, the great Austrian Empire was crumbling to dust, God raised up in Francis Joseph an instrument to save from destruction the great Catholic nation of Europe. In the Concordat he restored freedom of action to the Church, and enabled the great regenerator of society to pursue her holy work of reform. To hold synods, to quicken the zeal of the secular clergy, to establish ecclesiastical seminaries, to increase her monastic orders, to bring the education of the youth of the country under her immediate supervision, were but necessary consequences of her liberty. Freedom of communication with Rome has strengthened her attachment to the Holy See, and her liberation from the thralldom of the state has increased her influence in all the various provinces of the empire. In reviving the ancient constitutions of the various states under her rule, Austria has completed the glorious work, which was commenced in the Concordat. The vast edifice of a centralizing absolutism has been shattered and levelled to the ground; not by the shock of the revolutionary earthquake, but by the wise provision of the master-builder. The free Church is become the corner-stone in the free state. In respecting the local

traditions, customs, laws, and language of the various provinces and kingdoms of which the Austrian Empire is composed, these conservative restorations of self-rule do not infringe upon the sovereign rights of the crown or obscure its splendour, but rather enhance its true power and dignity. These ancient liberties, while they give glorious guarantees for the stability of the empire, form at the same time bulwarks of defence against the foreign enemy. This wise return of Austria to sound principles of statesmanship, and to the recognition of the right of self-government, in church and state, has awakened the hostility of revolutionary Europe, and embittered the spirit of liberalism, in its very stronghold. Jealousy of Austria has made Louis Napoleon show himself in his true colours, —her Catholic policy has torn the flimsy veil from the face of the Imperial hypocrite. The voice of the “*Gazette de Lyon*” is not the only voice which cries out, drop the mask. At home also the wise and thorough-going reforms of the Austrian constitution have created parties, differences, and intestine divisions. The throes of labour are coming on; and they who hate the promised birth of a righteous policy are striving hard to precipitate a miscarriage. The old leaven of Josephism still lingers in church and state, and the bureaucracy is unwilling to resign its long usurped power. But what is far more calamitous, obstacles are thrown in the way of the Concordat by a party in the Church itself. Austria, indeed, possesses several prelates, unrivalled even in this age of glorious episcopates, for their zeal, and learning and piety; but she can by no means boast of so united, orthodox, or magnificent an episcopate as that of France. Though, happily, Vienna has to-day no Febronian archbishop to fight with suicidal ardour against the liberties of the Church, as happened in the time of Prince Metternich: then the archbishop of Vienna, on being consulted upon a concordat, prepared by that far-seeing statesman, exclaimed to the Emperor, “Sire, by that concordat you sacrifice your Imperial rights.” And then, in consequence, Metternich’s proposal was dismissed with a rebuke to himself for being more papal than his bishop.

Amongst the clerical body are to be found not a few still strongly imbued with the spirit of Josephism. The clergy may perhaps, for the sake of division, and with an approach to accuracy, be divided into three categories. The

younger clergy, fresh from Episcopal seminaries, and better educated than those of the old school, are filled with religious zeal and reverence for the Holy See, and are devoted to the cure of souls and to the defence of the liberties granted to the Church by the Concordat. These upright and holy men form the hope of the empire and the body-guard of the Church. Another section, not so large, but richer and more influential in political circles than the former, has thus far been successful in frustrating several of the provisions of the Concordat. They are opposed to this restitution of the rights of the Church, partly because, on account of the irregularities of their own lives, they dislike an extension of Episcopal supervision, and partly, because attached to the principles of Josephism in which they were brought up, they are jealous of the influence of the Holy See. Larger than this openly hostile body, and not so easily to be set aside or subdued, is a third party, which desires to be let alone, to allow things to take their course, and to be at peace with all the world. It keeps aloof from either side of the dispute. It is neither for nor against—neither hot nor cold. Without caring much for principles, or perhaps not understanding differences, it sides with the majority. It is not disobedient to episcopal authority, but it is averse to the enforcement of episcopal mandates. In its mouth it always carries a language of conciliation, which it mistakes for charity. Where, it asks, since the Austrian world went on so long without a Concordat, was the need of change? Why interrupt this even tenor of our ways, and throw a new stumbling-block in the path of universal brotherhood? With such elements in church and state to contend against, with a people so long under the influence of a perverse and secular teaching, the work of regeneration is the work of time; and, in spite of its excellent Emperor, of its many holy bishops and priests, and of its revived religious orders, Austria stands in need of the patience, even more than the zeal of faith. It lies out of our argument in tracing the triumphs in Europe of Bonapartism, or in other words, of a false liberalism, grafted upon despotic tyranny in church and state, to touch upon the material condition of Austria, or we should point with delight to her fine and disciplined army, ready for the field, and animated with the best and most warlike spirit, and we could at least put in a fairer and far more favourable

light than has been done by her many enemies in Europe, the financial condition and prospects of the Austrian empire. To these subjects, if time and opportunity permit, we may revert at a future period ; but what we desire now to do, is to warn our readers, whose eyes are fixed with intense hope on Austria as the sole earthly saviour of Europe in its extreme danger, to beware lest they underrate the difficulties which beset her path. With a fire-brand on the throne of France, ready to light up an universal conflagration in Europe, to throw the torch of civil discord into her Hungarian and Polish provinces, and with, at best, but half-hearted allies to rely upon, the Emperor is bound on every consideration to be wary, before he takes the fatal step of an aggressive war. Of his good intentions there can be no doubt, nor of the valour of his army, nor of the holiness of his cause. To stay the triumph of Bonapartism, rampant up to the very gates of the Eternal city, and to sweep at the point of the bayonet the revolutionary forces out of the Papal territories, would be an act worthy of John Sobieski, and would confer an equal glory on the Hapsburgh of to-day. The memorable words of the famous king of Poland are suitable to the present state of Europe. "Warriors and friends," he said, "yonder, in the plain are our enemies, in numbers greater, indeed than at Choeziin, where we trod them under foot. We have to fight them on a foreign soil, but we fight for our own country. We have to save to-day, not a single city, but the whole of Christendom. The war is a holy one. There is a blessing on our arms, and a crown of glory for him who falls. You fight not for your earthly sovereign, but for the King of kings."

In Germany the revolution was quite the reverse to what it was in France ; there, says Görres, in his work on the revolution, "it is not the third estate which has provoked the revolution ; on the contrary, the cabinets have effected a revolution under the protection of a foreign power. They have expelled the superior clergy from the empire, and have shared among themselves their possessions. They have in the same manner destroyed the high immediate aristocracy of the empire—they have possessed themselves of their estates." Arbitrary and tyrannical in government, corrupt in morals, licentious in literature, impious in its philosophy, Prussia, with all these elements of dissolution at work, relied for support solely on her well-

organized and extensive military system. A forced and artificial strain was everywhere apparent. In her cramped political arrangements, in her popular education, in her religion, the presence of tyranny, the drill of the soldier, and a galvanized life were seen and felt. No free action was allowed, no elasticity possible; and mediocrity and feebleness in every department, were the natural consequences. Social life was disorganized. The marriage tie, which ought to be the blessing of life, became its curse, and was dissolved on the slightest pretext, without hesitation or without dishonour. Christianity, in its fundamental doctrines, was openly attacked in blasphemous works* which obtained a circulation so large as to be perfectly appalling. Hegel was patronized by Frederic William III. himself, and under cover of scriptural language and in Christian terms, propagated, with unchecked success, his dangerous and seductive pantheism. The king, in his desire to promote religious unity in his states, forced, by severe enactments, the fusion of the Lutheran and Calvinistic communities. The sole result of this arbitrary measure, was a complete religious indifference, which scarcely deigns to preserve the last semblance of religion. In such a state of things, the Catholic Church could not fail to come into conflict with an irreligious and despotic administration. For the defence of her doctrinal freedom, and on account of the warning he gave to his flock against the danger of mixed marriage—a pet scheme of the late king of Prussia to corrupt the faith of the people of the Rhenish provinces—Clemens Augustus, the famous archbishop of Cologne, was first dragged to prison, and then driven into a life-long exile. It was only in the Bavarian press that Catholic writers, throughout the whole of Germany, could find expression for their religious indignation. Catholic education in the high schools and universities was chiefly directed by Protestant or pantheistic professors, and conducted throughout on Protestant principles. Thus, in the Prussian dominions, were sown the evil seeds of which the full and fatal growth is witnessed by the present generation.

The danger, which threatens the left bank of the Rhine, steadies Prussia somewhat to-day in her usual vacillating

* In the *Life of Jesus*, by Strauss, German Rationalism, which had raged for fifty years, reached its culminating point.

policy, and checks the full development of her revolutionary tendencies. But her Godless philosophy is tempered by no restraint, except by the absence of the conspicuous talent which, at an earlier period, was prostituted to its service. The influence of its daring speculations is, however, not confined to Prussia. It extends to England. Oxford to-day, is nearer to Berlin than to Rome. The English university has bridged over the narrow gulph which separates her from the great seat of Rationalism. Berlin is the Rome of infidelity. Tractarianism, in its early stronghold, is grown by far too feeble to resist the open advances of the deadly enemy of Christianity. But even Catholic Germany has not wholly escaped the taint of those pernicious principles, which may be traced on their genealogical tree, through the French revolution of '89, through Josephism, through the Jansenistic heresy, back to the great religious schism of the 16th century, and to the revived paganism which preceded and accompanied it. An offshoot of ecclesiastical Josephism was that anti-celibate crusade, waged first in Würtemberg, then in Baden, by a degenerate clergy. The Church found a vigorous and skilful champion in the great master of controversy, the author of the Symbolism. The extent of the evil was, however, too clearly shown by the sympathy bestowed by men who called themselves liberal catholics on these wretched priests. In Bavaria, during the reign of Maximilian, French maxims and morals undermined the strength and pith of the nation. Of attractive manners and of great personal influence, the dissolute example he set was contagious, and the character of his reign was distinguished as much by frivolity at home as by a weak compliance with foreign liberalism. Munich was nothing better than a base and feeble imitation of Paris. The church, deprived of its freedom, suffered in its internal organization. Monastic institutions were overthrown; and not one religious order, domestic or foreign, was allowed to exist in this Catholic land. Under his successor, the poet-king, who was pre-eminently German and Catholic in his policy, writers from all parts of Catholic Germany were invited to Munich. The university was transferred from Landshut to the capital, and its chairs were filled with able and zealous men. In the Capital of Catholic Bavaria, under the reign of king Ludwig, the impious philosophy of Germany met its most formidable antagonist. From the

various changes it has undergone in its policy, and from the weak and inconsistent administration of the present reign, Bavaria has lost much of its moral influence upon Europe. Every dereliction of political principle in a Catholic state is an indirect encouragement to the revolution. This pernicious consequence was more especially shown in the unhappy peninsula beyond the Pyrenees. Why are the Church and State of Portugal now stranded among the shoals which have beaten against them on every side, but because, under the long and untoward pilotship of Pombal the divine chart was cast aside? Absolute rule and revolutionary wars have struck Portugal off from the roll of European influentialities. Why is Spain, with its chivalrous spirit, unable to enter the lists and strike a blow for justice and religion, but because her resources have been exhausted by a profligate and incapable court, her liberties stifled under an absolute government, her best blood shed in wasteful and sanguinary struggles? Her return of late years to sounder principles, and the domestic peace which she now enjoys, speak well for her future. There is great hope for Europe in the next generation; but at present, these Catholic countries, which we have glanced at in order to consider the causes of their seeming acquiescence in the crafty policy of Louis Napoleon, and in the audacious spoliation of the king of Sardinia, are too much preoccupied in the work of regeneration and in the task of reconstructing the social edifice to be able to oppose resistance to the common enemy.

But what have we to say in defence of England's political principles? or since we cannot defend the false liberalism which makes her everywhere the ally of the revolution, how shall we account for the change which is come over her policy? How is it that the once glorious Champion of European independence against an ambitious and dominant Bonapartism—the foremost in the field, the most resolute in the council-chamber, the most eloquent in her denunciations against the common enemy, should have forgotten her ancient principles, broken with her old allies, and flung herself into the arms of the revolution? This change has been of gradual growth since the peace; it has especially developed itself during the long rule of Lord Palmerston in the foreign office. In the revolutionary wars which desolated Spain and made Portugal nothing better than a vineyard for England, Great Bri-

tain, by her counsels and her arms preached the "sacred right of insurrection." And to-day she does not falter in her path, since, as the "*Revue des deux Mondes*" observes, "the purest of Italian patriots look upon her as the surest and most solid support of their work." In the press, in parliament, by the presence of her fleets, giving encouragement to the chiefs of anarchy where the sanguinary struggle rages most, her moral influence is always on the side of the revolution. But still worse, material assistance is thrown into the scale. In the battle on the Volturno, British seamen, on leave of absence from the fleet in the Bay of Naples, worked Sardinian guns against the king of the Two Sicilies. And again, to further the work of the revolution, the British embassies in the various states of Italy have for years been engaged in an active revolutionary propagandism. Shall we then be surprised that, in our minister of foreign affairs, the disciple of him who called the revolution of '89 "the most stupendous monument of human wisdom,"* the Italian revolution of to-day finds its latest and most daring apologist?

If in our search for the causes which have led to the present predominance of revolutionary principles in Europe, we revert again to the home of the revolution, to the social and political Vesuvius, from whose burning crater the waves of revolutionary lava have so often issued, we shall discover, what feeble and contradictory efforts, what half measures and shallow expedients, were adopted to quench this destructive fire at its centre. Obliviousness so complete in those who slumbered on a volcano so full of peril amounted to infatuation. It was not for lack of warning; for out of the smouldering embers went forth, from time to time, volumes of smoke so dense and fitful as to darken the political horizon and to perplex the vision of statesmen. But to the unhappy Bourbons the handwriting traced on the wall was still invisible. No attempt was made to avert the final catastrophe. No grandeur of policy, no consistent energy of action, were displayed by this doomed race of kings. In the supreme hour of danger they were busy with court ceremonial or absorbed in petty state intrigues, as if the spoiler were not near with uplifted hand, to crush their ancient throne, and as if

* Charles James Fox.

political death had not already breathed on their historic name.

In the timid and time-serving policy of Louis XVIII, in the absence of sincerity and want of faith which so strongly marked his reign, was not to be found the secret to disarm treason of its mischief, or to deprive political agitation of its excuse, much less to supply a sufficient antidote to the poison at work in the life-blood of society. The war of vengeful force indeed was over, but the war of opinion was still to be renewed. Liberalism gathered up its strength again, and already, in 1816, had revolutionized the Chamber of Deputies. The turbulence of political faction, like the ground-swell after a hurricane, still agitated society in its depths, while the waves on the surface were tossed to and fro by the stir of the coming storm. "It was the violence and crimes of the liberal party all over Europe," says an eminent historian, "which produced the general reaction against them. It was the overthrow of governments in Spain, Portugal, Naples, and Piedmont, and the absurd and ruinous institutions established in their stead, which alarmed every thinking man in France."* This reasonable alarm led to the ministry of Villele, and another opportunity to save and regenerate society was offered, and again was missed. Instead of a policy at once trustful and just towards the Church, instead of a wise foresight in the restoration of the ancient liberties which had long guarded the throne of France, the Bourbons, with blind, and hereditary obstinacy, clung to their old Gallican traditions, and to the modern and revolutionary system of a centralized government. The property of the clergy was still further alienated, the patronage of the civil power increased, and the authority of the episcopate weakened. No synod was allowed to meet, to regulate, in obedience to the canons of the Church, the internal affairs of each diocese, and to keep alive the ecclesiastical spirit in the kingdom. No religious orders were founded, or flourished. Public instruction, the mighty engine which Bonapartism perverted from its noble purpose to the advancement of its own selfish ends, and to the extinction of religion, still lingered under the cold shadow of a godless system. The few Jesuit colleges which remained in the land, the only schools where

* Alison.

Catholics who valued their faith above the changing fashion of the day and the lax maxims of the court could, in safety, send their children, were closed by the Royal ordinances of 1828. This miserable concession whetted the revolutionary appetite. It gave a blow to religion and a triumph to liberalism all over Europe. The days of the Bourbons were numbered. Charles X. resisted when resistance was too late. "We do all that we can," said Martignac, the weak-minded minister whom the king, in an evil day called to his councils, "but all that we can do is to conduct the monarchy down stairs, whereas it would otherwise be thrown out of the window." Charles, in those stormy days, alternated between the extremes of irresolution and of rash resolves, between obstinacy and weakness. The religious demonstrations which were common in Paris, under the administrations of Polignac, were met by the sullen gaze or the insolent scoff of the infuriate mob. The cry, "*à bas les Jesuites*" again was heard. It was the echo of '89. The principles of the revolution triumphed again under Louis Philippe, and with each new triumph grew more intense. In these sad times the seeds of corruption were scattered anew, and France is now eating the bitter fruit which she then planted. The whole education of the country was under the domination of the infidel University of Paris. The lyceums, the colleges, the secondary and even the primary schools, all in connection with the University, were spread like a net-work of evil over the land. The 30,000 schoolmasters of Guizot became the preachers of socialism, the standard-bearers of the revolution. To avoid the danger of perversion to their youthful minds, parents who were able, sent their sons to be educated abroad. In the schools at home, it was notorious that religion, sneered at by the masters, was abandoned by the pupils. In many of the largest schools, not a dozen of the young men were found at the paschal communion. It was considered a great blessing and a rare occurrence, in a school of that time, if one half of its classes could be mustered on those solemn occasions. But this was no new evil; Montalembert is said, in his school days to have suffered a species of martyrdom on account of his religiousness; few, however, like Montalembert, rose superior to this dangerous persecution. But liberalism, both under the empire and the restoration, and since, knew that the secret of its success was to corrupt life in its spring.

The reign of Louis Philippe, however, gave birth to a grand revival—to a glorious resistance in the few. The inspired eloquence of the Church was heard in Paris; her divine energy was felt in the provinces. She drew back to her bosom many a wanderer who, in those troublous times, had lost the gift of faith. France can boast of no greater names, Europe of no stauncher defenders of Catholicism, than a Joseph de Maistre, a de Bonald, a Chateaubriand, a Lamennais,* before his fall, and Montalembert, and Falloux. The Episcopate has its Dupanloup; the college of Jesuits still laments its Ravignan; the learned Dominicans are proud of the Academic fame of Lacordaire. But what can the few effect against a nation? for the land of Voltaire has yet to be re-conquered from the enemy. Though in Louis-Philippe's ignominious reign corruption had widely spread among the middle classes, and impiety had laid its tenacious grasp on the public mind, yet the noble defenders of order and religion, were able, in the general trepidation and turmoil of '48 to obtain the liberty of the Church and freedom of instruction. The National assembly was prevailed on, by the influence of the Catholic party, and from its terror of anarchy, to send an expedition to quell the Roman revolution. How little they foresaw that the very army which was sent to protect the temporal power of the Pope would, in the revolution of events, connive, by its presence, at the dismemberment of the States of the Church! The master of that army of occupation is, however, true to his principles. In his work on the "Ideas of Napoleonism," he does not omit to point out that Napoleon the First, whom, as is well known, he has set up as his model, "never abandoned the principles of the revolution," "never subscribed to any of the concessions which the Pope demanded in favour of the Gallican Church," and "never renounced any of the rights of France over the conquests he had made." He boasts that "the National Convention had done much good by overthrowing the Gothic system of instruction," and finally glorying in the ultimate triumph of the "ideas of '89, which, after

* No fewer than 30,000 copies of Lamennais' magnificent work, "L'Essai sur l'Indifférence," were sold within the first year of its publication.

having convulsed Europe, would in the end, he contends, lead to its repose.

His writings, his early life, his dynastic traditions, his letter to Edgar Ney, the very origin of his power itself, have left their stamp on the man which no hypocrisy can wholly obliterate or conceal. With a want of political sagacity which is scarcely to be wondered at, under the circumstances of the times, the Episcopate of France hailed as their deliverer the strong-handed repressor of domestic anarchy. With fair-seeming words on his lips, he won the homage of the Episcopate, while all the time he meditated in his heart evil things against the liberty of the Church, against the independence of the Pope, against the safety of Europe. With a patience which never tires he bided his time, but he was not the man to wait for his opportunity in idleness. With a silent but consuming energy, which wears him to the bone, he exhausted every method to hasten on his day of triumph and the fulness of his revenge. To him we owe the Crimean war and its dire results—the rupture between the Northern Powers—the long isolation of Russia—the war in Italy—the humiliation of Austria—the supremacy of the revolutionary imperialism in Europe. The Russian war was a master-stroke of policy on the part of the new Emperor of France. It introduced the upstart king into the courts of Europe, it gave him new allies and bestowed what he most wanted, a military character on his reign. Napoleon III. had added fresh lustre to the illustrious arms of France; henceforth the hearts of the soldiers of the Empire were his own. To no man was given a grander opportunity. It lay within his power to have become the political regenerator of his country, the saviour of Europe. To the Pope he might have been another Charlemagne, to France another St. Louis, if not approaching to the saint in holiness, yet equal to the king in love towards his subjects. The day of temptation came and he fell. Ambition even in its guilt has a terrible fascination. The opportunity he had so long desired and toiled for came to Napoleon and he embraced it, as a bride does her long-expected lover. Duty promised him a posthumous fame and the eternal gratitude of mankind; but he had not the greatness of self-denial or the dignity of patience. The desire of domination possessed him. He thirsted for present fame as the hart panteth after the living water—

brooks. He wished in life to be the arbiter of the destinies of men, and his wish was granted. On New Year's day 1859 he threw down the gauntlet of defiance to Europe; since then every nation has recoiled before him, or has flown to arms. From such an acute observer of men and things the causes, which combined to make the triumph of Bonapartism possible in Europe, were not hidden. He had pondered on his fingers ends the chances of success. In a retired chamber of that palace, which has witnessed such sudden vicissitudes in the fortunes of the kings of France, the latest wearer of its uneasy crown first mapped out to himself the plan of his revolutionary campaign, and grouped together the nations, which he would have to contend against. The power of Austria must be broken—in Italy he would find a pretext of war and a battle-field—in Sardinia an obedient ally, and in the revolution a ready tool. The cry of nationalities would serve him as a war-cry in his need. He must threaten the independence of Switzerland, dispute the possession of the Rhine, insult the coasts of England, in order to make Europe comply with his ambitious designs. He must break with the Papacy; he had counted the cost; he knew the only alternative left him would be to throw himself into the arms of the revolutionary and infidel party in Europe. And now, perhaps swifter than he desires, the force of events is hurrying the inexorable Fatalist on to his destiny. He dares not now be a traitor to his principles. The struggle is at hand. From the throne of St. Louis he prepares the work of persecution against the Church in his own country. In the glorious episcopate of France, as famous for its intelligence and fearlessness as for its faith and loyalty towards Rome, he will find a most determined antagonist. Yet what shall the defence of the Papal Sovereignty, so forcible in argumentation, so clear in its array of facts, so convincing in its appeal to the public law of Europe and the faith and reason of Christendom, set up by Monseigneur Dupanloup, avail against the Master of 600,000 armed men? Monseigneur St. Marc, Archbishop of Rennes, may denounce in indignant terms the flagrant injustice committed under the connivance of France in the abrupt and lawless invasion of the States of the Church. "You will not fail to stigmatize," he exclaims, addressing his noble Breton flock, "with all the indignation of a Catholic and a Breton heart, the violence, treachery, calumnies, cowardice, cheating,

hypocrisy, in a word the crimes of every nature, which are committed in Italy in contempt of all that was most sacred among men, religion, justice, conscience, and honour." Monseigneur Georges may bewail the fall of the crusaders of Catholicism in unequal combat, until the indignant sobs of his hearers interrupt the voice of the eloquent Bishop of Périgueux: we cannot refrain from quoting his indignant words on the subject of the treachery practised by Napoleon's ambassador at Rome, on the brave and unsuspecting Lamoricière and his gallant army. "An immense cry of grief and indignation escapes at this moment," he cries out, "from the heart of every man who has not lost all sense of justice and honour. When the blood of the just has been shed, woe to the age which confines itself to a protest without acting. What shall it be then when floods of innocent and noble blood have been traitorously spilt?"

The spirited Bishop of Arras may assemble his clergy in solemn conclave in condemnation of a policy, which, in lowering public respect towards the Holy See, weakens the influence of the Church as much as it affronts Catholic feeling. Cardinal Morlot may make a formal protest, and the Papal nuncio demand his passports, but what effect will argument, appeal, denunciation and protest, or even excommunication, have upon a man whose ear is deaf to the voice of conscience, and whose eye cannot see the finger of God in the downfall of the mighty persecutor of Pius VII.? Though every pulpit in France should catch and prolong the echo of the Episcopal voice, its sounds will fall unheard amid the din of arms and the clamour of revolutionary joy. The ancient parties, the Legitimists of pure blood, the Parliamentary Catholics, the sober and philosophic Orleanists, converted by the sad experience of misfortune, or by the growth of a more enlightened wisdom, or by the bitter hate of disappointed ambition, into valiant defenders of the temporal power of the Popes will be broken up by proscription or the jealous vigilance of a despotic police. Whence shall arise resistance to this downward policy which may precipitate France into an abyss of anarchy? What voice of warning shall reach her ear or touch her heart? The freedom of the Catholic press exists but in name; in the day of trial it will altogether cease. Even now what does its circulation amount to in comparison to that of the impious "*Siècle*,"

of the *Débats*, or of the numerous irreligious and revolutionary prints which inundate the provincial cities, as well as the capital? * What hope have we from the literature of France? A transcript of the national mind, it presents a hideous picture of moral and political degradation. No kindling of the divine fire gleams in its dark pages; no generous remorse, no consciousness of fallen grandeur, no aspirations after better things are visible, even though at far intervals, to redeem its character. Without the impassioned eloquence of Rousseau, or the wit of Voltaire, these irreverent hirelings of a debased literature only labour to excite the prurience of the imagination, or to heap contempt upon all that is venerable or grand in the old institutions of Europe, or holy in the faith of Christendom. These unnumbered productions of the Press, like a flight of locusts, darken the moral atmosphere and blight with their corruption all they touch. The highest intellect in the country, on the other hand, all that is truly great in literature,—nobleness of purpose,—reach of thought,—philosophic depth, bears about it the inspiration of the Catholic faith. Poetry, as long as it retained its purity, historic research as far as it was candid, the more graceful and lighter productions of the day, whose beauty was incorrupt, sprang from Catholic sources, or were subject to Catholic training. During the last half century, with the exception of the exact sciences, where infidelity held its ground in the force of intellectual greatness, the whole literature of France, were it not for Catholicism, would have been an intellectual blank or a moral pollution.

There are other motives undoubtedly, besides an overweening ambition, which urge Louis Napoleon on in his present policy. To the prisoner of Ham, or to the exile from his native land, the character of his countrymen, their vain-gloriousness, their unquiet spirit and their love for military glory, were familiar subjects of meditation. One of the causes which led to the unpopularity of the citizen king, and to the fall of the unfortunate Bourbons, had long attracted the attention of the silent and thought-

* The *Siècle* alone possesses 50,000 subscribers, and boasts of having a million readers. *L'Opinion Nationale* has 22,000—*Les Débats* 10,000—*Le Monde* 13,000—*L'Union* 4000, and *L'ami* 4000, subscribers.

ful man who now fills their throne. He perceived that those reigns, which were undistinguished by the military glory of a grand European war, were unpopular with the people of France. To save his throne, to preserve his dynasty, the second Napoleon, while he proclaimed that the Empire was peace, planned aggrandizement of territory, revolution and war. And what has he to fear from Europe? Familiar with the baser elements of human nature, with the selfishness of the moneyed classes, with the low political morality of statesmen, with the intriguing and treacherous spirit of European diplomacy, and with the base desire of "peace at any price" which animates the traders and hucksters of commerce, he reckons, that by inspiring universal fear, he shall obtain universal domination. Mankind, he knows, is governed by love or fear. No nation courts the alliance of Napoleon, but Europe fears the chief of the revolution: Europe which showed so much daring, shed such torrents of blood, in the commencement of the century, in defence of her independence, trembles before a revived Bonapartism, and bends beneath the domination of a name which was once a reproach and a bye-word among the nations. The whole of Christendom is concerned in the quarrel, for has not Napoleon smitten the Pope in the face? The king among kings is hemmed in on all sides, by the emissaries of the revolution and the men of blood, and there is none to help him. Not a nation has sent an army to his rescue. Not a king has spared a regiment for his service. Of all the armed rulers of Europe, not one has drawn the sword on his behalf. The cowardice of kings is only equalled by the apathy of the peoples. All that united Christendom could muster up heart to give to the Sovereign Pontiff, in the supreme crisis of the revolution, were a few guns, insufficient to protect the strong places of his land, and a mere handful of recruits,—a small indeed, but glorious host, the elect of men,—who went out to fight, not for fame, not from worldly considerations, but simply because the name of the Father of Christendom, as of old, was a name of power over their Catholic hearts. Europe gazes at the issue of the fearful struggle with a fixed and stolid eye, like that of a sleep-walker. Napoleonism lies upon her breast like a nightmare. If Louis Bonaparte and his agents in Italy have nothing to fear from Catholicism, if law and justice and religion, in the person of the Sovereign Pontiff, be permit-

ted by the Catholic nations to be trodden underfoot with impunity, what has he to fear from the protocols and pretexts of a diplomacy which has become the scandal of Christendom? The fear of armed force, the ordeal of battle alone remains. Shall the cohorts of Austria issue triumphant from her far-famed Quadrilateral to crush the revolution, or is the Colossus of the North to be the Titan to hurl the Jove of the revolution from his usurped Olympus? Napoleon is prepared for either eventuality. He has made friends with the mammon of iniquity; the spirit of anarchy is his Familiar in every land. He is the principle of perpetual discord among the powers of Europe. His presence is felt in the council-chambers of kings. His voice is heard in the press. He directs the vote of constitutional assemblies and gives the tone to public opinion. To him belong the blood-stained outlaw, the perjured soldier, and the unfaithful priest. He sets the daggers of the secret societies in motion, and concurs by his sanction in their bloody issue. At his will the Vatican is a palace or a prison. And now, in the pride of his power, the Elect of the revolution confronts the armed force of justice and legitimate right. One hand he lays on the [title-deeds of Europe, with the other he holds back the Red Revolution. But let one gun be fired in the battle-field of Europe, and the Man of the 2nd of December will let slip the bloodhounds of anarchy among the nations, and lay the torch of the incendiary to the thrones of Europe, to the hallowed institutions and bulwarks of society, and even to the Ark of the new Dispensation itself. Who then so bold as to provoke the terrific struggle, or so strong as to abide its dubious issue, or without serious misgiving, desire to witness the universal conflagration?

After having considered some of the various causes which are at work in Europe, and which are contributing to undermine the Christian edifice of society in order to reconstruct it upon the basis of a revived paganism—for nothing short of this will be the result of the anti-social and anti-Christian principles of the revolution, worked out to their logical conclusion—after having traced these causes which, like so many tributary streams have swollen the high-tide of Revolutionary Imperialism, we must now examine their effect upon unfortunate Italy itself. How far, we must ask ourselves, too, is Italy prepared to be the battle-field in this war of principles; what part will she

take in the struggle? Shall religion and justice and honour appeal to her in vain? Shall the prayers of the best of her children, the blood of her martyr-soldiers, fail to stir her torpid nature, or fire her cowardly heart? Shall Italy for ever be the prey of the uppermost, the slave of the successful, the mistress of the conqueror? Italy has fornicated with the Revolution, and the retributive sword of Justice is hanging over her head for her sin. She has stretched out her arms manacled with the fetters of fear, and embraced the spoiler and brought the robber of her virtue home as her master. Has Italy forgotten the traditions of her glory, her true historic grandeur, the Eternal City—the home of two hundred millions of Catholics—the tomb of the Apostles, the sanctuary of the living Church? “Let us hope,” with the Bishop of Orleans, “that the masters of error and deceit, who are now abusing the ephemeral power which has fallen into their hands, will see their fatal credit give way when misfortunes have prepared the way for reason and good sense. Then it is, far more than Bologna and the people of Romagna, whom we denounce. It is against them, above all, that we protest before all civilized and Christian nations. As to Bologna, Ferrara, and Ravenna, now so fatally misled, we cannot bring ourselves to despair of them.” But how far Italy has taken part in the revolt of her own will, how far she is coerced, how far corrupt, how far indifferent, how far stricken with moral and physical cowardice are perhaps the most momentous of all the questions which force themselves, in these troublous times, upon our notice.

Before we attempt to grapple with these serious questions, it were perhaps as well, or rather it is our duty, to take into account the effect of the presence in Italy of that great modifier of ideas, of political opinions, of parties, and even of duties,—an armed revolutionary force. The question at once arises, how far, for instance, it be the duty of a priest or bishop, to denounce from the pulpit or in a pastoral letter, the acts of a revolution, however criminal in its origin, however sacrilegious in its progress. Prudence forbids—not however that we fear that in Southern or Central Italy, zeal is outrunning prudence—yet prudence forbids men to put themselves in the way of an unnecessary persecution, or bishops to expose their sees to the loss of their spiritual guardianship. We know the unscrupulous character of the revolution. We have witnessed its excesses

in Sardinia during the last ten years of Cavour's boasted administration of freedom. We have seen the heroic resistance offered to its audacious spoliation, by the united and vigorous protest of the entire episcopate of Piedmont. We know what persecutions they have suffered in consequence, how the two archbishops of Turin and Cagliari were arrested, despoiled of their property, and condemned to exile. "The exile of these two archbishops," says the Bishop of Orleans, in his triumphant defence of the Papal Sovereignty, "has now lasted ten years, as all Europe knows, and all Catholics deplore; and there are at the present moment fifteen sees out of forty-one, vacant in the Sardinian States, either by death or exile of their prelates." Priests are arrested on all sides, says the same writer, though often released after a precautionary imprisonment. The "*Armonia*," of 20th December, 1859, contains the long list of the ecclesiastics, who had been falsely accused and unjustly imprisoned. Even women were not spared. Let us cite again the authority of Mgr. Dupanloup. The nuns of the Holy Cross, he states, "were expelled from their convent by carabineers, at night, on the 18th August, 1854. "I thank God," wrote the abbess, "that none of my daughters died in the street." Some years before (August 25, 1848) the nuns of the Sacred Heart had been proscribed throughout the Sardinian dominions; all their houses had been dissolved, their pupils dispersed, and their property, whether in lands or money, confiscated to the public treasury." The necessity of possessing an almost unlimited command of money, to propagate revolutionary ideas, to support the secret societies, to tamper with the fidelity of subjects,* and finally, to carry war into the neighbouring States of Italy, induced Piedmont, in defiance of the sacred principles of justice and of law, to seize upon ecclesiastical and conventual property. Confiscation at home enabled Sardinia to commit sacrilege abroad. To sum up her depredations in her own territory, the plunder of her own subjects, guilty of no violation of

* The Liberal minister whom the King of Naples, at the last moment was unwise enough to admit to his counsels, Liborio Romano, himself makes it now a boast, that he it was, who took the crown of Naples from the brow of Francis II., and placed it on the head of Victor Emmanuel.

law or of honour, we cannot do better than make use of Mgr. Dupanloup's description of religious persecution in Piedmont: "Thirty-five religious orders were proscribed; 7,850 religious were deprived of their property. Neither the learned orders, nor the charitable; neither the humblest nor the most illustrious, were spared. Piedmont possessed a noble institution, the Academy of the Superga, the greatest school of ecclesiastical learning in the kingdom, founded by the discerning liberality of her kings; it was suppressed. The religious of Hautecombe had been the guardians of the tombs of the House of Savoy; the post was a sacred one, but it was not respected" (the Papal Sovereignty, page 223.) Not individual freedom, and property only, but the faith and morals of this Catholic people were attacked in their dearest interests by the impious Government of Piedmont and their infidel allies in the press. "Piedmont has quite gained my heart since I see her make war upon the "black gown." The "reptile" has been but very imperfectly *crushed* by Voltaire; the business must be finished. At all events, it is a comfort to us to see crowned heads setting about this difficult task. Piedmont just now is giving an excellent example." Such were the fearful words uttered on the 10th February, 1855, by the "Avenir de Nice." It is notorious that religion is continually and publicly outraged in Turin, not only by the abominable language of the revolutionary papers, but by indecent caricatures of holy personages, by obscene engravings, and by blasphemous parodies of the most august mysteries. Conduct so gross deservedly provoked the severe rebuke on Piedmont, contained in the celebrated publication of M. Sauzet, upon marriage, in 1853. "Some fatal influence," observes this writer, "appears to have blighted Piedmont; the art of engraving seems to vie there with that of printing in corrupting the people by their abominations." We shall, perhaps, be told that Sardinia enjoys free institutions, and is able to give a just expression to its ideas and interests, or to find a remedy for its grievances in its representative system. The Parliament of Turin is much changed for the worse, since the days of Charles Albert, since the time when it made so noble a stand against the confiscation of church property. Death has thinned its ranks, and Cavour has filled up the gaps with creatures of his own. When an election is to take place, Government candidates are sent into the provinces, mere nomi-

nees of Cavour, with the intimation that it is expected in high quarters, that the proposed candidate should be returned without opposition. With a furious and unscrupulous partizan like Cavour, at the head of the State, it is considered prudent by the Catholic and Conservative party to comply with the imperious demand and abstain altogether from voting. The consequence is, that the Government candidate, a mere tool in the hands of Cavour, is returned, by only a handful of electors, to register in the Chambers the supreme will and pleasure of the prime minister. The candidate for the representation of a populous city which possesses a large constituency, is often returned by a dozen or two suffrages, and when he speaks and votes in the Piedmontese Parliament, he speaks and votes, not on behalf and in the name of the vast masses of his fellow-countrymen, but on behalf of the government which procured his election. He does not represent the Conservative feeling and faith of the electoral body, he is the representative of anarchy and of intimidation, he is the living witness to show how, veiled under the mask of Liberal institutions, the anarchy of despotism can crush out in the breast of its victim every spark of freedom, of honesty, and of political independence. Sardinian freedom is liberty to abrogate the rights of the Catholic press, to banish bishops, to sequester sees, to suppress monasteries, to confiscate church property, to limit vocations, to silence, so to speak, the voice of the Holy Ghost. Sardinian freedom is on a par with its justice, with its respect for the law of nations. It is on an equality with its military honour, which does not scruple to bombard, for twelve hours, a defenceless fortress, protected only by the white flag, a symbol, however, which even barbarians respect. But how dare we speak of military honour in connection with an army, which, without a declaration of war, more in the fashion of a band of brigands than of Christian soldiers, burst into the Papal territories, and not in a victory, but in a cowardly and infamous surprise, won, in the emphatic language of the Bishop of Perigueux, "the two trophies of excommunication and blood? If, therefore, in Sardinia itself, we find that the exercise of its rights, and the free and honest expression of its will, are so thwarted, and encompassed with difficulties by a tyrannical government, how then will it fare with the provinces so recently annexed, by intimidation, by bribery, and, we

regret to have to add, by the cowardly connivance of too many of their own inhabitants, to the kingdom of Sardinia?

We know the terrorism exercised over the various States of Italy by the armed force of the revolution. We know by what arts, by what intimidation, the success of the universal election business was brought about. We know how the freedom of voting was preserved at Naples. We saw how, in the parish of Monte Calvario, a man who was bold enough to vote in opposition to the wishes of Garibaldi's National Guard, and the tumultuous partisans of the revolution who surrounded the urn and the two baskets, marked with the fatal words "Si" and "No" was struck down by a dagger.* The password of the revolution is indeed Victor Emmanuel or the Stiletto. We do not overlook the noble stand Francis II is making in defence of his crown and kingdom, nor the valour of the intrepid Bosco, in disputing, inch by inch, the last strip of land left to his royal master. Have not the subjects of the king of Naples caught up arms in defence of their rightful king? Are not the peasants sweeping through the province of Terra di Lavora and the county of Molise, inflicting heavy losses on the Piedmontese soldiery? The first Piedmontese column under colonel Nutto, was thrown back and nearly cut to pieces by the valiant peasantry. Isernia is in ashes because it remained faithful to its king. Cialdini, the bloodthirsty Piedmontese commander, shot, in revenge of the reverses which his troops suffered at the hands of the country people, his prisoners of war, and murdered in cold blood the subjects of Francis because they would not forswear their fealty to their rightful sovereign. We rejoice to perceive that the clergy have refused to acknowledge the usurping king on his entrance into the capital of their sovereign, and into the diocese of their exiled Archbishop. Have not courage, and loyalty, and faithfulness been manifested in imprisonment and in exile by the bishops and by many of the priests in Umbria and the Marches, and in Romagna? Was the conduct of the Grand Vicar of Bologna in any way unworthy of the late glorious Cardinal Archbishop, Viale Prela? Three times did the Sardinian emissaries of violence approach the city of Imola to drag its venerable bishop to prison, and the last time they

* Oesterreichischer Volks-Freund.

were accompanied by a regiment of Piedmontese troops ; and three times did the brave citizens repulse these sacrilegious violators of the laws of God. Had there only been a few more cities in Italy like Imola, so many princes would not have lost their thrones, so many bishops would not have been driven from their sees, and the Pope would not have been insulted by the invasion of his territories. Did not the bishops of Tuscany, too, unite in the protest of the now exiled Cardinal Archbishop of Pisa? Were not some of the bishops of Lombardy expelled from their sees or forced to take refuge from violence in flight? The names and the number of those who have suffered persecution in their heroic resistance to the revolution, would form in themselves a noble array ; but yet, can we in fairness state that the revolution going on in every corner of Italy, has not received, not only more open countenance and support, but a much larger undercurrent of favour than we like to acknowledge, and met a much less real resistance than we had a right to expect from Catholic Italy? In our endeavour to account for the success of the revolution, and to see how far, or in what manner Italy is guilty of this great political and religious convulsion, we shall not so much follow its large geographical divisions, as divide into various categories the opinions which agitate and unsettle the country. Were we, however, called upon to characterize Italy according to her great geographical divisions, we should say that northern Italy was most conspicuous for the piety of its peasantry and of its lower orders generally, and of some in the middle ranks of life,* for the bold and unscrupulous ambition of its professional classes, and for the disguised Voltairianism among the nobility. And that central Italy, or that portion of it which was so long under the yoke of foreign domination, inoculated to a great extent with the worst principles of Josephism in church and state, had become a continual prey to the excitement and love of change. And that southern Italy, with the exception of Sicily, where chronic discontent had so often broken out into open anarchy, and of the Romagna, where a turbulent spirit had so long

* The long lists of small sums for the Pope, with appropriate remarks in quotations from Holy Writ which crowd the columns of the 'Armonia,' speak well for the faith and piety of these classes.

shown itself, was characterized by habits of indolence and mental apathy. We might further remark that in northern Italy the monarchical sentiment is deeply rooted in the hearts of the people, and that the principle of cohesion exists in strength sufficient to form a powerful state. While in central Italy, and the south, local traditions, the habit of ages, the rivalry of races, the pride and historic recollections of the various cities, the necessity of the Papal Sovereignty, and the very configuration of the land, speak in a language which cannot be disregarded, against a vast central government, and in favour of the separate existence of the smaller republics and principalities. Governed by its own peculiar laws, and enjoying its traditional privileges, and preserving its individuality unimpaired, each separate state might preserve, under a federal union, its independence, and become a member of a strong, united Italy. If, however, centralization be permitted to have its own way, the landmarks of ages will be removed without compunction, and the honour and religion of Italy be wounded in its highest interests.—In a land so marked out by the strong individuality of its various states, so diverse in their habits and history, any attempt to characterize the inhabitants, according to an arbitrary geographical division, is insufficient and unsatisfactory. We shall endeavour, therefore, to enumerate according to large sections of opinion, the various parties which exist, and inquire into the influence they exercise upon one another, and the direction they give to public affairs. In the outset an objection might perhaps be fairly started against the likelihood, that the inhabitants of Catholic Italy, to the number of twenty-two millions, should take part—to confine ourselves to the gravest sin in the present revolution—against the temporal rights of the Holy See, and should lavish their loyalty, affection, and obedience, on its arch-enemy, unless they were able to show an apparent justification for their lawless acts, or some deep unendurable provocation to rebellion. If this, indeed, were so: if the objection were correct, it would indeed be strange, that Italy, weakened by no corrupting heresy, by no internal dissension in matters of faith, should, by her cry of annexation, prefer to the rule of the Father of Christendom, the sway of an excommunicated King, the puppet of France, in the States of the Church.

To meet the objection that Italy, in her totality, is com-

mitted to the revolution, we shall endeavour, in broad outlines, to show how the inhabitants of the Peninsula are broken up into parties, of unequal extent and of various character;—how some are hostile to the Papacy out of hatred to religion and law; how vast numbers are coerced into connivance with the revolution, or into a cowardly betrayal of their principles; how some are indifferent to the issue of the struggle, and how others by no means a few, await the event in order to bow the supple knee to success; and how others again, are led away by mistaken views, but harbour no ill at heart against social order or religion. We shall, however, never understand the causes which have led to the triumph of the revolution, unless we remember that the vast mass of the population are content to be the hewers of wood and the drawers of water, to till the earth in peace, and to worship God undisturbed, after the traditions of their forefathers. This large labouring population of the fields has not the energy or the understanding, or has not had, at least as yet, a fair opportunity to make known its respect for law and its reverence for religion.

It is the comparative few who, by the energy of their minds, or the boldness of their ambition, or by their high sense of duty, govern the world for good or evil. And these men of active habits and of mental capacity, few in comparison with the multitudes of the timid, of the indifferent, of the waverers, of the mistaken, and of the incapable, are divided again into the good and the evil. In Italy the good have an unequal combat to sustain. Against these courageous opponents of irreligion and the revolution, the whole weight of an unscrupulous government is brought to bear. Against armed force, what can bishops, however daring and outspoken, what can priests and monks, however faithful, effect? Without organization or freedom of speech, or the right of association, what resistance can the nobles, the natural leaders of the people, offer? They, or at least those among them who are not yet pseudo-liberals, like many of the nobility of Lombardy or of the Romagnas, or Erastian, like most of those in Tuscany, or profligate like too many in Naples, must remain the idle spectators, if not the victims, of a lawless persecution. The sturdy opposition of the burgesses of many an indignant city, the bold, defiant spirit of many of the scattered peasant-proprietors, the disdain of many a

soldier, who is too jealous of his honour to consecrate his sword to an unrighteous invasion, are elements which may eventually lead to a terrible re-action ; but, terrorised over by the few and in the presence everywhere of the civil power which has only to be invoked to bring down immediate destruction on their heads, the best even of these men lose hope and heart. They have witnessed the champions of freedom and justice in the press fined and imprisoned, or torn from their employment and turned adrift upon the world ; they have beheld the boldest of their bishops dragged like the noble Cardinal Archbishop of Pisa to prison, or like the Cardinal Archbishop of Naples, driven into exile ; they have seen the glorious company of Jesus fall the first victim to the wrath of the infidel, their houses seized, their property confiscated, their lives in danger. Nothing is too sacred, nothing too weak, nothing too dear to the hearts of the people for the vengeance of the revolution. The leaders of the party of order are to be struck down, no matter by what weapons. Insult and intimidation, falsehood and calumny, bribery and corruption are resorted to by turns, with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause. Shall we wonder if, under such pressure, even the bold are abashed, and that the zealous are too long or too often silent ?

The infidel party, on the other hand, is small, but it makes up for the fewness of its numbers by the surprising activity of its members, and in the virulence of its hatred against religion. Italian infidelity is in its first vigour, and possesses all the headstrong impetuosity of youth ; unlike the infidel of France, the Italian infidel is seldom known to seek a death-bed repentance or a final reconciliation. The secret societies are its head-quarters, and the chief agency for the propagation of its views. The members of these societies, bound by a fearful oath and by terrible penalties, are ready to obey all the behests imposed upon them even to the work of midnight assassination, of sacrilege and king-murder. The manner in which the ranks of these societies are recruited, and how they gradually draw into their fellowship the able and active-minded men, who are not enlisted under the banner of the party of order, are curious illustrations of the ill-effect produced by a long-continued repressive system of government. Deprived of the right of public discussion, of the freedom of the press, men of all ranks, the noble

tinged with a false liberalism, the man of letters, the professional man, all, in a word, who have a grievance to complain of, or have suffered an injustice, nurse their petty wrongs in secret, until they can no longer endure the unnatural restraint, and seek relief in the forbidden societies. Here they find full expression for their real or imaginary wrongs, uninitiated at first in their darker mysteries—*nemo repente turpissimus*—they are only gradually allured, step by step, until at last, often to their horror, they find themselves entangled in fatal meshes from which there is no escape. When an insurrection is to be improvised in a locality, fixed upon by politicians of a superior order and of high standing in the esteem of Europe, these delegates of destruction hurry from all sides into the devoted city, form themselves into sub-committees of ten in number, affix in the dead of the night revolutionary placards and proclamations on the walls, and succeed at last in provoking by some daring outrage or cold-blooded crime, a collision between the authorities and the people. A knot of these revolutionists by profession is to be found in every city in Italy; and by their perfect organization, systematic training and correspondence, they exercise an influence, which is in no proportion to their numbers, over the public mind, and strike terror into the well disposed, by the audacity of their crimes and the almost invariable impunity which attends their most frightful outrages. These secret members are also traitors in the camp; they hold their meetings in a beleaguered city and afford often invaluable information to the besieging enemy. Against this bold, unscrupulous, and compact body, on whom every new and startling crime confers new strength, the lovers of religion and order and peace, oppose no unbroken front, and no vigour of resistance, or show no determination to track the ill-doer to his secret den, and overpower him by their numbers and the authority of outraged law. They too prefer to act in secret, they like their goodness to remain unknown, their faith to be unobserved. They are averse to imbruing their hands in blood, for bloodshed would be the necessary result of a conflict with the lawless delegates of the secret societies. They prefer the agony of a life-long fear to the death-struggle of a moment. Yet, compared with those who are well disposed to civil order and the Church, the avowed infidels and priest-haters all over Italy are in number so small that they might be

trampled underfoot and crushed in a moment. But the bad are bold in their wickedness, while the good are cowards in their virtue. Domination belongs to the bold, though few; and to the timid, though a multitude, comes inevitable defeat. Revolution and infidelity triumph to-day over order and religion, because Italy is smitten, not with political blindness, not with impiety, but with the curse of cowardice. In the class of the good and timid are to be reckoned not a few of the clergy in every province of Italy. This faint-heartedness, which is always the companion or forerunner of failure, has helped more than anything else to the otherwise unaccountable triumph of force over conscience, over justice, and over right. In that part of Italy, however, so long under subjection to the Leopoldine laws, this spirit, which is so opposed to the heroism of the Gospel, made even bishops for awhile forget that "excommunication and blood, two frightful stigmas," to quote the words of the courageous Bishop of Perigueux, "which stain and dishonour the forehead that bears them, lay on the soul of him whom they were not ashamed to welcome or receive as their Sovereign."

From motives as various as can well be conceived, and comprising in its number persons of all conditions, there are descriptions of men totally indifferent to the issue of the struggle in Italy, as long as it does not affect their personal interests or concerns; men of contracted hearts and of narrow minds, to whom generous sympathies and enlarged views are foreign or unintelligible, and who only desire to be let alone in the pursuit of their pleasure, their business, or even their piety. Too many of the nobles of Naples, whose best energies were wasted or perverted under a despotic government, which sedulously excluded them from all participation in State affairs, and cut them off from the road of honourable ambition, are content to fritter away an ignominious existence in idleness or debauchery. Intent only on the gratification of a criminal self-indulgence, they have grown indifferent alike to politics or to the interests of religion. The selfish trader and artisan—the frivolous crowd of pleasure-seekers who throng the magnificent Corso of Naples, or fill the proud piazzas and squares of Milan and Florence, and Bologna, men, and the foolish giddy women, who rejoice only in illuminations and festivals, and celebration-balls, who live only for excitement and change, who sing triumphant *Io pœans* no

matter who falls, or what throne is destroyed, what altar profaned—these, and such as these, thoughtless or criminal, or both, swell to very gigantic proportions, the fatal indifference to the great principles of justice and religion involved in this Italian revolution. Either from the indolence natural to the Southern character, or from ignorance of its fatal consequences, how many priests are there not to be found who use all the influence which their sacred calling confers, to let the evil of a victorious revolution take its course, undisturbed and unrebuked? How many pastorals from the bishops do we miss? * Where are the dignified episcopal rebukes against usurpation, Church robbery, and sacrilege, which from every see that is not yet vacant or violated, should issue in rapid succession? Why are monasteries plundered with impunity, Jesuits banished without trial, nuns driven from their convents by the bayonets of a brutal soldiery, but because too many Catholic men and women in this beautiful enervating Italy, too many monks and priests and bishops are too timid, too unheroic and unmartyr-like, or too blind to the ulterior results of the movement, to rise up with one voice before the evil-doer, and declare that this lawless and Godless revolution must come to an end? Next in number to those who are cursed with the barrenness of indifference, are the votaries of success, the worshippers of the golden calf, men who wait to see which way the tide turns before they will declare “under which king” they serve, men who are ready to burn the grain of incense before any god in the Capitol. In Italy their name is Legion. Unhappy Naples with its riches is today the booty which they are come from all parts to share. Royal palaces and art-museums are taken possession of by these despicable sycophants of the revolution and of the press, who ape the grandeur and the dignity which they affect to condemn. But one brush of the hand would suffice to sweep them into insignificance again, yet these are they who swell with their superfluous suffrages the urn of the successful candidate† at its close. Of these

* In the Neapolitan States alone, there are about 87 bishops, mitred abbots, and arch-priests, and but few of these dignitaries of the Church have protested against the usurpations of the excommunicated King of Sardinia.

† By its artifice and trickery the universal election system is

various divisions of opinion, which have broken Italy up into parties, and which, by their activity or passiveness, have contributed to the triumph of Napoleon's policy in the Peninsula, the one to which we must attribute the most general influence is the desire for the unification of Italy. This desire springs from different, and often opposite motives. In some, as in the infidel party, in Mazzini and his disciples, it arises from the desire of sweeping away all existing institutions as unfit for the enlightenment of the age, and of substituting, in the place of the Church and of the throne, a huge and Godless republic. In this notable scheme the principles of 1793 are revived in their full force and receive their final apotheosis. In some, as in the followers of Gioberti, the object is to give glory to the Church, not through its spiritual preeminence, but by bestowing upon it the political headship of a great and united nation. The Papacy is to be exalted in the world by the grandeur of its political rank among the nations, and to be beloved at home for its external power and glory. In conformity with this vain-glorious spirit, the Papacy would thus be made to lower its divine title, in exchange for an earthly crown. And the temporal power which God bestowed upon it as a shield to protect the spiritual sovereignty, they would convert into an instrument of secular aggrandizement. Others again, out of a more ignoble vanity, desire the unification of Italy under the sceptre of a soldier-king, in order that their country may, at one bound, advance in military prowess to the vanguard of Europe. These men seek no harm to the Church for harm's sake; but if the Church stand in the way of their vain-glorious ambition, without scruple or misgiving, they will push her aside. This restless spirit has smitten too many men in all classes of society, as to urge them on with a fatal and unreasoning impetuosity. It heeds not, in its passion, the abyss on either side,—the lawlessness of anarchy or the destructive action of a centralizing rule. It forgets history, local traditions, loyalty, religion; even the stern reality of an Austrian war is passed over in this day-dream of a revived and glorious and undi-

now bankrupt in credit throughout Europe. Universal suffrage is an Imperial subterfuge—a modern receipt to make revolutionary kings.

vided Italy.* Into a country, which had long groaned under the dominion of the stranger, and borne the despotic yoke of France, and which more recently had not forgotten the tyranny of Austria, or the violence that stung the nation to the heart, or the voice of Silvio Pellico which still cries in its ear for vengeance,—into a country still suffering from the impious rule of a revolutionary king at Turin, and from the stiff unbending despotism of Naples, from the Josephism of Tuscany, and from the unwise system of centralization in the Roman government which was borrowed from revolutionary France, and which replaced the noble institutions Rome had inherited from the middle ages,—into a country tortured by political passions, by moral cowardice, and by the destructive spirit of infidelity, Napoleon, like a midnight conspirator, flung the torch of revolution, and retired to a distance to watch the fearful progress of the flames.

With the fatal gift of the revolution what moral havoc has not Bonapartism brought into Italy, what dereliction of principle, what forgetfulness of honour, what outrages on the sense of justice and on the sanctity of religion? By publicly bestowing a reward on Agisaleus Milano, it has given its sanction to kingmurder: by confiscating the private property of the princes and princesses of the Royal House of Naples it encourages communism;† in dragging priests from the altar and bishops from their sees, it has made common cause with impious unbelief all over Europe. At Rome, Bonapartism has added the infamy of treachery to its bolder crimes. It has left a stain upon its honour which no military exploit can hereafter wholly efface. The pre-

* In a former Article on the Italian Revolution, its Character and Causes, we pointed out at some length the objections, historical, political, and religious, against the unification of Italy, and need not repeat them here.

† By a decree of Garibaldi, the Dictator of Naples, the private property of the royal family, amounting to 25 millions of francs, in the Neapolitan funds, and comprising the dowry of the queen, the portions of the royal princesses, and the fortunes of the royal cadets, were summarily confiscated. A commission was appointed to distribute this money among the patriots who had suffered for their country.

sent revival of Bonapartism in Europe has likewise been most unpleasantly inaugurated by another unholy feature, by what Lord Bacon terms, the unclean sacrifice of a lie—the lie political, not the gross vulgar lie, but the interior lie, which puts out the light of truth altogether, and leaves the conscience dark as night. The lie to-day has taken a recognised place in the system of politics. It is employed without scruple and avowed without shame. It is a royal prerogative in the mouth of revolutionary kings. Ministers in constitutional states have not been slow to encroach upon the royal privilege of their masters. It is become common by use, and has lost somewhat of its value. The leaders of the revolution, with an insolent and unbecoming freedom, have imitated their betters. The lie has multiplied. It is become incarnate in the press of Europe. It has peopled deserted dungeons with living victims, sullied the fair fame of brave men, and routed many a victorious army. We should have thought that by this time it had been worn threadbare, and that not a ghost of a lie had been left to Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, did not every day bring irrefragable evidence to the contrary and convince us that were the revolution to be driven back to-morrow, the flight of the lies, to borrow an illustration from a witty contemporary, would be like “the retreat of the ten thousand.” If the triumph of the revolution be permitted in Italy, the triumph of Bonapartism will not long be delayed in Europe. To confine the revolution within the limits of Italy is, according to the maxims of our short-sighted minister of foreign affairs, the sole duty of England. But if the torch of the crowned Incendiary of Europe have once succeeded in lighting up the insurrectionary fires, who shall keep the conflagration within the prescribed bounds? For, as Schiller sings,

“Furchtbar ist des Feuer’s Macht
Wenn es der Fesseln sich entrafft.”

Who shall stay the devouring element? what nation shall escape, what throne, what altar?

It is not in the nature of things for revolutionary triumph to be moderate, for ambition to abstain from its purpose, or for infidelity to forget its hate and dread of the Church. Italy once subdued to its will, revolutionary

Imperialism must fall upon the left bank of the Rhine, break up Germany, and then with its fleets, manned by the sailors of Genoa and Venice, reserve its last vengeance for England. How vain and inconsistent is British policy; on the one hand we shout with joy at every fresh triumph of the revolution in Italy, on the other, to protect the sanctity of our shores against the chief of the revolution, we fly to arms. The manhood of England is true to its instincts, and with quiet resolution and characteristic dignity learns the practice of the glorious rifle, and by its grand volunteer movement strikes a blow at the tortuous policy of its Imperial neighbour.

But has Europe in arms then, indeed, no remedy for Italy? We have no hope nor heart in the repressive bayonets of Austria to cure the political degradation and the moral cowardice of Italy, or to dispel its false day-dream or to break its faith in Victor Emmanuel. The government of the axe and the gibbet would be necessary to exterminate the secret societies, but before Christian Philosophy could put out the light of a false and impious liberalism, a war of the secret knife would begin. The broken sword of the Italian, Mazzini boasts, becomes a dagger. Foreign favour and French gold would be again at work. There would be no cessation of conspiracies, no repose necessary for regeneration, no liberty for the good or the bad. Italy would have to be ruled with a rod of iron, or not ruled at all. At last, before ten years had expired, compression would have reached its limit, and would result in an explosion more terrific than any we have yet witnessed.

If the days of monarchy be numbered, if kings are no longer to reign over a lawless generation, if the ancient institutions of Europe are to be broken up, and the laws and customs and traditions of ages to be swept away like cobwebs,—if to suit the temper of men's minds and the enlightenment of the age, old landmarks are to be removed, and the prescriptive habits of nations altered; if even the unchangeable Church of Rome is to be changed, and the Pope, through the unspeakable wickedness of men, to become a wanderer on the face of the earth; if these evil things be about to befall us to-day, we shall owe the calamity, in the main, to the revived Paganism in the intellect of Europe, to the folly and cowardice of the kings since the Restoration,

and to that shortsighted and criminal policy which has crushed out, as far as it was possible, in Church and State and school, the divine illumination of faith. Not then in the arms of Austria, however just and glorious, but in the hearts of the Italians themselves, do we place our hope for the restoration of Italy. Purified by persecution, made wise by bitter experience, the Italians will return like the Jews from captivity to their old paths of duty and faith. Collision will give strength to the weak, courage to the timid, and inspire in all a new and holy fervour. But, above all, we place our hope of Italy's regeneration in the moral martyrdom of the successor of St. Peter at Rome. Alone, unarmed in the presence of brute force, and subject to violent outrage, and yet unbending, the Vicar of Christ still upholds the symbol of moral power in the world. Insulted and wounded in the violation of its sovereign rights, and yet sublime in its patience and strong in its weakness, the Papacy affords to all men a spectacle of wonder, of admiration, and of hope. If even the Church have, in our day, to tread the way of the Cross, what then? shall we lose hope, or confidence, or faith? If the enemies of God and man advance upon her with shout and yells hideous to hear—if she be abused, buffeted, spit upon,—if she be stripped of her royal garments—if an impious soldiery cast lots for her vesture—she will only, like her Divine Founder, be atoning for the sins of her unworthy children, who know not what they do. Should she even have to suffer the incomparable degradation of the presence of her two crowned Enemies on either side, she will still be mindful how her Divine Master was crucified between two Thieves, and await, like her crucified Prototype, in patience and in suffering joy for the resurrection of her glory, and for her ultimate day of triumph.

Extract from the protest of Father Beck, General of the Jesuits.—
 “Dating with the Italian war which began last year, the Society has lost three houses and colleges in Lombardy; six in the Duchy of Modena; eleven in the Pontifical States, nineteen in the kingdom of Naples, fifteen in Italy. Everywhere has the Society been literally plundered of its moveable property and real estates. Its members, to the number of about 1500, have been driven from their establishments and expelled from the towns in which they lived; they have been escorted by armed bands, like miscreants, from

place to place, thrown into public prisons, maltreated and outrageously insulted. This system of persecution has gone so far as to prevent them accepting an asylum that the piety of individual families might offer. In many localities no regard whatever has been shown either to old age, ill health, or infirmity."

- ART. IV.—1. *The Missing Link*, or Bible-women in the Homes of the London Poor, by L. N. R. London, James Nisbet and Co.
2. *The Book Hawker*, his Work and his Day, by Rev. H. G. BUNSEN, M. A. London, Aylott and Sons.
3. *Reports*, Annual and Monthly, of the Church of England Book-hawking Union.
4. *Elementary Books for Catholic Schools. The Primer.* London: Burns and Lambert, 1860.
5. *Reading Book*, Nos. I., II., and III. London: Burns and Lambert, 1860.

THERE appeared, some four years ago, a well written article in a Catholic magazine, on the future prospects of our literature, in which the pressing want of books and scarcity of good Catholic reading, were brought before the public. We were told the simple truism, that we were not at all in a position to compete with the literary standard raised by nearly every one of the Protestant sects which inundate this country. Since that period a start has been made, and we have gained a step or two. This, comparatively speaking, is great progress. In educational works, travels, biography, works of useful knowledge, miscellaneous information, fiction, and general light literature, we can take our stand. Catholic writers have sprung up, and done much work, publishers have done more; yet we are very far from being able to walk side by side with Protestants; we are still in the back-ground; we hang aloof, and have a "shady," slow look about us as we tread along the paths of literature, which contrasts unfavourably with the bright, enterprising air of our Protestant

brethren. Now let us search into the cause of this slow work. When we wish to ascertain what success a new book has, we ask, "How does it sell?" So let us pass from individual to general cases, and ask: "As a whole, *in toto*, what sale have our books?" The simplest answer would be, "No sale at all," of course comparatively speaking. But we must go deeper into the causes of this real evil, the limited sale of Catholic publications.

In looking back on the history of our literature during the last fifty years, we find that there has been a very general *ignoring* on the part of Catholics of the existence of Catholic literature. We say general, because there have been amongst the upper classes many individuals who have nobly supported and promoted its advancement. The middle class again has been a staunch though moderate supporter of the English Catholic publisher. Whilst the poor, alas!—we must acknowledge it in all sincerity and candour—have been most unequivocally behindhand in their pursuit of knowledge and their taste for reading. It is beyond a doubt, that there has been made hardly a single organized attempt to promote the circulation of useful books amongst the labouring class of Catholics. What individuals may have done, whether priests or laymen, cannot of course be looked upon as a movement influencing the mass. Very much, we know, has been done privately, in different parishes—town and country; but there has not been one great, organized, efficient association which could extend its influence and operations throughout the whole of Catholic England. This, then, seems to us the reason why our literature is "slow," and why, considering the present importance of the Catholic community in this country, we stand so far in the background of Protestant literary society. It is urged that Protestants have pecuniary resources which we cannot command; that Catholics are overwhelmed; that charities increase every day, and, with them, the demands upon Catholic funds increase also; that subscriptions and collections, under every form pour in daily from all quarters, and drain the pockets of the faithful to the very dregs; that actual temporal relief takes all the money that each individual can afford to give as a poor-offering, without bestowing money on the creation of a taste which is expensive and unfitting the station of the poor; that there is, in short, enough to do to help our needy brethren in

their daily wants, of bread and clothing, so as to keep them tidy and out of sin with its consequent punishment, without buying them books which they can very well do without. We answer, you are mistaken, and you fall into a grievous error. The Protestants have shown that they understand far better than we do, what is the growing want of the present generation. They have proved that they know how to get at and attack vice in a more able manner than we have as yet conceived; though they have not, and never will have, the power to conquer it. Because, blessed be God, we possess what they, alas! can never command, the all-powerful weapon wielded in the sacrament of penance.

Let us sketch one of the plans by which they get at the poor of our great metropolis and are able to hunt out evils which beset them, whether temporal or spiritual. We have it before us in the "Missing Link." The second part of the title is an epitome of the whole work: "Bible-women in the homes of the London Poor." A respectable woman, of moral and religious principle, taken from amongst the poor, is employed, at a fixed salary, to carry Bibles, Testaments, Prayer-books and other religious publications, into the very houses of her fellow classmen and sell them at incredibly reduced prices. This NATIVE AGENT, with a bag of books in her hand, threads her way amongst the lowest haunts, the darkest courts, the narrowest lanes, and finds willing and eager customers, of all kinds. Let us cite a few passages, giving statistics of Bible-sale in London, ere we draw our conclusion.

"Hannah (the Bible woman) has sold in Spitalfields, as the result of six months' labour, 151 Bibles and 57 Testaments. She has since been removed to St. George's in the East. She left in the hands of her successor 88 subscribers; a number since increased to 122; while the number sold in all is 256 copies.....

"The sum of Marians' account sold, is for 1004 copies, 413 Bibles and 591 Testaments, purchased in St. Giles' in twelve months by the penny subscriptions of the lowest of the low;—one penny called for once, twice, and sometimes thrice, by the patient *Native Agent* chosen from among themselves.....

"'Tis a ray of light in our picture that in seven months Priscilla has sold 85 Bibles and 121 Testaments, and has still 67 subscribers.' This is Limehouse Fields, Stepney.....

"Susan, in Whitechapel, had 50 Bible subscribers. She visited the Jewish, German, and Rag Fair districts.....

“In the first I sold twenty copies,—7 Bibles and 13 Testaments ; and another night 8 Bibles and 13 Testaments were sold by the same woman in the Brill Market of Somers’ Town.

“Again, in Seven Dials, within twenty weeks the Bible woman sold 130 Bibles and 120 Testaments.”

And now we ask why Catholics cannot do the same. Not, indeed, hawk about the Holy Scriptures, indiscriminately ; but why should not a man or woman be sent into the different districts, carrying with them a supply of useful Catholic books, Gardens of the Soul—that favourite of the poor—cheap prints, pictures, rosaries, crosses and medals ? Look how these Bible-women penetrate into the homes of our own people. We read from the journal of the woman who is employed in the *Soho* district, writing of the houses she visited :—“The tenants were mostly Irish.—Many of them tailors, hard at work, who answered, that when they wanted a Bible the priest would get it for them.”

Another “Native Agent” in *Gray’s Inn Lane* says, “A great many were Irish and Romanists, who said they were not going to be converted ;”—an answer worthy of the sons of St. Patrick’s isle. We hope the Bible-woman may stumble upon many a “Romanist” if she always receive such a reply. But here lies the danger ; brethren of weaker faith than poor Pat are flattered by these visits. No one of their own people comes offering a tempting book or picture for sale at a price that suits their pocket ; the Protestant agent sees her advantage, and profits by it. It is pleasant to have some one come in and read to them, and speak a kindly word, and so they welcome her each time more warmly, while, backed by her zealous anti-popish lady superintendent, the Bible-woman follows up her advantage by spontaneous offers of temporal assistance. Thus we read, that in *Church Lane* “There is a willingness manifested on the part of the Romanists to listen to the reading of the Scriptures which has never been evinced before.” And again, in another district, that, of seventy subscribers obtained by the first labours made, there were “two Romanists.” Another woman is asked if her Bible be “Catholic” ? Then comes a refreshing scene with an Irishman in the *Brill Market, Somers’ Town*, who says to the Colporteur, “You are selling a dangerous book, master—why the people can’t understand it at all. They put a wrong meaning on it ;

and it is King Harry the Eighth's edition. He was a bad man, and could not write a good book."

Now we may see from these glimpses into the "Missing Link" system of Protestants, what a field there is for the introduction of Catholic book hawking. A glance at the Reports of the Protestant Book-hawking Union does but serve to strengthen this conviction. In these days of educational progress, there is scarcely one out of ten throughout our whole population who cannot read. What is more, they *will* read. And *what* do they read:—what do *Catholics* read?—the Catholic London poor, in their spare evening hour, their Sunday Holiday? What books do the children, brought up in our schools, and trained for years by religious men and women, devour in their idle moments? *The Penny Newsmen*; *Lloyd's Weekly Paper*; *The London Journal*; *The Parlour Journal*; *Reynold's Miscellany*: *Songs, and Ballads*, sold for a farthing, a halfpenny, and a penny. Novels and tales, picked up at a third of cost price, at the numberless second-hand book stalls which stretch far out upon the pavement of our London streets. There is no doubt that at these very cheap book stalls the first seeds of future ruin are sown in many a fresh and pure mind. Protestants have felt this evil, and applied a remedy. Their books, moral and religious, are circulated freely in every town and country district; and by the avidity with which the travelling hawker of their Union is welcomed, we see what a field of encouragement there is for the spread of the system.

It is time that we looked into the admirable little pamphlet of Mr. Bunsen. He sketches the rapidity with which Book-hawking associations have increased in number since the first was set afloat, and combats the two principal arguments raised against the diffusion of knowledge amongst the poor. First, that book-hawking injures legitimate trade; secondly, the objection that it is not good for man to read much, and that there are already too many books circulated amongst the younger portion of the labouring classes. The first objection he answers from the words of a bookseller, who assures him that, instead of injuring the trade he benefits "on market days" by the labours of the hawker during the week. The ready support given by publishers also to the Book-hawking Union is a contradiction of this view. With regard to the second he says:—

"Their objection arises from utter ignorance of existing circumstances, or at least from a want of acquaintance with the marvellous changes which have been brought about among us by the progress of education, more especially among the working classes. Twenty years ago, perhaps, our book-hawkers might have found little to do. Reading was a privilege of the upper and middle classes; few among the working men could read, or, if they did so, could read with sufficient ease to find pleasure in it. Now, however, that a new generation has sprung up, most of whom *can* read, and most of whom *will* read, it is no longer optional with us whether we will or will not supply them with books. It has become a positive duty, and that a truly Christian one, to send good books of every kind into every village and hamlet, into town and country. And this for *two* reasons;—*First*, if by a more extended system of education we have increased the power and taste for reading, we ought to supply this new want with every kind of good and useful publication—religious and moral, historical and biographical, scientific and amusing, as well as with prints and pictures. Through the eye, quite as much as the ear, the heart and mind of man are fed and nurtured for good as well as for evil, *Secondly*.—The evil disposed have, as usual, been beforehand with us; and hawkers of bad books have forestalled us in our works, to an extent which is but little known. For, 'too wise in their own generation,' to expose their evil publications to view, they only tempt the weak, or pander to the taste of the already vicious, or initiate into the systems of vice any casual inquirer; and, under the cover of boot and shoe laces, or well hid by a fair sprinkling of blameless and even religious books, this class of hawkers (whether men or women) carry about with them some of the most abominable publications which the most wicked of men ever penned, or the most depraved imagination can conceive. Our Book-hawking Societies, therefore, have not come into the field a moment too soon. The evil I am complaining of was increasing rapidly; and, therefore, legitimate book-hawking has not only become a duty, owing to the increase of education amongst the working classes, but a necessity, owing to the aggressive nature of our work. We must endeavour to drive away the hawkers of bad books. We can only hope to succeed in our endeavours, by offering for sale—at every cottage door, at every tradesman's shop, at farm-houses as well as to gentlemen's servants, good books of every kind at the cheapest possible rate."

This view is energetically acted upon by the Book-hawking Union. Forty-two Associations in connection with it have been formed, employing fifty-five hawkers. These hawkers sell books and prints to the average amount of £4 to £10 weekly, or from £300 to £900 per annum. Of course the Bible is the book principally hawked, and the thousands sold quite incredible. Prints and picture-

cards seem also to be a favourite commodity, and to our shame we see them stealing a leaf out of our books and turning it to good account, whilst we let it lie idle, burying our talent in the napkin. This *picture teaching*, so essentially Catholic, and formerly so cried down by Protestants, is now adopted by them, and enters most systematically into their operations for the spiritual benefit of the labouring class. In one district we find that 1,200 single prints, and 166 packets of picture cards were sold in the course of the year. The author of the "Missing Link" remarks: "We think it has not been sufficiently observed how acceptable picture-teaching is to the poor.....a picture persuades insensibly."

Proceeding with our examination of the results experienced by the "Union," we find that the total number of publications sold in the year in some districts is more than 10,000 each; in one county association 22,000. In another district, the first year, 3,600 publications were sold; in the second 4,900; in the third, two hawkers being employed, 10,500; the fourth year, 13,600. The customers of the hawkers are thus classed in one district:

Labourers,	1,813
Servants,	747
Tradesmen,	478
Mechanics,	278
Gentlemen,	139

The average price of the publications sold is 4d. to 1s. 6d. Few exceed that sum. Three shillings is the highest price of any book hawked, though orders are often received for more expensive works to be brought the next time the hawker comes his round. Books on Cooking, Gardening, &c., also meet with a ready sale, and the advantage of circulating them is easily seen, since they contain hints on household economy and good management, to which the poor, as a class, are generally strangers. To see how thoroughly convinced Protestants are that the circulation of solid useful books is a necessary adjunct to education of the poor, we have only to look at the sums given to Book Societies. First and foremost stand the two great Societies, for promoting Christian Knowledge and the Religious Tract Society. The former receives yearly in subscriptions and donations upwards of £26,792; the latter £13,010. The issue of publications by the former

Society is 6,120,641. Dissenting associations for diffusing useful knowledge amongst the poor receive nearly £4000 every year in subscriptions.

Now, what have we Catholics to show for all this? What, to come back to our first question, what sale have our books? Are not the answers most emphatically *nothing*, *none*? We have, comparatively speaking, little or no literature which can be really called English Catholic literature, and what little we possess has next to no circulation. An effort deserving of all praise and all encouragement has been recently made for the publication of Catholic educational works, of a character suited to the requirements of the time; and the little series named at the head of these pages is a most encouraging specimen of the undertaking. But it would be a delusion to imagine that a great deal does not still remain to be done. We have no really efficient society for publishing cheap books; we have no properly organized associations for disseminating what are published. In the literary railroad of the nineteenth century we crawl along like a heavy luggage-train loaded with books that are selling at double the price, which similar volumes are sold for, by our adversaries, who shoot past us at the full speed of express. With exceptions, inferiority is stamped upon the whole of our publishing and bookselling concerns. It is useless for authors, editors and publishers, to toil and labour so long as this state of things continues. The public must come forward and open a channel whereby Catholic books shall find a free circulation. We see what Protestants do, and what success attends their labours. The question is not how much of that money it will take, which is needed in charity, but how *much* may be done with a *little*. How well organized the scheme shall be, how practical, how generally supported.

And the effects of Book-hawking would soon be felt. It would be amongst us, if properly managed, what it is among the Protestants, a very efficient Home Mission. There is no Irish den, we will venture to say, where the Book-hawker, authorized by the parish priest, would not be welcome with his prints, his blessed rosaries, crosses, and medals. To those Irish who can read, the cheap books would also be a great boon, penny lives of saints, martyr legends and the like would be bought up with avidity. In families where there are many children who

have been brought up in the schools, a welcome would again be sure to greet the Book-hawker. At the present moment poor Catholics are driven to buy Protestant works, sometimes of the worst moral description, or, as we said before, the Bible and Tract woman insinuates herself into their houses. A perfect propaganda is thus carried on especially amongst the class of workmen who possess some little "learning," and like to display it in the purchase of a book. And those books often contain that most insidious poison called "liberal principles," which are no less than a gradual and invisible undermining of the faith. A lukewarm Catholic may be easily persuaded to believe that it is a grand thing to be liberal and noble-minded, to accept broad views. This is the weak point of attack, and there are enough publications spread about to lay siege to it. Again, how many thousand Catholics are there in London alone who are ignorant of the whereabouts of any of our few Catholic book-shops, or knowing, never enter them! whilst there is scarcely a decent street where there is not one or more shops where cheap miscellaneous books may be bought. Worse still, in every hucksters, tobacconists, sweetmeat-vendors' and shaving-shop, penny and half-penny journals of the lowest moral tendency, are placed attractively in the window with striking illustrations, and find customers by the hundred. Let the hawker penetrate into the remote regions where so many Catholics dwell, and display his wares, cheap useful books, prints, rosaries, and other articles of piety, and who can doubt his finding many a glad customer? And if this be the case in the city, what would it not be in the country, where the Catholic often finds himself miles from his church and priest, and far from the nearest town. Perchance too, no Catholic bookseller in that town! We know what a Godsend a new book is to us in a dull country house, even though we have the prospect of an enlivening spring séjour in town. At an isolated farmhouse, where the family, consisting of young people, just returned from school with all the thirst for knowledge and reading just awakened, what a greeting the hawker would receive! Again, amongst the servants in large houses there is a wide mission open to the hawker. Few have an idea how much the better class of servants read. They are really often "well up" in all the novels and light reading of the day, and there are very few upper servants who do not regu-

larly take in one of the cheap periodicals, such as the "Family Herald" and the "London Journal." All this has to be taken into serious consideration by Catholics. We have done nothing yet, and there is a great pile of work before us.

It is not the few dozen of books scattered here and there by private hands that will meet this growing want, or combat the two evils of bad books and proselytizing books. It must be one steady organized system for circulating amongst Catholics, works of sound principle, solid worth and usefulness; books that shall each contain and forcibly convey some lesson. And this diffusion of knowledge on Catholic grounds will serve the two ends we have in view. It will give the necessary stimulus to our literature and be the means of attacking many of the prevailing evils and miseries amongst the lower classes. By aid of the hawker we shall penetrate into the very heart of our Catholic population, and bring to light many "hidden things of darkness." For though at first sight there seems to be no connection between the "Missing Link" system and that of book-hawking, our examination of the two theories and their practical working has taught us that one fits in admirably with the other. The hawker, whether man or woman, if truly pious, intelligent, and earnest-minded, would prove a most efficient lay-missioner amongst his own class, and an effectual auxiliary to the labours of the priest. And when we remember what those labours are, how, amongst the hard struggles a parish priest in England has to go through, the evils arising from false views and false principles—imbibed from the cheap publications of the day,—stand out most prominently, there are few of us who will not acquiesce in the opinion that Catholic Book-hawking is "not only a duty, but a necessity."*

* Since the above article went to press, we rejoice to find that the Society of St. Anselm, for the diffusion of good books, has come into operation. May it meet with warm support, and lead to the establishment of a Catholic Book-hawking Association!

ART. V.—*Travels and Adventures of the Rev. Joseph Wolff, D. D., L.L.D.*, Vicar of Ile Brewers, near Taunton, and late Missionary to the Jews and Muhammadans in Persia, Bokhara, Cashmeer, &c. London : Sanders and Otley.

SOME shrewd observer has remarked that, when the Pope weeds his garden he throws the weeds over the wall, and they fall into—Protestantism; not usually into any exact creed, but into Protestantism unattached:—*i. e.*, the denial of Catholicism without the adoption of anything certain in its stead, except, of course, the Bible, which every one professes to follow, but which every one interprets differently, whence naturally ensues a fortuitous *divergence* of atoms. Joseph Wolff is one of the weeds which the Pope could not allow to remain in his missionary garden; it was picked up by the late Henry Drummond and planted by some one else in the Church of England, and then was taken great care of by many divines and rich religious laymen in England, because it came out of the Pope's garden, and was employed and commissioned by the Society for the conversion of the Jews, and by the Church Missionary Society, and probably by other societies; but all this time Joseph Wolff, though he ceased to belong to the Catholic Church, and became, as he still is, a beneficed clergyman of the Church of England, never really adopted the entire creed and doctrines of the Church of England, but formed and promulgated a little peculiar creed of his own, of which we may give one or two illustrations. Indeed, if his qualities as a leader had been equal to his inclinations as a wanderer, (both in body and mind,) he would have become the parent and founder of some new form of Protestantism, which might have handed down his name and his peculiarities to the admiration of future ages. He has enough of natural insubordination to make his permanent attachment to any form of creed or any established order of things improbable, if not impossible, and enough of vanity to incline him to suppose his own interpretations superior to those of any one else, or of all the rest of the

world put together ; he has propounded abundance of new ideas, he acknowledges his own ambition, and he has obviously a superabundance of enthusiasm : if, therefore, he hold a living in the Church of England instead of becoming the founder of a new sect, it must we presume be from some other peculiarities of character, but certainly from no lack of many of the qualifications requisite for the inventor of a new religion. Let us say frankly that we do not wish to express or imply any doubt of Dr. Wolff's sincerity ; he is by nature insubordinate and vain, enthusiastic and eccentric, but he has much earnestness, and we doubt not, sincerity ; he has moreover an astonishing memory, is a good linguist, seems to be without fear, and has undergone great personal labour and exposed himself to extreme personal risks for the attainment of an object (the conversion of the Jews) which we shall find he considers to be, humanly speaking, unattainable. †

Joseph Wolff was born a Jew—became a Christian, spent much time amongst Catholics, went to Rome to be educated as a Catholic missionary at the Propaganda, was sent away thence, was invited to come to England, came here, chose a Protestant form of religion, was sent to Cambridge, and was sent out as a Protestant missionary. If, in the following pages, we somewhat follow this his career, it is because our readers may be interested to learn how such a man ceased to be a Jew, became a Catholic, and became a Protestant, to learn what a man who has had such varied opportunities of observation may say about Protestant Germany and Catholic Vienna, and the Pope and Cardinals, and colleges at Rome, and London, and Cambridge, and the English missionary societies, and such other persons, places, and topics as came peculiarly under his notice. He has seen many phases of religious life.—What says he of them ? We shall give some of his observations *in his own language*, and in reading them it must be borne in mind that he *was* a Catholic and *is* a Protestant, and cannot therefore be expected to have any bias in favour of the creed which he does not now profess.

The following character given of Wolff, by the Rev. Lewis Way, his former friend and patron, whom Wolff calls “a noble soul” and which is quoted by Dr. Wolff himself we copy, because, though exaggerated in terms, we believe it to be in some respects deserved. “Wolff is so extraor-

dinary a creature, that there is no calculating *a priori* concerning his motions. He appears to me a comet without any perihelion, and capable of setting a whole system on fire. When I should have addressed him in Syria, I heard of him at Malta; and when I supposed he was gone to England, he was riding like a ruling angel in the whirlwinds of Antioch, or standing unappalled among the crumbling towers of Aleppo. A man who at Rome calls the Pope 'the dust of the earth,' and tells the Jews at Jerusalem that 'the Gamara is a lie;' who passes his days in disputation and his nights in digging the Talmud; to whom a floor of brick is a feather-bed and a box a bolster; who makes or finds a friend alike in the persecutor of his former or present faith; who can conciliate a Pacha or confute a patriarch; who travels without a guide; speaks without an interpreter; can live without food and pay without money; forgiving all the insult he meets with and forgetting all the flattery he receives; who knows little of worldly conduct and yet accommodates himself to all men, without giving offence to any! Such a man (and such, and more is Wolff), must excite no ordinary degree of attention in a country and amongst a people, whose monotony of manners and habits has remained undisturbed for centuries. As a pioneer I deem him matchless and 'aut inveniet viam aut faciet'; but if order is to be established or arrangements made, trouble not Wolff: he knows of no church but his own heart; no calling but that of zeal; no dispensation but that of preaching. He is devoid of enmity towards man, and is full of the love of God." Of this Lewis Way the history is remarkable, and is thus given by Wolff. We quote it, though relating to a man rather singular than important, because it indicates how some religious societies in this country may be maintained, and what has been may again be their practical result. "Lewis Way was a barrister of small fortune, when one day as he was walking in a street in London, he met by chance with an old gentleman with whom he entered into conversation, whose name was also Lewis Way, and who invited the barrister Lewis Way to dinner. They became friends, and soon afterwards that old man died and left to the barrister £380,000, with the condition that he should employ it for the glory of God. Lewis Way immediately took holy orders in the Church of England; and his design was to devote his life to the conversion of the Jewish

nation and the promotion of their welfare, temporal and spiritual. Lewis Way^s then heard that there was a society existing, composed of Churchmen and Dissenters, for the purpose of converting the Jews, and that society was very much in debt. Upon which he nobly came forward and offered to liquidate the whole debt, which amounted to £20,000, on condition that the Dissenters should retire and leave the whole management to Churchmen. They accepted his terms, and he took sixteen Jews into his house and baptised them all; but soon after their baptism they stole his silver spoons, and one of them, Josephson by name, was transported to Australia, having forged Mr. Way's signature. However, nothing disturbed him in his purpose; so he went to the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, and interested all the powers of Europe in favour of the Jews." Such at least seems to be Dr. Wolff's impression. "Noble Lewis Way had one Jew still under his care, a young man of extraordinary talents named Nehemiah Solomon, whose beard he had shaved off; and after he had got him instructed in Latin and Greek, he had him ordained Deacon by Dr. Burgess, the Bishop of St. Davids." How neat the expression, "*he had him ordained Deacon*:" the idea of a vocation does not seem to enter into any one's mind; Lewis Way is evidently the man who *has the thing done*, of which the Bishop is merely the formal instrument. "After this, Lewis Way set out on a missionary tour to Russia, and was accompanied by Solomon his Jew protégé and by Sultan Kategherry Krimgherry, a Tartar nobleman, who was sent by the Emperor Alexander to Edinburgh, to study. Sultan Kategherry-Krimgherry, a muhammadian by birth, was baptized in Edinburgh and was made a member of the Kirk of Scotland, and married in Edinburgh a Miss Neilson." Of course he did; Wolff forgets to say to *how much*. "On reaching the Crimea with these two converts, Lewis Way desired Solomon to preach to Coraite Jews in the place called Jufut-Caleh, near Bakhtshe-Seray; but whether Solomon preached or did not preach admits of a doubt. It was after this expedition, and when Lewis Way had returned to England, viz., in the year 1819, that Joseph Wolff met that earnest man, still flaming with fire for the zeal of promoting the Gospel of Christ among the Jewish nation. In the year 1820 Solomon returned to his patron from the Crimea, pretending that he had a doubt

about the Trinity. Lewis Way sent him to Scott the commentator, in order that his mind might be settled upon that important point; *and so it seemed to be after a stay of three months.* But Wolff saw him afterwards and said to Henry Drummond, 'This man is not sincere; he will break out terribly some day.' However, Solomon was ordained a priest, and seemed to be going on well, when, to make his story short, he suddenly ran away, after having drawn £300 from the Society, and was never heard of afterwards." The only wonder would seem to be that he went off with so little! "Nothing however, disturbed Lewis Way; and soon after he went to Palestine. But there he was shamefully deceived by a Mount Lebanon Christian, and was so distressed by the circumstance, that it made him burst into tears; yet he continued his operations among the Jews with the same earnestness as ever. But neither his service nor his character was appreciated as they ought to have been, even by his own countrymen, and his fine spirit was chafed by the indifference and ingratitude of common men; and at last the dear man died at Leamington, broken hearted." So writes Joseph Wolff respecting Lewis Way, as Lewis Way had previously written respecting Joseph Wolff. "*Arcades ambo, cantare and respondere parati.*" If Lewis Way's services were not appreciated at all, it seems probable that his character was *rather* appreciated, and his money very much appreciated indeed. Dr. Wolff omits to inform us whether any of the £380,000 was left when the "dear man" died, whilst it would have been interesting to have had recorded how many conversions (real or pretended,) of Jews were effected with the outlay.

∴ On this subject Wolff thus writes from Cambridge to Henry Drummond. "The Jews' Society for promoting Christianity *has been disappointed by every Jew they took up.* One became a Muhammadan, another a thief, a third a pickpocket: and I am determined to remain here to show there is a sincere Jew in the world." Wolff in another place "maintains that only those Jews who are converted in an extraordinary way are worth anything. Thus, for instance, Neander in Berlin, Emanuel Veit in Vienna; the two Veiths, stepsons to Friedrich Schlegel; Monsieur Ratisbon of Strasbourg;" three out of the four of Wolff's instances becoming Catholic. "But Jews who are converted by Societies are like Eastern fruit, cultivated

in greenhouses in Europe, and have not the flavour of those which are naturally grown. The Apostle Paul's conversion has been a type of the way in which many Jews shall be converted after him, namely, suddenly, by miracle, by inspiration. For the grace of God comes often suddenly, as genius came upon Correggio as a boy." Notwithstanding the opinion thus strongly and repeatedly expressed, he quarrels and gets into a hot disputation with a Catholic missionary for saying the same thing—for surely the remark of the French priest, that "The endeavour to convert the Jew is a vain thing," merely means what Wolff had before himself expressed in perhaps even stronger terms; but as Wolff avows, in reference to that very conversation, "that he had often wished to have an opportunity of arguing with a Roman Catholic Missionary," it is probable that, however Père Reynard might have "opened the discourse," Dr. Wolff would have contradicted him. Though Dr. Wolff seems thus (when not bent on argument) to be of opinion that Jews are converted only by miracle, there seems nothing miraculous in his own conversion; unless, indeed, he wish his readers to adopt the following as his own miraculous conversion from Judaism to Christianity; not the least feature of the miracle being that it occurred when he was seven years old. After relating a curious tradition which Rabbi David had read to him out of the Jewish Talmud, to the effect that "Titus died from the tortures produced by a little fly of copper, which entered his brain during the siege of Jerusalem, and increased in size until it became as large as a dove, and tormented him to death; that when he was dead, a man named Onkelos raised Titus to life by magic, and asked him how he would treat the Jews? to which Titus replied, that he should illtreat them, and that on this Onkelos raised Jesus of Nazareth also from the dead, and asked him how the Jews ought to be treated? And Jesus of Nazareth answered, 'Treat them well;'" he proceeds, "This history" (so Wolff calls it) "made a very deep impression upon young Wolff, so that he asked his father who this Jesus was. And his father said he had been a Jew of the greatest talent; but as he pretended to be the Messiah, the Jewish tribunal sentenced him to death. Young Wolff then asked his father 'Why is Jerusalem destroyed, and why are we in captivity?' His father replied, 'Alas, alas! because the Jews murdered

the prophets.' Young Wolff reflected in his mind for some time, and the thought struck him, 'perhaps Jesus was a prophet, and the Jews killed him when he was innocent,'—an idea which took such possession of him, that whenever he passed a Christian church he would stand outside and listen to the preaching, until his mind became filled with the thought of *being a great preacher* like Mymonides and Jadah-Haseed; and he would frequently go to the synagogue and stretch himself in front of the sanctuary where the law of Moses was deposited. Sometimes he wished to go to Jerusalem and appear there *as a great preacher*; and sometimes he wanted to go to Rome and *become a pope*. He almost every day visited a barber who was also a surgeon, and whose name was Spiess. Here he would talk about the future glory of the Jews at the coming of the Messiah. At that time Wolff, in his simplicity, related that when the Messiah should come, he would kill the great fish leviathan, who ate ten millions of every kind of fish every day; and who is as large as the whole world, and would also kill a large ox, which is as large as the whole world, and feeds every day on three thousand mountains; and the Jews would eat of that fish and of that wild ox when the Messiah should come. When Wolff was thus talking, Spiess and his family would be all the time in fits of laughter. But one day old Spiess, with his stern look, said to little Wolff, 'Dear boy, I will tell you who the real Messiah was; He was Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of God, whom your ancestors have crucified as they had the prophets of old. Go home and read the 53rd chapter of Isaiah, and you will be convinced that Jesus Christ is the Son of God.' These words entered like a flash of lightning into Wolff's heart; and he can sincerely say that 'he believed and was struck dumb.'" And thus was miraculously converted to Christianity a Jewish child, seven years old, whose creed at that moment included the fish leviathan as large as the world, who every day ate ten millions of fish, and the ox as large as the world who ate every day three thousand mountains, both of which were to form a dinner of two courses for the Jews when the Messiah should come! "When Wolff was eleven years old, his father sent him to the Protestant lyceum at Stuttgart."—"Wolff grew tired of all this," (of *what* we know not, since the only thing mentioned is his brother who went to school with him, "selling his books, and" (with hereditary in-

stinct,) "buying with them pins and needles to sell again," "so he left his father's house and went to Bamberg, a Roman Catholic town, where he was kindly received by his cousin, Moses Lazarus Cohen, who *was a Jew of the modern style, rather leaning towards infidelity.*"

He there became the pupil of "a Roman Catholic Priest, who was married." Thus it is printed, but as the thing is of course impossible, and we don't believe that Wolff would wilfully state a falsehood, the probability is that his amanuensis misunderstood him: for, the preface informs us, that he "dictated the principal events of his life aloud in a family circle, where many willing scribes were to be found," and hence the peculiarity of Wolff's own narrative being in the third instead of the first person. He heard another priest say, in preaching on the 9th chapter of the Acts, "the Church of Christ contained people who trod in the footsteps of Francis Xavier, Ignatius Loyola, and the many missionaries who went forth to preach the Gospel of Christ to the nations." "Wolff was so struck with amazement that he determined to join the Christian Church. So he went back to the house of his cousin, Moses Lazarus Cohen, and said to him: 'My mind is made up, I will become a Christian and be a Jesuit; and I will preach the Gospel in foreign lands, like Francis Xavier.' The cousin laughed, and merely said, 'You are an enthusiast.' " "Wolff left Bamberg without saying one word, and without a single farthing in his pocket, and travelled towards Wurtzburg." On his way he met with a poor but good Catholic shepherd, who took him into his house, fed him, prayed with and for him, and lent him two florins. "He arrived at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, where he found *the Jews complete infidels, and the Protestants the same.*" Unbiassed evidence this, at all events, and a similar remark we have heard applied to Germany generally, that the people are either Catholics or Infidels. "Then he came to Halle, where he fell in with some Professors, *who were rationalists*, and there he had to contend with much external opposition, both from Jews and from *the infidelity of Christians.* On his arrival at Prague the Roman Catholics entirely mistrusted him, saying: 'Jews here become Christians by hundreds, without the slightest conviction of the truth of Christianity, so that, if a boy twelve years of age does not get from his father what he wants, he says to him: 'Father, if you do not grant my request I will *hitch* (i. e. apostate-

tize.)' " It seems indeed to have been his fate throughout to have been "entirely mistrusted by the Catholics;" nor do Protestants seem to have gained much by trusting him more, for he speaks at least as ill of the latter as of the former, probably because his forte lies chiefly in relating anecdotes, and he happens to have a more pungent stock respecting Protestants than Catholics. He then entered a Benedictine monastery at Molk, where the cook asked him to eat pork, and, free of hand as well as tongue, "he gave her a slap in the face," fled the monastery, and came to Munich. There he says he was "flogged with a birch and imprisoned for 24 hours on bread and water," because he declined to learn dancing and drawing, and got another to do his drawing for him. And the Director of the gymnasium, a monk of the order of Theatines, said: "Wolff, you had better wait some years before you are baptized; the levity of your mind is too great at present." So he left Munich and came to Anspach, where he fell in with Protestant professors, *all of whom were infidels.* At Saxe Weimar "Johannes Falk, the satirical poet, &c., took much interest in Wolff, but Falk was at that time a *complete Pantheist*. When Wolff told him his design of becoming a Christian, and treading in the footsteps of Ignatius Loyola and Francis Xavier, he said to him: 'Wolff, let me give you a piece of advice. Remain what you are; for if you remain a Jew, you will become a celebrated Jew, but as a Christian you will never be celebrated, for there are plenty of other clever Christians in the world.' " Good advice this so far as related to this world, and according to the experience of Germany. Wolff might have replied, "*Here* you are right, but if I go to England I shall be petted and patronised, and educated and provided for, and have rich friends and a noble wife." "Wolff was not pleased with the religion of Weimar, for, although the men he met there were far from being infidels, still the religion of Herder, Göthe, Schiller, and Wieland, was a mixture of poetical, philosophical, *half Christian, half Hindoo materials*, and not at all to his taste. They swore by Prometheus and sympathized with Ariadne upon Naxos; Kant and Fichte had been their saints and subjects of daily meditation. He was baptized at Prague by the most Rev. Leopold Zalda, Abbot of the Benedictine monastery called Emaus, on 13th September, 1812, being then 17 years of age."

Thence he went to Vienna, and here, he says, "it is necessary to state the condition of Roman Catholicism in Vienna." He does not speak of any *infidelity* amongst them. He enumerates "five parties," all of which comprised, he informs us, persons of great talent and learning; and the alleged distinctions between them seem to have arisen rather from Wolff's not having accurately appreciated the identity of religious belief, and the diversity of religious feeling according to the natural temperaments of different individuals. Thus the first party "believed in the Pope's supremacy," (which might be safely predicated of *all* Catholics,) "but tried to keep the Court of Rome within proper bounds, and were opposed to what they considered as encroachments of the papal power on the rights of the national Church." "A second party was strictly attached to Scripture, but leant somewhat to German neology: not with regard to the divinity of Christ, and the doctrine of the atonement, but upon the grand question of the inspiration and the interpretation of prophecy." "This interpretation of prophecy is by the way a subject upon which Dr. Wolff considers *himself* a peculiar authority; and at a later period he and some others, similarly enlightened in their own opinion, met in conclave at Albury Park, the hospitable mansion of Henry Drummond, to interpret the unfulfilled prophecies, where we are comforted to learn that they, or most of them, arrived at the conclusion that the Pope is *not* Antichrist." "The third party united strict orthodoxy and attachment to the Papal power, admiration for antiquity and the fathers, firm adherence to the dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church, and belief in the miracles of that Church, with rejection of what is called 'pious opinion.' As, for instance, they rejected not only the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, but denied the *necessity* of asking the intercession of the Virgin or of saints; and their minds revolted" (as do the minds of all Catholics) "at the idea of *worship* being addressed to any but the Most High. They believed in the Infallibility of the Church, but denied that of the Pope." "The fourth or Mystical party taught that people ought to be so inflamed with the love of Christ, that they might desire with St. Paul to 'know the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death.' " "The fifth party was that of Hoffbauer, Friderich Schlegel, Werner, Adam Müller, &c.: a burning love towards the

Virgin Mary and all the saints, and belief in the perpetuity of the power of miracles in the Church of Rome, were doctrines which he (Hoffbauer) powerfully impressed from the pulpit, united with a love of Jesus Christ."

In these descriptions which Dr. Wolff gives of the various classes of Catholics which he found in Vienna, either he has made several mistakes or he is but imperfectly acquainted with the Catholic religion, since he considers some Catholics distinguished by what is common to all Catholics, and throughout seems to forget that Catholics, in being Catholics, do not cease to be human beings, with various temperaments, tastes, feelings, and dispositions, and that there is therefore nothing inconsistent in Catholics who are united in the same creed, being, according to their various natural dispositions, more sensibly or strongly affected, in their reason or their feelings, some by one aspect or feature of religion, and some by another, just as men and women are led by different views and ways to the recognition of the same religious truth, and as even in looking upon the same landscape their attention will frequently be attracted by different features. That man must be strangely ignorant, both of human nature and of the whole body of religious truth, who does not recognise how the characteristic peculiarities of the former may be developed in an attentive contemplation of the latter.

Of Vienna and people there Wolff has, as usual, abundance of strange anecdotes to relate; indeed he seems to have swallowed greedily all the stories that anybody palmed off upon his credulity, whilst his certainly wonderful memory has enabled him to reproduce, and probably warm them up a little—he is in truth a good story-teller, and we dare say an entertaining companion. He assures us, for example, that Hoffbauer once related the following story of Martin Luther: "A preacher in Switzerland exclaimed in a sermon, 'My dear brethren, shall I bring forth Luther from Hell?' they exclaimed, 'Yes.' 'Well,' he cried, 'Luther.' And a voice was heard outside asking, 'What do you want?' 'Come in,' was the reply, 'and show yourself that you are in Hell.' Then Luther came in, in his old gown, roaring dreadfully, and with a kettle of sulphur upon his head, with which he made such a stench, that all the congregation ran out of the church." Again, speaking of some "pictures of holy women," Wolff says he "saw one of those pictures; it was that of a fine and

beautiful lady lying on the ground with a rosary in her hand. Her eyes were directed to heaven; but upon her body mice and rats were gnawing, and she was covered with thorns. In this state the woman *was represented to have lain thirty years on the ground.*" Wolff has probably told the anecdote until he believes it; it is *possible* that such a picture may have been painted to indicate the insensibility of a human being to pain when rapt in contemplation; but as the picture could not represent the time, most likely some wag was hoaxing poor credulous Wolff, in telling him she had lain so for thirty years. Wolff remained about two years in Vienna, studying languages, translating, &c.

One of his narratives of this period deserves to be related in his own words. "At that time in those literary circles there was a great discussion about a wonderful nun, Catherine Emmerich, in Westphalia, who bore on her body the wounds of our Lord Jesus Christ. Upon her head was the crown of thorns, and in her two sides were the wounds of Christ. The crown of thorns and these wounds were said to bleed every Friday; and it was asserted that no painter could paint them with more exactness. All the philosophers and the physicians who examined her, and the director of police, M. Garnier, had declared them to be supernatural. For, as the physicians justly observed, if these wounds had been made by art, they would become sore, which was not the case with them. She expressed herself with dignity and beauty about religion, which, as Count Stolberg justly observed, she could not have learned within the precincts of the monastery in which she lived, which was an institution chiefly for the lower orders. She said to Sophie, Countess of Stolberg, 'How happy are we to know the Lord Jesus Christ; how difficult it was to our ancestors to arrive at the knowledge of God.' She never admitted any one to see her wounds, except those who were introduced by her spiritual director and confessor, Overberg of Münster; and Wolff boldly confessed his belief in the genuineness of that miracle, for did not Paul carry about with him the marks of our Lord Jesus? That holy woman had visions, and why should such a thing be impossible?" Why, indeed? But how comes it that a person who thus expresses himself, can be "Vicar of Ile Brewers, near Taunton?" If a man only come from

Rome he seems to be allowed in the Church of England a very considerable latitude as to his belief.

In 1815 Wolff went to Tübingen, entered the Protestant University there, and "disputed with all the professors in favour of the Roman Catholic Religion. But when he stated his views on the dogmas of the Church of Rome, the unanimous opinion of the professors and students was, that his views were not those of the Church of Rome, but those of Count Stolberg and Bishop Sailer; and that though they tolerated at Rome that those views should be held by Stolberg, they would not allow Joseph Wolff to hold them when he came to Rome and entered himself a pupil at the Propaganda, which was his intention." Protestants of course expect to find the same elasticity (which is a mild term for inconsistency) in the Church of Rome to which they are accustomed in the Church of England, and are quite surprised to learn that two Catholics cannot say of that which is essential in e. g. baptism or the eucharist, "it is" and "it is not," and yet remain Catholics. This may be possible when that which is true can also be at the same time untrue, but not till then.

Wolff left Tübingen in 1816, to proceed towards Rome, and on his way at Aarau saw Madam Krudener, who "had been exiled from Basle before she came to Aarau. The moment she left the town, a dreadful thunderstorm was heard at Basle, which was declared to be a *punishment upon the city for having exiled that holy woman*. She wrote in Wolff's album *five sheets*, which were penned with an eloquence which astonished Pope Pius VII. when Wolff translated them to him. She had such influence that people knelt down, *confessed their sins, and received absolution from her*." Of what religion this extraordinary lady was Wolff does not report his opinion, but, as he mentions that "Baron d'Olry, Bavarian Ambassador at Berne, a Roman Catholic by profession, had been converted to a living faith in Christ by her preaching," it may be presumed that she did not profess to be a Catholic. Women preachers we know there are, but this is the first time we have heard of a female confessor, and we guess that none but Dr. Wolff would have ventured to introduce such a personage to the favourable notice of his English readers.

"On his road to Fribourg he met Protestant peasants, who seriously asked the Roman Catholic Friars to make

the sign of the cross upon their sick cattle, in order that they might be cured; whilst *with the same breath, they laughed at the superstition of the Roman Catholics, though they were not behind them in the same thing.*"

Of course so; it has frequently occurred to us to hear the most superstitious people sneer at Catholic superstition; we remember a large farmer, a *gentleman* farmer, a man of property, and of much influence in his neighbourhood, declare that "they might say what they liked about crossing out magpies, but one year he omitted to cross them out when he saw them, and he lost more lambs that year than he had ever done before;" and so he persevered, and does no doubt to this day, in making a cross with his finger in the air whenever he sees a magpie. Without assuming to draw out the comparison with other countries, our experience leads us to declare that there is a great deal of superstition in Protestant England.

Wolff seems, according to his own account, to have been civilly and obligingly treated at Rome, where he was allowed to enter the Propaganda. He was introduced to His Holiness Pope Pius VII., who received him with the greatest condescension; Wolff had seen him previously in the church of St. Maria Maggiore, and had been deeply impressed by the sanctity of his appearance, and now wished to kiss his feet, but he held out his hand, which Wolff kissed with great simplicity. The Pope said to him: "You are my son;" implying his affectionate interest in him; "the Propaganda is not yet restored from its confusion during my exile, but you shall go to my own seminary and hear the lectures at the Collegio Romano until order is re-established. I shall give directions for your reception." "The Pope's voice was as soft as a child's, his countenance remarkably mild, and his eyes had an habitually upward glance, though without pretension or affectation. Wolff gently and caressingly patted his Holiness on the shoulder, saying: 'I love your Holiness! Give me your blessing!' Then kneeling down he received the benediction of that holy man, of which he will always treasure the most pleasing recollection, in spite of those bigoted Protestants who declare the Pope to be Anti-christ!" Of the Collegio Romano he thus writes: "To the honour of the pupils and professors be it said that they treated Joseph Wolff with the greatest kindness and cordiality. They were young men of the highest intelligence

and talent; lively, fiery, witty, cordial Italians: among others was Count Ferretti, the present Pope Pius IX., a mild, pious, liberal-minded young man, who was well acquainted with the writings of Savonarola, and warmly recommended them to Wolff."

He gives various instances of his own rudeness and insubordination towards the superiors and lecturers, upon which he candidly remarks: "Wolff does not justify his frequent rudeness to his superiors; but one good result certainly followed from his habit of questioning the infallible authority of his teachers. His desire for studying the Holy Scriptures grew stronger, &c." The authority of teachers to which Wolff applies the obnoxious epithet of "infallible," was just that authority to which any youth more modest and less wilful than Wolff would have felt the propriety of submitting; his refusal to do so led eventually and properly to his dismissal. He appears from his own account to have attended more to the study of Oriental languages than of Divinity, and certainly everything he has written, and all that we have heard of him, would lead us to this conclusion: an Oriental linguist he doubtless is, but of either Catholicism or Protestantism he seems to have no accurate appreciation, though he was a student of the one and is a minister of the other.

The following is the testimony of Dr. Wolff to the internal conduct of the Roman Colleges. "Wolff is anxious here to have his opinion of the Roman Colleges thoroughly understood. Differing as he constantly did from both teachers and pupils in theological views," (as the foregoing anecdotes have shown,) "he must yet uphold to admiration the moral and religious training he witnessed in these establishments. Neither in the Collegio Romano nor the Propaganda, did he ever hear an indecent observation, either from priests, prefects, or pupils; nor see one single act of immorality. A strict surveillance was the system of the Collegio Romano. The prefect called the pupils every day for the rosary prayer, and closed the doors of their rooms in the evening. On his opening the door and awakening them in the morning, one of them had to recite the Litany of the Virgin Mary, and the rest to cry out *ora pro nobis*. After this they went into the private chapel and read a meditation, taken from the book of the Jesuit Segneri, which contains many good and beautiful things. But the description of Hell and Paradise there

is the same Wolff once read in a Rabbinical book, and in a Surah of the Koran. During recreation, after the first studies of the day were over, the pupils (invariably accompanied by the prefect,) walked out and visited several churches, performing a silent prayer for a few minutes in each of them. After which they went to the Porta Pia or the Quirinal, where there is always a gathering, both of the inhabitants of Rome and of visitors. There they might meet, any day, cardinals, prelates, princes, noblemen, their own friends, and strangers from foreign lands—Germans, Spaniards, English, French, even travellers from Chaldæa, Abyssinia, Jerusalem, &c. Thence they returned to the college, where, after a prayer, each pupil returned to his own room for further study. In the evening, again they assembled in the corridor of the building, where their friends in the town visited them, and they conversed freely on any matter they pleased. Then followed supper, and then, before they retired to rest, they went again to the chapel, where a portion of the Gospel, and meditations of Segneri or Rodriguez were read aloud. Such was the daily routine at the Collegio Romano, varied during vacations by expeditions into the country, and even temporary absences. And in the Propaganda, to which Wolff went afterwards, the regulations were very similar, only with this addition, that in the time of recreation letters from all parts of the world were read, giving accounts both of the progress of missionaries and of their complaints, that there should be so few labourers in the vineyard. In one of them, from one Du Burgh, then in the United States of North America, the following outpouring occurred: ‘Alas! whole districts here have embraced the Protestant religion, because there were no labourers of the Church of Rome. Prince Gallitzin has to do all the work alone as missionary, going about with the rosary and cross in one hand, and the breviary in the other, to convert the whole of America to the true faith.’ An American gentleman, Barber by name, originally belonging to the Protestant Episcopal Church there, but who had become a Roman Catholic, and was visiting the Propaganda, heard Du Burgh’s letter read, and made the observation that almost all the Protestants in the United States were very well intentioned, although, as he now thought, mistaken. To which Professor (afterwards Cardinal) Orsini remarked, ‘Wolff is right in maintaining that we ought not to say all

Protestants are lost—for multæ oves foris, multi lupi intus—there are many sheep without and many wolves within the Church.’ Every true Christian must see the value of this remark, and acknowledge the liberality which dictated it; and if the Missionary Societies of England would look at the Roman Colleges with the same candid spirit, they would see many things there which they might take as a model, with great advantage to themselves, instead of finding sweeping and indiscriminate fault because differences of religious opinion exist. The Cardinal-prefect, and the rest of the Cardinals, who are members of the Propaganda, are not mere patrons, giving their names and subscriptions, but never going near the place, nor troubling their heads about it, as is the case with patrons of English Societies, who leave everything in the hands of a few individuals. Of these, even the nominal committee knows little or nothing; and they are often retired tradesmen, or unemployed naval officers, without either knowledge or interest in the matter. In the Propaganda the patrons are workmen, and do their own work, or see for themselves that it is done. They visit the college, will attend sick pupils, cover them up in their beds, send them suitable presents, as of cakes, with twenty or thirty candles burning on them; or, in cases where amusement is necessary, will order actors, ventriloquists, and jugglers to be fetched for their entertainment; and the Pope himself does not disdain to visit among them. Surely this is a contrast to English customs, and not very much in their favour! Again, on the return of the Propaganda missionaries from places where they have been stationed, they are consulted by the assembly of Cardinals, as to what has been done, and what remains to be done, in that particular locality; instead of being, as in England, sent to a poky lodging-house in High Holborn, and submitted from time to time to the humiliation of being lectured by some long-nosed snuff-taking lady, of the so-called evangelical party, whose only care is to bid them beware of Puseyism, over-formalism, &c., whatever happens to be the religious bugbear of the day. In short, at Rome the value of a man’s work is both ascertained and acknowledged; and a missionary coming from a distant country is frequently consulted privately by a cardinal, as well as publicly by the general assembly of cardinals and monsignori—the subject of these discussions being, the necessities and result of the

mission. And, when he is sent forth again, he is not hampered with instructions from a petty committee, or even a cardinal, but he goes out as *missionarius cum omnibus facultatibus apostolicis*."

This is such a broad but clear sketch as would have enabled Hogarth to paint effective illustrations of the two systems, the one being entitled "*Roman Cardinals doing the thing*," and the other "*English Lords, Ladies, and halfpay officers playing at doing it*." If they had at Rome half of the money which is in England spent in missions, heathenism would hardly be extant in the world! Might it not be the most sensible and practical thing for the English to employ Catholic missionaries to convert the heathens to Christianity, in which of course many lives would be lost by the pioneers, and then, when the heathens had become peaceable and quiet Christians, let the English send their married and well-to-do missionaries amongst them to teach them how to get on in the world, and glean as many converts as they can from the shorn field! This would be doing *something*, it would be a sure way of making many Christians, perhaps as many Protestants as at present.

The zeal and good intentions of those who in England subscribe their money so abundantly are obvious and admirable, their sincerity we respect, though to us it always is a source of regret to see so much of human means and appliances for the extension of Christianity so utterly wasted. We must candidly confess also that we have more respect for the "*retired tradesmen and unemployed naval officers, and long-nosed snuff-taking ladies*" referred to by Dr. Wolff, who according to their lights do in their way what they can, than for the man who, having received his education, his outfit and his means of support as a missionary from them and such as them, turns upon and ridicules them, ridiculous though they be!

As to the liberality with which men of all religions are treated at Rome Wolff thus writes: "*Wolff has always thought it delightful to see Rome still the rendezvous of the most learned men in the world. So it has always been, and so it is now. Moreover, he is convinced of the liberality shown there to strangers, travellers, and savans of every sort. He cannot believe that Winkelman had any reason for committing the hypocrisy of becoming a Roman Catholic in order to make researches in the Vatican. Wolff*

himself has heard in the Café Greco, unbelievers discussing the merits of revelation with believers, perfectly unmolested."

He says in another place p. 89, "Wolff saw many fine sights while he was in Rome, for instance, the Canonization of Alfonso Maria Liguori, the founder of the Redemptorist Order, and other imposing spectacles; but nothing that ever impressed him so much as when that holy good trembling old man Pius VII., with a crown upon his head, entered the Church of St. Peter, and kneeling down at the sepulchre of the Apostle St. Peter, offered up a silent prayer amidst the dead silence of the whole crowd in the church. Then Wolff burst into tears."

The acknowledgment of his disputatious and insubordinate character and conduct is thus frankly made. "In spite of the respect which was shown him, Wolff was often very unhappy, for his continual disputes destroyed all devotional feeling and Christian meekness; and yet he could not resist engaging in them, although his best friends counselled him otherwise. The painter, Overbeck, said one day, and with much justice, 'We should bear the prejudices of other men with gentleness and humility, because we are all more or less prejudiced.' But Wolff could not see properly then. On the contrary, he argued with Overbeck, 'The Protestants of Germany believe me to be a hypocrite in entering the Roman Catholic Church; and I should be such, if I were to consent to their abuses.' Overbeck's answer to which was, 'You are not yet able to check such things as these. You must wait as Christ did, till you are thirty years of age. Nay you will surely fall into the same error, and embrace the doctrines you now abhor, if you will not hear the voice of your friends.' Nevertheless Overbeck spoke for the time in vain. But here one frank confession must be made. It may well be asked, Why did Wolff always attack the abuses and irrelevant points of the Church of Rome, when he was only a pupil in that place for a particular object? Protestants, as well as Roman Catholics, advised him not to do so. Niebuhr, Stolberg, and Cardinal Litta, as well as many others, all agreed on the point. They said, 'You, Wolff, are only a pupil; you are neither bishop nor priest; be quiet till you have heard more and have a position.' Wolff answers frankly, that although he hopes that love for divine truth has been one of his ruling motives from his youth upwards, yet his great

enemies all through life have been—vanity and ambition ; cherished and encouraged alike by injudicious friends and covert foes. He owns that during his stay at Rome, his vanity made him believe that he knew everything better than those by whom he was surrounded ; and as people told him that he was like Luther in outward appearance, he resolved, if possible, to be a Luther also in his stormy and wild career ; while, at the same time, his insatiable ambition made him wish and aim at becoming Pope, as he once openly avowed in the college. And, being then an admirer of Gregory VII., he said he wished to be like him in daring and firmness, but to do exactly the contrary to what he did, and to signalise himself by abolishing celibacy and the worship of the saints.” Which last, if he had only studied religion as much as he studied languages, he would have known there was no need to abolish, since it had no existence.

He speaks in the following terms of the advantages of a religious retreat, and of the Society of St. Vincent of Paul : “ But there is a beautiful custom at Rome, that before one enters upon a new situation or place, one goes to a retreat. Wolff went, therefore, with all the collegians of the Propaganda, to a monastery built upon Monte Citorio, of the Order of St. Vincent de Paula, inhabited by holy men, but suspected to be Jansenists. He found amongst those monks *deep and silent devotion, not the spirit of controversy*. They always rose early in the morning and went to the chapel, which was only half lighted ; and every day, on some different subject, a silent meditation was carried on. Not Segneri, but Thomas a Kempis was read ; and during dinner the life of Filippo Neri. To Wolff’s utter astonishment in the life of Filippo Neri, the cause of Savonarola was declared to have been just, and that he was put to death most unjustly by Alexander VI.” So far as to Dr. Wolff’s sentiments respecting the Pope, the Cardinals, the Propaganda, and the course of life at Rome.

We now arrive at his dismissal from the Roman College, his mode of treatment by the authorities there, and his subsequent passing over to England.

Whilst at the Propaganda, Wolff, in some way or other became acquainted with the late eccentric member for Surrey, Henry Drummond, who said to him, “ Wolff go with me to England.” Wolff replied, “ No ; I shall not stir until I am turned out ;” and in this Wolff kept his

word. He subsequently received a letter from Drummond, saying, "Wolff, come out of Babylon," and this became known to the authorities. What was Wolff's conduct at the Propaganda, and what the conduct of the professors and pupils, may be inferred from the following remarks by Wolff himself. "Wolff's stay at the Propaganda had now become very critical; yet amidst all these controversies, the pupils and professors behaved very amiably towards him." "Thus Wolff spent his days, notwithstanding all controversial quarrels, most agreeably with the Propaganda." "A circumstance happened which hastened Joseph Wolff's removal. All the pupils became discontented with the new rules given to them, and rose in open rebellion against the rector. Wolff sided with the pupils and declared the rules monkish."

The following is one specimen reported *by himself* of the unbecoming mode in which he stated his own opinions, and of the kind manner in which he was remonstrated with. "Wolff wrote to Cardinal Litta, 'the Protestants of Germany were right, the Propaganda teaches errors;' and unfortunately, Wolff added in his own name the argument used by Tragano, (in order not to compromise Tragano,) that if Christ died not for all, all need not to worship him. Next day Litta himself entered the college of the Propaganda, and went at once to Wolff's room, and sat down. Wolff attempted to kneel before him, but his Eminence told him to sit down. Cardinal Litta said, 'I have read your letter, in which there is a great deal of nonsense. First, ask any theologian you please, and he will tell you that Christ died for all is not dogma, because the Church has not so decided; and the words of Scripture therefore may mean, that he died for 'many,' (as it is said also once;) and as to your argument that if He died not for all, we need not all worship Him, it is most absurd; for we do not worship Him because He died for all, but we worship Him because He is God.' Wolff gave up the argument entirely." We own that we think it improbable that what was said by the Cardinal was intended to convey the impression which this language imports. The narrative proceeds: "At the same time Wolff received letters from Monsignore Testa, private secretary to the Pope, warning him in the most affectionate manner; telling him that a tempest was over his head, that his sentiments were disapproved by the Propaganda,

that he was in danger of being turned out. Testa wrote to Cardinal Litta at the same time, and spoke to him as well, recommending Wolff to his protection. Litta replied, 'I can no longer save him.'"

He was accordingly sent for by Cardinal Litta, and told that his sentiments and correspondence were known. (Wolff adds in a note that he had "in spite of several warnings. corresponded in a very unguarded manner with Bunsen and other German friends,") and that his opinions and manner of thinking were also known. That "he was not for the Propaganda, that his views differed from theirs, and that he must return to Vienna," and letters to Cardinal Lante, the Cardinal legate at Bologna, and to the Pope's Nuncio at Vienna, were given him.

Wolff says the gentleman who accompanied him "was a member of the Holy Office, *i. e.* the Inquisition;" however that may be, Wolff says that the gentleman treated him well, gave him tokay, lodged him in a good house, and allowed him to correspond with his friends, which he did and next morning they started off together to Vienna. After the narrative of his being thus sent back whence he came, Wolff adds, "But to do the Propaganda justice, we may be allowed to observe, that the statements of his sentiments were correctly reported, and that no injustice was done to him; for with the opinions which he entertained, many of which were totally in opposition to those taught at Rome, he certainly never was a Roman Catholic in the sense which could have justified the Propaganda in sending him out as a missionary."

Wolff tells us that on the road he opened the sealed letters which had been given him, to ascertain if they contained an order to put him in prison, or anything against him, but found himself in them "highly recommended." Still his suspicions were not removed, "he knew that his companion had other letters, and tortured himself by conjecturing that *they* possibly contained the true orders about him," so when his friend's eyes appeared closed he tried to abstract them, but the man observed, quite coolly, opening his eyes, and keeping Wolff off, "It is of no use, I'm not asleep. "*I do not intend to sleep.*" Whether he kept his word till they reached Vienna Wolff does not relate. At Bologna he delivered the opened letter to Cardinal Lante, and explained why he had opened it. "Cardinal Lante reported this to Cardinal Litta,

who wrote a very affectionate letter to Wolff on the subject, only regretting that Wolff should have had so little confidence in him as to believe him capable of treachery. And he ordered the Pope's Nuncio at Vienna to show to Wolff, on his arrival there, the private letters which had been written by the Propaganda about him, by the perusal of which Wolff perceived that they had acted throughout towards him with the kindest intentions, without treachery or dissimulation." At Vienna he was received with kindness by his old Catholic friends. "These all argued with Wolff and overpowered him by the force of their reasoning. They asked him if he knew the sad condition of those German Roman Catholics who denied the authority of the Pope;—viz., that they had become Socinians, embraced an allegorical, so called philosophical Christianity, which was true in many cases, no doubt; but still Wolff's mind was not altogether satisfied." Wolff entered various monasteries, but seems to have manifested everywhere a besetting disinclination to submit to any rule or authority.

The "flash of lightning" which was to turn Wolff from Rome to England occurred in this wise. "He was walking in the street at Lausanne, when a lady who appeared to him to be an Englishwoman, happened to be passing him. Wolff stopped her and asked her whether she was an English lady? She said, 'Yes.' Then said Wolff, 'Do you know Henry Drummond?' She replied, 'Yes,' and like a flash of lightning, she asked Wolff, 'Are you Abbé Wolff?' Wolff said, 'Yes,' and she said, 'Come with me then,' and forthwith brought him to the house of Professor Levade. She said, 'I have been looking out for you for some time; I was at Rome and heard all that happened to you there, and here is a letter I have for you. *You must go to England; Henry Drummond is waiting for you, and we shall send you at our expense to London.*" The lady's name was Greaves, of whom and of her brother, and on the subject of modern miracles, Dr. Wolff thus delivers his judgment: "She was a lady of the highest benevolence, and very active in circulating the Scriptures." But soon after Wolff left her, she was converted to "*Quietism*," (not a bad kind of conversion perhaps if taken in the primitive meaning of the word,) "as were also her brothers and sisters. Another Greaves, her brother, went to Miss Fancourt, who had been

bedridden for nine years, and was given up by all her physicians, and he said, 'In the name of Jesus Christ, arise and walk!' which she did, and was perfectly cured; and she married, and died twenty-five years afterwards, bearing children strong in body, and tender-hearted like their mother. Dr. Wolff asserts, with Maitland, the librarian to the late Archbishop of Canterbury, and with Claudius of Germany, and with Jung Stilling of Germany, that the Lord glorifies himself even in this age, by miracles; and therefore, that the miracle wrought by Mr. Greaves upon Miss Fancourt is not to be derided." Again we ask how, holding this belief, does it happen that Dr. Wolff holds also preferment in the Church of England? At Lausanne he met with an English clergyman, the Rev. Thomas Jones, "who said he should be happy to take Wolff back with him to London; an offer which was accepted." On their way Wolff called at Lyons on a priest whom he had never seen in his life before, and stared at him so that the priest evidently thought Wolff mad, and told his servant to remain in the room; they conversed however, for some time, until the priest heard enough to induce him to say, "I see the end of your career—I am sorry for you—you will become a heresiarch," a prediction which had been before made it seems to Wolff, by Cardinal della Somaglia. At Paris, they fell in with Mr. Robert Haldane, a Scotch gentleman of large fortune, who had originated a dissenting party in the Scotch Church, which went by his name, the "Haldanites," with whom, leaving Jones, he pursued his way to London, and there "went to Charing Cross, to Drummonds' bank, where he found his friend, Henry Drummond," who first set him up in (we trust not 'poky') lodgings, and then took him to his own residence. Having got *out of Rome and into England*, Wolff was now led about in search of a Church. He attended the service of the Baptists, but "there was not," he said, "the slightest reverence in that service," he wished Drummond to take him to Dr. Poynter, the Catholic Vicar Apostolic, but Drummond instead took him to another Baptist Chapel, which he liked no better. "Then another friend took him to a Methodist minister, the famous Richard Watson, who explained the views of their sect, which Wolff found to resemble, in many points, the Church of Rome in its good phases. But still this did not suit Wolff. At last Drummond said, 'I see what it is you

want, Wolff,' and took him to the Episcopal Jewish Chapel, in Palestine Place, Hackney, where the service was performed according to the rites of the Church of England. Wolff was now *enchanted with the devotion and beauty of the ritual, as performed by Mr. Hawtrey, and at once expressed himself satisfied.*" Henceforth Wolff considered himself to be a member of the Church of England, but his liberality towards other denominations was without bounds; so much so that he took the sacrament from Dr. Steinkoff, of the Lutheran Church one Sunday, and on the next from a clergyman of the Church of England. His view then was (as it is to a great degree now) "that members of the living Church of Christ, *i. e.*, those who in the last days shall compose the Church which is to be the Bride of the Lamb, are to be found among the baptized members of all denominations; whilst on the other hand, he maintains that the only divinely constituted Church is that which has preserved the Apostolical succession," which last remark reminds us of the boy in the tree sawing off the branch on which he is himself seated, since the Church of England, not having preserved the Apostolical succession, is thus declared by Wolff not to be a divinely constituted Church. Wolff got introduced in London to various linguistic celebrities of various religious denominations, but seeming especially to select those who were in any respect *peculiar*. He was then at Cambridge for two years, where he reports of himself that "everything he undertook he succeeded in learning, except shaving himself." However, he informs us that he was shaved at one time by the Rev. Charles Simeon, and at another time by the Rev. Edward Irving.

"Wolff describes his stay at Cambridge as a happy time. He was called by the members of the University, Mr. Simeon's and Professor Lee's pet. The Society of Baptist Noel and Lucius O'Brien, and Crawford, of King's College, and of Scolefield and Lamb, who was afterwards master of Bennet College, electrified him daily more and more with ardour for proceeding as a missionary to the Jews and Muhammadans in Jerusalem and other parts of the east."

Though we have quoted so much, the following tit bit ought not to be omitted. "Wolff now relates what took place one day at a public meeting of the Church Missionary Society, where Mr. Simeon, Daniel Wilson, afterwards

Bishop of Calcutta, and Gerard Noel, were speaking Simeon said, 'I have accompanied on board ship when they set forth as missionaries, men like Thomason, Claudius Buchanan, and Henry Martyn, and I hope to accompany many more such next May,' and, saying this, he danced about like a dancing dervish. Upon which Daniel Wilson ran on the platform, and said, 'If all were to leap about with the vigour of youth, as our elderly friend Mr. Simeon has done, all prejudices would soon disappear,' and then Daniel Wilson also jumped and danced about like his friend."

There seems to have been a struggle amongst the different leaders of sects and the different religious societies, which should get hold of Wolff. Henry Drummond thus writes to him at Cambridge: "I am grieved to the very heart that you should allow yourself to be kept so long by the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. What can you learn from them that you do not know already? Tell them that you must go out immediately, and if they don't send you, I will send you out at once. There is as much pride in the Church of England as there is in the Church of Rome." Wolff was staying with Lewis Way, at Stansted Park, "*in order to get more knowledge of the world*," whence he wanted to get away to go to Portsmouth to preach to the Jews. Simeon said to him, "My dear Wolff, you ought to stay a little longer, for two reasons, first, in order to acquire more experience of the inner life of a Christian; second, in order to learn how to shave yourself." He did not, however, stay for either of the two singularly assorted motives; but, after an interview with the Committee, sailed for Gibraltar on the 17th of April, 1821. Wolff, however, here interposes, "before we leave Cambridge altogether, we must survey it a little, as we have already surveyed Rome;" and as we have quoted largely from his opinions on Rome, we will copy also what he says on Cambridge. "One cannot but be struck with this fact in coming from Rome to Cambridge; Rome appears at once in all its institutions, in all its manners, as the capital of the Papal power—a power which, with all its learning and all its disasters, and in spite of the mighty schism of Martin Luther, has, nevertheless, not yielded an inch to the Protestant communion, and every one entering Rome will at once say, 'Here is the Pope; the infallible head of a Church which cannot

change,''' (which, as truth cannot change, must be the character of every true Church, whilst that Church which is "going on" changing, cannot in the very nature of things, be and continue a true Church.) "Cambridge, on the other hand, in all its institutions, in all its regulations, is the representative and mistress, not of an ultra-Protestant Church, but of a Church which has striven to retain all the good that is in the Church of Rome, and to remove Romish abuses from her, as well as the ultra-Calvinism of the Continental communities. *And the struggle is still going on.* She has certainly not yet succeeded in exterminating Antinomianism from her Church; for Wolff was horrified with the spirit of some naval officers, who had entered Catherine Hall as students, when he was there, and who, scarcely knowing even the elements of divinity, set themselves up as teachers. There was one especially, who was always flying into a passion, and would then excuse himself by saying, 'I am, after all, a child of God!'" The good Charles Simeon, on the one hand, withstood the formalism of that portion of the Church called the 'High and Dry;' and on the other hand the filthy Calvinism of some of those preaching lieutenants of the navy who have been alluded to."

Dr. Wolff accordingly set out, *he* would say on his mission, *we* should say on his travels; for the narrative of his journeys, his adventures, his sufferings, his escapes, his disputations with Rabbis at various places, how he was imposed upon here and there, and what sort of people they were whom he met with, and many surprising, and some funny anecdotes, which he has a happy knack at telling, all this seems more like a book of travels than a missionary's account of souls saved; and if he ever was animated by the ambition of emulating St. Francis Xavier in the conversion of either Jews or Gentiles, he must, we fear, now experience some disappointment in contemplating the barren result of all his zeal and his labours. God alone can give the increase; and there is perhaps no more remarkable instance of the absence of the grace of God from the work of man, than in those missions where so much money and such superabundance of material means are amply provided by the generosity of English Protestants, where the respect for English power, and, as in India, for English government, must give a preponderating influence to English missionaries, where talent, and zeal, and excel-

lent human agencies are frequently employed, where there would seem to be, humanly speaking, every reason to expect success, and yet the increase is not given.

The missionary travels of Dr. Wolff have less interest than his travels from Judaism to Christianity, from Vienna to Rome, from Rome to England, to Cambridge, and to the Church of England, and his opinions respecting what he observed, and the persons whom he met with in this singularly varied career, such as few other men have passed through. We have therefore quoted largely, perhaps some of our readers may think too largely, his observations on German Jews, and German Protestants, and German Catholics, on Rome and the course of education there, and on the dignitaries of the Catholic Church, and, lastly, on English Protestants and their missionary societies. On all these subjects we have endeavoured to give our readers the benefit of his opinions *in his own words*, sometimes, we fairly admit, because his opinions are such that we could hardly have obtained credit for stating them fairly if we had not quoted his very words. If he says little of the fruits of his missionary labours, it is probably because there was but little to say, and he has in that respect, at all events, the merit of candour. We happen, fortunately, to be able to supply the report on this subject of another traveller and keen observer, who was a friend of Wolff's, to whom Wolff acknowledges obligations, and who is a witness beyond challenge or reproach.

At p. 435 Wolff mentions that after having been robbed and hunted by pirates, he arrived in woful plight at Thessalonica, and "the first person he met there was a British officer, Lieutenant Adolph Slade, of Her Majesty's Navy, now Admiral in the Turkish Navy and Pasha; and he comforted Wolff in his distress, and advanced him money and clothing." Lieutenant Slade himself published in 1833 a couple of well-written volumes of Travels, in the second of which, at p. 452, we find the following account of Wolff and his missionary labours.

"I had been at Salonica ten days when we were all much surprised at the Consulate by a letter from Mr. Joseph Wolff, missionary to Persia and Palestine. The Reverend Gentleman stated that he was at a village, two days' distance, in consequence of having been maltreated by pirates off Cassandra Point; that he was shoeless and coatless and moneyless;—in fine wanted aid. It was, of course, immediately sent. A few hours after a large boat

arrived, containing seven cases of Bibles, and Mr. Wolff's domestic, a Cypriote Greek. The Cypriote informed us that his master had embarked in this same boat about a fortnight before at Mytilene, having resided there six weeks, preaching the Gospel—to no purpose. He had come to the island from Alexandria, where Lady Georgiana was then staying. From Mytilene they went to Tenedos on the same errand; and thence, after remaining a few days, steered southwards. They passed one night at St. Anna, a small convent at the extremity of Mount Athos, and were continuing their voyage with high spirits to Salonica, when it was interrupted by a pirate giving chase to them off Cassandra Point. Not trusting to his eloquence to convert his pursuers to a better life, or thinking that the Gospel would be thrown away on them—pearls to swine—Mr. Wolff directed his boat to be run on shore, and left her, half dressed as he was, on account of the heat, accompanied by his Arabic professor, a Maronite. Landing also, the pirates pursued them some way up the hills, firing several shots; but on finding that faith gave speed to the fugitives, they abandoned the chase, and returned to pillage the boat, from which they removed everything valuable excepting the Bibles; then beat the Cypriote, and bid him tell his master that he owed his life to his legs. We were not so much surprised that Mr. Wolff had been attacked by pirates, as that he had been able, as his letter showed, to escape the brigands who infest the promontory of Cassandra. It was like jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire. We expected him with impatience. In three days he arrived, with his feet in a woful plight from the thorns, though otherwise in good health, and undaunted by his disaster. Notwithstanding his fatigues, he commenced his labours the same day. His name was already well known to the Hebrews, and they were not remiss in flocking to hear him. The house and adjoining streets were filled. He preached assiduously two or three times a day, and *disputed hotly* with the Rabbis; taking care, however, not to eat or drink with them, for he remembered his experience of their artifices at Jerusalem. He distributed Bibles with profusion; and after some days put up in the streets a call to the Jews, showing them from the Testament that Christ was Messiah, and would come again on earth in 1847."

This it seems was included in the Gospel he was preaching.

"I have often heard this prophecy from Mr. Wolff's lips, and he has done me the favour to explain to me his calculations, from which he deduces that year in particular for the advent. They are ingenious, and the connection of them good; but no calculation from the data in the Old Testament can be relied on, because no two people can agree on the expression of those data. I have listened with delight to Mr. Wolff. He is eloquent and persuasive, with four languages—Hebrew, Italian, German, and English—in

which to clothe his thoughts gracefully ; besides having a tolerable knowledge of Arabic and Persian. But on one subject his enthusiasm rather taxes his auditor's patience, if not precisely of his opinions. He has published, and he believes in the year 1847 Christ will come in the clouds, surrounded with angels, and commence his reign in Jerusalem for one thousand years. It is difficult to listen to such expressions without regarding the speaker of them twofold, to discover if there be not something hidden under the garb of enthusiasm ; but I really believe that Mr. Wolff is sincere—deceives himself as well as others. The great foil of his character is vanity. How far this passion, if deeply probed, may be found to have acted on his judgment till he believed himself preeminently the chosen of God, I will not pretend to hint at : we forget his foibles in considering his talents and his principles : yet, without being thought uncharitable, we may be allowed to suppose that Mr. Wolff, on being enlightened by the Holy Spirit, would have done well in sitting down unostentatiously in Bavaria, endeavouring to convert his relations, before wandering to distant lands. I asked him one day, whether he would be at Jerusalem in 1847 to receive the Messiah ? 'Certainly,' he replied, 'Lady Georgiana and myself will go there for that purpose.' The call he put up excited great sensation. He was obliged to give a soldier money to prevent it from being torn down. Thousands of Jews came to read it. Some said in reply, that as the advent was only 17 years off, they would wait till then before determining their opinions. Few men are so old as not to hope for as many as 17 years more life. The whole city was upside down. Hitherto the Pasha had been silent ; but on this he sent to the Consul, and desired him to tell Mr. Wolff not to affix any more calls on the houses, inviting people to change their religion, which he considered highly improper. To make a long story short, after a fortnight's preaching and arguing Mr. Wolff desisted. He told me that, endeavouring to convert the Jews was reaping in a barren field. No one acquainted with them will be much surprised at this confession. I was less so, because I knew the opposition he had encountered from the Jews in every part of Turkey. From the Ottoman authorities he never received any serious obstacle. The intrigues of the Jews obliged him to leave Cyprus and Rhodes ; they poisoned him at Jerusalem ; they burnt the New Testaments he distributed at Adrianople ; at Arnoutkeny, a populous village on the European bank of the Bosphorus, they paraded a crucified dog in derision of him ; how they may have evinced their abhorrence of his apostacy in other places I do not know. He might well say that he reaped in a barren field ; at the same time he told me that at Constantinople he had baptized thirteen Jews, who were afterwards banished through the influence of the Rabbi ; and will probably, if not already, by means of discipline, be induced to recant.

“The Thessalonians not only would not listen to Mr. Wolff;

they libelled him by swearing to the Consul that he had offered 4000 piastres to any one who would consent to be baptized. I believe this to be false ; Mr. Wolff assured me it was. Though unsuccessful in his pursuit, none can deny Mr. Wolff great praise for the single-minded zeal that he displayed in his avocation, or can depreciate his motives, which he has shown to the world, are pure. The lavish distribution of Bibles is distressing to behold. Did the members and supporters of the Bible Society know how they go, how they are received, they would infinitely prefer giving their money to their poor countrymen. God knows it would be a more praiseworthy action. But then the patronage of appointing missionaries, Bible distributors, &c., would cease. Let us examine what becomes of these books. Bibles are given to the Turks, printed very rationally in the Turkish character—(199 of 200 cannot read). A Turk takes one of them as he would a Treatise on Fluxions, or a Life of Lord Bacon, and with about as much interest, as neither the pasha nor the muphti interferes with his possession of it, it does not gain additional value as a prohibited article : he either keeps it as a curiosity or tears it as waste paper. If Imams came to England and France, and distributed Korans in the English and French tongues, I make no doubt that the people would willingly accept them, or buy them cheap ; but I am sure that the propagation of the Mahomedan faith would not be the least advanced by this liberality, especially not being enforced by word of mouth. The Hebrews take the Bible with great pleasure, because saving them expense ; they carefully destroy the New Testaments, and place the Old Testaments in their synagogues, sneering at the donors. The Albanian Kleptcs make wadding for their guns of the leaves of the Society's Bibles, if they have no other. Vast numbers of Bibles are annually distributed or sold cheap to the Greeks ; these tell their priests, and their priests, as in duty bound, relieve them of the charge of keeping such forbidden books.

“ I must, however, add, that the missionaries do not entirely labour in vain. Converts are obtained, not many certainly ; but enough to impose on the world, chiefly from among the Syrian Christians. I will not say that any of them are gained by actual bribery, but they certainly are by promises of employment in the missionary line—promises often not fulfilled ; in consequence of which the converts are often reduced to distress. More than one Armenian bishop has embraced a Protestant faith in order to marry ; ‘ every man has his price.’ Mr. Wolff's Arabic professor, of whom I have spoken, was one of these Syrian Christians. He had been converted five years since by an American missionary at Beyrout—converted to the American's own doctrines ; what they were I know not ; I only know that the said American, with another of his countrymen in the same line, have brought the English name into great discredit with the inhabitants of Mount Lebanon and thereabouts. Having been

strongly recommended as one admirably qualified to preach the Gospel among the Arabs, Mr. Wolff took him into his service, with a liberal salary of £80 per annum. When obliged to make the precipitate retreat from his boat off Cassandra, Joseph (the convert) accompanied him. In his fear he did not forget his Syrian craft, but opening a trunk, took out his master's ready money, 4,000 piastres, and put them into his sash for his own private use. At Sicaya, Mr. Wolff wanted money very bad to repay the civility of the Aga's attendants, Joseph offered him none; indeed his master thought he had none, and did not ask him. On arriving at a convent, on their journey from Sicaya to Salonica, Joseph, tormented with the fear of brigands, lodged his money in the hands of the prior, and when he reached Salonica, requested the consul to withdraw it from him. The consul, knowing that Mr. Wolff had been in distress for money, was scandalized at this mercenary trait in the Maronite, and thought that the man who could be guilty of such meanness towards a liberal patron could not be honest. Sanctified Joseph, still feigning poverty, induced his master not only to reimburse him for the loss of apparel which he had sustained in the boat, but also to fit him out entirely anew, and pay up his arrears of salary. He insisted on these terms without delay, which put Mr. Wolff to great inconvenience on account of the exchange at the moment being unfavourable. At this unprincipled extortion I could not restrain my indignation, or from expressing it to Mr. Wolff, who was much surprised at hearing that his strongly recommended good honest Joseph was possessed of a considerable number of piastres, especially as he had reason to know that he had had none previous to the visit of the pirates—gentlemen who take rather than give. Still, judging from his own good feelings, he was inclined to think that he might have been mistaken, and that at worst Joseph was only guilty of bad faith with him, not of a crime which in England might have brought him to the gallows. I thought differently. Here, however, the affairs ceased for the present. Mr. Wolff resolved on parting with him on arriving at Smyrna, not on account of this, but on account of his ignorance of any other language than Arabic, which rendered him of little service, also from his lukewarmness in the cause of religion. He settled his own mind that Joseph should be sent to Alexandria *with strong certificates to the missionaries there*, in order to be profitably employed. I am happy to say that the rogue was unmasked in time. On our arrival at Smyrna, the Cypriote (Mr. Wolff's domestic) between whom and Joseph had been a growing coolness on the passage, quarrelled with him seriously on account of the said wrongly-appropriated piastres, and to be revenged told his master the story of the theft, of which he was an eye-witness, and which he was to have shared. The case being laid before the consul, honest Joseph was induced to disgorge great part of his dearly-beloved piastres, and was sent back to Syria in disgrace. He will probably resume his old creed, laugh at the credulity of missionaries, and lament his own

sufficient want of cunning. *The name of this man has figured more than once in the reports of the Bible Society, and been cited as an instance of the success attending the missionaries' labours."*

But even this evidence of Slade as to the uselessness and delusion of Protestant missions is capped by the following sentence of Dr. Wolff himself, "And Wolff is sorry to make here the declaration that the worst people among the Eastern natives are those who know English and have been converted to Protestantism," p. 434. Well, for a man who has devoted himself to the conversion of Eastern natives to Protestantism, this is a sorry but at the same time a candid and honest confession to make.

A few other matters had been noted by us for reference or quotation and remark, but we find we have already exceeded reasonable limits and can therefore only refer our readers to the following sentiments which from such a source may perhaps be noteworthy; his belief in miracles at present occurring has already been noticed, and instances, some of them *in his own behalf*, may be found at pages 40, 121, 203, 207, 253, 285, 362, and 382; he is of opinion not only that in baptism there is regeneration, but also "believes that the power of baptism is so great that it may even produce fruits in the souls of those unbaptized persons whose ancestors received the holy rite," p. 297; he also opines that Isaiah and the other prophets were dervishes, p. 329; his opinions in favour of tradition may be found at pages 339 and 382; indeed not only the opinions of himself, but also of those peculiarly enlightened men who were assembled at Henry Drummond's to interpret the prophets, for he says that a "result of those conferences in Albury Park has been, that people have seen the importance of revising other points which seem to have been settled by Protestants; but for which assumption there is no certain warrant from Scripture; for example, Wolff pointed out two errors of this kind at the time. First, it is an assumed maxim of the Protestants, that miracles were to cease when the Apostles died. Secondly Wolff threw out the hint that Protestants undervalued tradition too much; for, *without tradition we cannot understand the meaning of Scripture;*" and at p. 405, is strongly expressed not only by Dr. Wolff, but also by the late General Sir Charles Napier, the true sentiment that superstition is preferable to incredulity; and Wolff

adds, "I can never believe any religion to be true which can be entirely fathomed by, and made consistent with, human philosophy, because there are necessarily many things in heaven and earth which our philosophy does not dream of." At page 443, he writes:—

"It is a remarkable fact—and it must not be concealed—that, except the Armenians in Etsh-Miazin, Persia and Russia, and their enlightened brethren in Hindostan, the native Christians of Anatolia and the Turkish empire in general, where Roman Catholic missionaries have not penetrated, are ignorant, rude and uncouth, like buffaloes! Roman Catholic missionaries have carried everywhere the light of civilization."

At page 294 he makes a declaration peculiarly apposite to the present times, and which therefore it would be unpardonable to omit:—

"I shall never have confidence in the reform which is brought about by miserable revolutionists of Italy and France; and I shall always declare the outcry, *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*, to be nothing else but Tyranny, Beggary, Butchery. And all these revolutionary movements verify the words of Ezekiel xxi. 27, 'Perverted, perverted, perverted, or overturn, overturn, overturn, until He come whose right it is, and I will give it Him.' One revolution shall take place over another, and men shall strive to establish peace and happiness, but by their own efforts and without the *Author* of happiness and peace. And they shall be disappointed until the rightful possessor of the earth shall come to his own."

We fear it may be thought that we have devoted too much time and space to the autobiography of Wolff, although his experiences have been so peculiar; we have let him speak for himself about both himself and others; amid much that is ridiculous, there is much also that is candid and just; and his book leaves on us the impression that if God had been pleased to grant him the grace of *humility*, as ballast to his character, his career in life might have been altogether different.

ART. VI.—*Illustrations, Historical and Genealogical, of King James' Irish Army List* (1689) Second Edition. Enlarged. By John D'Alton, Esq., Barrister, Corresp. Memb. S. A. S. Author of 'The Prize Essay on the Ancient History &c. of Ireland,' 1830; 'History of the County of Dublin,' 1838; 'Memoirs of the Archbishops of Dublin,' 1838; 'History of Drogheda,' 1844; 'Annals of Boyle,' 1845, &c. In two Volumes, published by the Author, for the Subscribers.

THIS is a remarkable work by a remarkable man. Mr. D'Alton is well known as one of the most laborious Antiquarian writers of the present age, and although, as he says, verging upon that period of life, the dread yet hoped-for limit to man's earthly career, it is refreshing to see with what energy he labours in order to add a new page to his country's history; and to hand down to posterity the last noble efforts of his enslaved and ill-treated countrymen, on behalf of a family and king that, however worthless they showed themselves towards other countries, were not only worthless, but unjust and ungrateful towards Ireland. The work cannot fail to show, in the face of the still virulent maligners of that unhappy country, that, torn and oppressed by centuries of misrule; distracted by internecine madness; hunted by fellow Christians with a fury as unrelenting as that by which the savages of the North American Continent were chased to their doom; Ireland, ever loyal Ireland, with the spirit of the true Catholicity of ages, was not only willing to forgive and forget the wrongs of by-gone times the moment the appearance of a kindly hand was held out to her; but prepared herself, imperfectly armed as she was, to do battle on behalf of her legitimate sovereign when the hard measure of another portion of his subjects, with his "very children turned against" him, threw him friendless and moneyless upon her shores.

To this "labour of love" has Mr. D'Alton been able to bring an amount of erudition, the well deserved acquisition of many a long year of weary research; and few that have ever read his Prize Essay "on the Ancient History, Religion, Learning, Arts, and Government of Ireland from the commencement of the Christian Era to the twelfth century," will hesitate to say that no fitter man could have

stepped forward to emblazon before the world the sufferings and the virtues of ill-treated Ireland. This prize essay was published in 1830 for the Royal Irish Academy, by their printer, R. Graisberry, Dublin, filling 380 quarto pages in the first part of the 16th volume of their "Transactions;" and to it was awarded the Cunningham gold medal, with the sum of £80 that was offered for the best writer on the subject. If it was not confessedly the guide all the way in Moore's History of Ireland, down to the reign of Henry the Second, Moore laid the work largely under contribution; for ideas are not only carried out in a similar train, but many passages are written in almost the same words. In any case the perusal of it must have saved Moore a world of painstaking research, and it is in itself an evidence of unbending labour. In the "History of Drogheda" too, is Ireland indebted to Mr. D'Alton for a valuable book; and did any doubt remain as to fitness for the present undertaking, it must be removed by the perusal of the following letter, which we copy from the weekly press, from one of the best judges, if not the very best judge of the matter in hand:

"Record Tower, Dublin Castle, 14th Sept. 1860.

"My dear Friend,

"Your grand work reached me three hours ago, and I have been ever since deep in its learned and interesting pages. Allow me to congratulate you on your completion of this national undertaking, which will be referred to by all writers on Irish History in years to come, when you and I have long been at rest. The book is a fund of genealogical facts, which could not be got elsewhere; and is besides an admirable narrative of an important chapter in Ireland's annals. I rejoice that, despite of all difficulties, you had energy to go through with your task.

"Your sincere and devoted friend,

"J. Bernard Burke,
Ulster."

J. D'Alton, Esq.

The extensive scope of the undertaking must have demanded researches as varied; and hours of tedious investigation must have been given to subjects which it cost but a dip of ink to commit to paper.

The annals of the most ancient families of Ireland are, like those of other countries, derivable from Bardic legends and the native chronicles, which should not be slighted; and happily we live in an age when every day exhumes an Irish record which the liberality of public feeling is now

investing with the permanence of print. Our author has availed himself largely of these treasures, embodying them without bias or religious prejudice. He brings upon the stage to a living audience the scenes of former days, shows forth the actions of those who lived before us, of those who flourished in the nation in which we are living, and trod the path we are unconsciously travelling every day; and he raises, as from consecrated earth, the manner in which they spoke and acted. The work has been looked forward to from the date of its first announcement not only with very great national, but Continental and American, interest; and copies, as we see, have been secured for the Royal Library at Windsor; for the noble-hearted Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; for the Universities of Cambridge and of Dublin; for the Society of Antiquaries of Edinburgh; as well as for a long list of the nobility, bishops, clergy, and gentry of Ireland; while no less than thirty copies were bespoken for Montreal alone, and many we notice marked down for Boston.

It is of deep importance to expound the causes and consequences of the transmission of property, the creations and extinctions of heraldic honours, the rise and fall of families, the profiles of illustrious houses in the days and the homes of their fame. These causes included the oppressions of early English misrule, and the long continued action and reaction of oppression and resistance—the mask of religion assumed to excite feelings of diabolical hostility,—the Lords of the Pale up to the time of James the First fomenting and fostering Irish disunion;—Cromwell's adventurers let loose upon the country! But let the author speak.

“The Civil war that commenced in Ireland in 1689, and whose discomfited partizans, their broken fortunes and attainted families, the ensuing pages are designed to record, originated in bitter feelings, generated a century and a half previously, when the relentless arm of one, whom history has truly delineated a Royal Despot, sought to enforce the religion of the Reformation upon that reluctant country. Happily, it is not necessary or fitting here to enter into unwelcome controversy; enough to rely upon the facts of history, and confidently to assert that in Ireland, legislative persecution was pre-eminently directed to such an object. The declaration of the King's Supremacy, the abolition of appeals to Rome, the vesting in the Crown of the appointment to ecclesiastical preferments, not only in the instance of bishoprics, but of those abbeys, priories,

and colleges, which were of exclusive Roman Catholic endowment; the suppression of their principal religious establishments on delusive surrenders, the confiscation of their revenues and possessions, their diversion to lay uses, or what was yet more bitterly felt, their appropriation to the aggrandizement and maintenance of the new, by law established Church, created feelings of hostility to the English government, that the progress of time but increased.

"On Queen Mary's accession her parliament suspended the action of these penal inflictions,—Queen Elizabeth restored them with the superadded terrors of the Act of Uniformity; and although this last autocratic effort of bigotry was, it may be said, allowed to sleep during her reign, yet, in the times of her successors, it was startled into vigorous operation. The policy of James the First devised, in 1613, a new and more temporal grievance for the Irish people;—that Commission of Grace as it was styled, which abolished the old tenures of immemorial use, tanistry and gravel-kind. The uncertain exactions, theretofore imposed upon the tenantry, were, it is true, thereby altered into certain annual rents and free holdings, a change that would at first sight appear beneficial to the people; but when it is understood that these Irish tenures gave occupants only a life estate in their lands, and that while these were suffered to exist, no benefit whatever could accrue to the Crown on attainders;—the new patents, which this commission, as on defective titles, invited the proprietors to take out, gave the fee to the king, the old being for ever surrendered; and thus were they obvious and powerful securities, that, on any act of constructive treason, the whole interest might be absorbed from the native tanists. At the same time fell upon the native Irish Catholic population, what the Protestant Bishop of Leighlin and Ferns, in his official return of 1612 designated, 'the payment of double tithes and offerings, the one paid by them to us, and the other unto their own clergy.'

"In 1626, in the pecuniary exigencies of the exchequer, King Charles was induced to proffer new 'Graces' as a consideration for liberal advances of money from the Irish Roman Catholics. By this device it was provided that the taking of the oath of Supremacy should be dispensed with, and ecclesiastical exactions be modified; privileges which the Deputy Lord Falkland caused to be proclaimed over the country. His successor, the unfortunate Lord Strafford, however, having recommended their retrenchment, the King's intentions were in point of fact superseded; and, while the Catholic Members who sat in the Parliament of 1640, relying on their fulfilment, joined in voting the large supplies required, the King's letter and the order for levying those subsidies contained no recognition of the promised graces. That Parliament adjourned on the 7th August, 1641, and it is not to be wondered, that the native Irish and the whole Catholic population were thereupon too nationally excited to an assertion in arms of privileges, their King had pro-

mised—had actually *fated*—but which his Irish viceroy refused to effectuate. They saw that King overruled; they felt that their altars were denounced, their homes invaded, and their titles confounded by alleged defects and deceitful commissions. Is it then to be wondered at, that the ensuing 21st of October witnessed the outbreak of such a national resistance, as bequeathed an inheritance of jealousy and disunion to Ireland from that day?"—Vol. I. pp. 1, 2, 3.

Any analytical review of this work would be a matter of great difficulty, for it is all but a history of the different Irish families, as well of the original races as of those of Anglo-Irish descent. Of these Mr. D'Alton takes each in its turn, traces it through its but too often melancholy vicissitudes, bringing us at last to that period where the long expiring flames of many were quenched for ever in the havoc of the revolution of 1688, and where those of others were only carried away to find in foreign lands a more congenial soil than that which gave them birth, and where fostering care again renewed the flames to shine forth at the present day, "the first in battle's stern array." Among the noblest of the chivalry of many a foreign court, we find the MacMahon and O'Neill of France; the De Burgh, the O'Donnell, O'Reilly, O'Brady, Kavanagh, Nugent, &c., of Spain, Austria, and Sardinia.

"King James' Army List" first appeared in 1855, in one large volume, and was then remarkably well got up, was well supported, and is long since out of print. The present Work forms a superb edition, and reflects the greatest credit on the Dublin press. It does not, as the author premises, "aspire to be a History of the Revolution in Ireland," but simply preserves "in print brief annals of the particular *officers* commissioned on the ARMY LIST; their individual achievements in the war, and those of the survivors, and of some of their descendants in the lands of their expatriation, together with such collateral notices of the respective surnames and families as historic retrospects may have recommended for selection." (Pref. xv.) We regret to find that the "compilation was too Irish (would that a better feeling were to be found,) to induce a publisher in the sister country" to take charge of it.

"The author expresses his "regret that an unaccountable apathy 'tabooed' all family documents from his inspection, and ancient *existing* diaries, journals and correspondence, were wilfully withheld from him in Ire-

land; while the chiefs of English and Scotch houses, of which respectively many of the officers on this Army List were members, declined answering his genealogical enquiries, as if they were desirous to repudiate any connection of their ancestors with the crownless James." He however notices the Marquis of Abercorn as a noble exception to this ungenerous conduct, in furnishing him with an invaluable genealogical manuscript, as well as with a copy of the *Negociations of Comte D'Avaux*," whom Louis XIV, on kindly receiving James II, at the court at Versailles, and earnestly espousing his cause, sent as ambassador extraordinary to accompany his "Britannic Majesty" to Ireland. Louis most felicitously suggested that, the said Seigneur D'Avaux will employ all his address to reconcile Protestants and Catholics, so that the former may be persuaded that the others are very far from seeking to commit any violence upon them, and that the king, their master, will always treat them with the same kindness and good feeling, without any religious bias, and that he will make no distinction, except in favour of those who will serve him best.' (*Negociations* pp. 1, 2.) Would to heaven that the rulers of Ireland had acted in such a spirit towards the Catholics!

The "days of chivalry" must indeed be "gone" when the highborn of England, Ireland and Scotland give the go-bye to the memory of those ancestors who gloriously fought on the side which they considered right, and who, were it only for the fact of having espoused a losing cause, deserve more sympathy and admiration from that fact alone. It is from the descendants of such men that we should expect more unswerving loyalty, more enthusiastic devotion to the reigning dynasty, than from the descendants of those whose meaner instincts made them leave the "falling house." There can be but little doubt it must have been with something of a feeling like this that Sir Walter Scott, "at the close of his life, when he visited Rome, viewed the houses once occupied by the dethroned Stuarts, and that their tombs in that city were objects of peculiar interest in his eyes." And it must have been with a similar feeling of sympathy for the unfortunate—that true characteristic of noble minds,—“that our gracious Queen has visited, as in pilgrimage, the halls and rooms where the last of that dynasty, nearly a century and a half before, endeavoured to uphold the shadow of a court. The

truly royal lady that now hallows the throne that once was his, exulted not in the destiny that secured her succession, but sympathized with the fallen fortunes of the prince who died there a prisoner.... . That the Prince of Wales, it is understood, made himself acquainted with many of the scenes of the unhappy war, whose defeated partisans are the subjects of these *Illustrations*; while Prince Alfred, amidst the trying appeals of popular plaudits and youthful relaxation, was fain to turn aside to look upon the room where he was led to believe king James passed his last night in Ireland." (Pref. p. xix.)

The author alludes to his manuscript collections which must in themselves have been a herculean labour, and it would be a pity and almost a national disgrace, if through the chances and accidents of life such a collection should be divided, scattered, and lost to the country. They are all open to inspection, and might be valued separately or as a whole. "They are all *indexed* and *classified* in prefatory pages to his *Annals of Boyle*." Here comes the goodly list.

"Three volumes of Indexes, *small quarto*, detailing references and authorities for illustrating upwards of 2,500 surnames, alphabetically arranged." "Nine volumes of Indexes, *octavo*, affording similar references in aid of the history of Irish localities; directing the enquirer to the historic associations, legal records, and statistics of every province, county, barony, and parish of Ireland, every city, borough, castle, town, lake, river, &c., and all details thereof are so alphabetted and arranged that, in a successive investigation from the particular locality to the parish, the barony, the county, the province, no repetitions waste the time of the enquirer."

"One thick volume, *Genealogia Generalis*, thick *octavo*, containing directions and aids in searches in family Pedigrees chronologically, from the earliest periods. This digest classifies the materials for its object and the authorities by periods, as under the reigns of successive sovereigns of England from the Conqueror to the present day, with especial attention to the attainders and forfeitures incurred in the civil wars of Ireland. This portion of the volume is followed by distinct classifications of collections for more peculiarly provincial pedigrees of Leinster, Munster, Ulster, and Connaught; then of Scotch and Welsh pedigrees; and, lastly, of those of English descent through each respective county of England."

"Eleven volumes *octavo*, giving extracts from MSS. of rare access as those of Trinity College, the Royal Dublin Society, Primate Marsh, the Surveyor-General's Office, the British Museum, the First Fruits Office, the Hanaper, the Rolls, Bermingham Tower, the King's Inns, the Registry Office, and the Tower of London.

"*Sixty-eight* volumes *octavo*, containing compilations of annals, records, and events, with reference to authorities, chronologically arranged for *distinct* histories of the several counties of Ireland, through their respective baronies, parishes and leading localities, with notes of excursions in some.

"*Two* volumes *octavo*. The first containing complete materials of chronological reference for a History of the Archbishops of Armagh, from the earliest period to the present day; the second a similar collection for Memoirs of the Bishops of Meath. With three other volumes of Diocesan Digests.

"*Thirty-three* volumes *quarto and octavo*, containing chronological notices of Families of Ireland, as well those of the native sept, as of the Anglo-Norman introduction.

"*One* volume *large folio* comprising a full list of all the outlawries that issued from the King's Bench in Ireland, for 'treasons,' from 1640 to 1698, alphabetically arranged in columns, under the respective heads of 'Parties' names', 'places of residence,' 'dates of inquisition,' and 'places where held'.

"*Twenty* volumes Miscellaneous Essays, Excursions to England, Wales, Ireland, &c.

"*Two* volumes Copies of Sundry Charters, Patents, &c."

In noticing a work like the present, however painful the retrospect, it will be necessary to allude cursorily to the conduct of England towards Ireland for many a weary century. That this is an unprofitable task we need scarcely premise; because the same unworthy spirit which in times of comparative ignorance prevailed, and which, a short time since, we had hoped all had learnt to deplore, is still, unhappily for England as well as Ireland, as rampant as ever. A mass of ribald abuse and virulence is daily poured out from, almost without exception, every English paper, whose stereotyped "leader" periodically appears against the country, the religion, the capabilities and the habits of Irishmen. A nation with still many and grievous wrongs; whose assizes show them almost without a crime; the conduct of whose women might be put up as a standard of virtue to the world; whose sons have but lately shown in their devoted and uncalculating adherence to the wronged and unoffending head of the church an example worthy the palmyest days of chivalry; and lastly that church and its ministers, to whom they owe these good things, are assailed in language that puts to the blush all good manners, and are stigmatized as if they were the most worthless of creation. This, too, from the press of a country where crime of every denomination unhappily prevails to the

greatest extent, and in many parts of which the primary tenets of Christianity are, as Government Protestant statistics assure us, so little known—nay, even the name of the Saviour of mankind has not been heard of—as almost to leave infidelity an heir-loom in families, and indigenous in localities. Yet credit where credit is due; for we had the consolation the other day to see one paper at least, the “John Bull,” take roundly to task, as if ashamed to belong to it, the press which in its anxiety to insult the Irish, has given a wound to the entire kingdom.

We might have hoped that a generous press would have spared us the taunts of “savages,” mercenaries, &c., &c., when they recollected how much the soldiers of Ireland had contributed to the glories of the Nation. The nature of our subject might have well warranted us in taking this occasion to protest against the injustice which has recently been done to the Irish Brigade in Italy; but we must forbear; and we do so the more readily because of our conviction that it cannot be long before the truth will force itself upon the people of England.*

Those who read the following facts, must agree that in the history of the whole Christian world no tyranny was ever equal in kind, form or degree, to that of England towards Ireland. Let them ponder well upon the inexpediency of stirring up disaffection and fostering agitation amongst Continental nations, whose sins of omission or commission towards their subjects, are not for one moment to be compared with the grinding tyranny which our history exhibits. The long, melancholy, and ever to be deplored imprisonments of Continental nations, let it not be forgotten, were but too often the result of a dislike to capital punishments; and that similar or far less weighty crimes would formerly have been visited in Ireland by confiscation and death, with their concomitants of *hanging, drawing, and quartering*.[?] The reader may at the same

* Since writing the above we have received ^{*}Lamoricière's report of the capture of Spoleto. As far as regards Irishmen it is complete. With characteristic consistency, in the suppression of truth, the “Times” does not give it.

“At last on the 17th, one of the columns which had marched upon Umbria, commanded by General Brignone, attacked La Rocca de Spoleto. I could only spare for its defence two old iron guns, with bad carriages. The enemy was in great force and well supplied

time give a passing thought to the grand moral attitude of that nation which, while declaring "non interference," supplies from the deep recesses of its well-filled money-bags munitions of war to the buccaneer chief and his not over-scrupulous master. While a jocund premier, and his subordinates pledge themselves in the face of the world to a system of neutrality and to the doctrine that every country has a right to choose its own rulers, some of their wives are acting on committees formed to collect money for *one* of the belligerent parties; and the people whose ministers these are, follow this example and add men to the money. Such is non-interference, and such is the despicable attitude of bible-reading and "truth-loving" (!) England—"willing to wound but yet afraid to strike." She will not pistol the head of the Neapolitan king it is true, but she will buy the pistol, load it, and give it with her blessing to any one who "volunteers" to

with artillery. Major O'Reilly defended himself gallantly with his Irishmen, and repulsed an attack, in which the enemy had serious losses. Towards evening the Piedmontese riflemen approached, and all appearances indicated during the night a second assault, with considerable forces. One of the two guns was disabled, and the carriage of the second was much damaged. After twelve hours fighting Major O'Reilly asked to capitulate. His men were extremely fatigued, and he found he could not depend on his reserve, composed of recruits and detachments of various corps. He estimates the enemy's loss at 100 killed and nearly 800 wounded. As for his part he had but three killed and six wounded." In speaking of the capitulation, after three hours' fighting, of the citadel of Perugia he says, "An Irish Company (the only one there) with the bulk of the battalion of the 2nd regiment of the line ALONE displayed a determination to do their duty."

After this he says :—"There were at Castel-fidardo 100 Irishmen brought from Spoleto, who, having neither knapsacks nor cartouche boxes, had been put at the disposal of the artillery. The first farmhouse, though warmly defended, was taken; a hundred prisoners, including an officer, were made there; two pieces were soon brought to the bottom of the slope to protect against a probable new attack, the position we had carried, and two mortars under Lieutenant Daudier, were brought under a most lively fire to the front of the house, with the help of the Irish. These brave soldiers, after having accomplished the task they were charged with, joined the riflemen, and, during the rest of the battle, distinguished themselves among them."

do so ! Noble attitude ! chivalrous enemy ! When it is further added that all this proceeds not in reality from a love of liberty, but from a blind, headlong hatred of Catholicity, once the pride and glory of the land, which it enriched with noble and lasting temples to the Almighty, the picture is complete. A wicked determination to influence the nations of the Continent in throwing off like themselves the pure light and consoling doctrines of Catholicism, until like themselves they are left on the deep and dark sea that leads to eternity, confessedly without pilot or rudder, is the ruling influence of English sympathy at present. It is not enough to act the part of the prodigal son in disobedience : to cover that homestead from which they have emerged, with obloquy, is the further virtue of the modern religious prodigal. The most stringent protest that we can present against the impolicy and baseness of the system which we have denounced will be found in a reference to those dealings of our ancestors which led to the alienation of the heart of Ireland from the British Rule, and which, on the modern theory, would of necessity have led to the absolute severance of the two countries.

The elopement of the wife of an Irish prince, with Dermot McMurrrough, King of Leinster, brought consequences that caused that traitor to his country to seek the aid of England. This was given in 1172 ; and for centuries the English dominion extended over a very small portion of Ireland. Indeed it was not till towards the end of Elizabeth's reign that it became general, and it was finally established only during the time of the First James. Yet, with a grant consequent upon this invitation of McMurrrough's, of not a third of the country, the English proceeded after a very brief sojourn, and without even the plea of conquest, to cantonize Ireland. This was done by Henry II. amongst ten powerful English families, viz., Earl Strongbow, Robert Fitz-Stephens Miles de Cogan, Philip Bruce, Hugh de Lacy, John de Courcy, William Fitz-Adelm de Burgh, Thomas de Clare, Otho de Grandison, and Robert le Poer. Although these had not gained possession of a third of Ireland, "yet in title," says Sir John Davis, "were they owners and lords of all, so as nothing was left to be granted to the natives." And therefore we do not find any record for the space of 300 years after these adventurers first arrived in Ireland, that any Irish lord obtained a grant of

his country from the Crown, but only the King of Thomond, who had a grant, and this only during King Henry the Third's minority; and Roderick O'Connor, King of Connaught, to whom King Henry II., before this distribution was made, did grant "that he should be made king under him, and keep his kingdom of Connaught in the same good and peaceable state in which he kept it before his invasion of Ireland." Without conquest the land was taken from the Irish, who further were denied all benefit of the English law for property or life! Strange even, that while the Irish were thus treated, the Danes, who still held a footing in the land, and chiefly in Dublin, Wexford, and Waterford, in which latter place Strongbow landed, were allowed this benefit. This favour to the Danes, refused to the natives, may be accounted for by the fact that being a colony of Norwegians and Livonians, they were thus countrymen of the Norman invaders, and so considered worthy of favours denied to the luckless Aborigines. Besides they were nominally converted to Christianity by their Norman brethren, and indeed the conquest of England by William the Conqueror was hailed by the Irish Danes as a triumph. These privileges were earnestly sought for by the Irish for two centuries at least after the first arrival of Henry the Second, and the impolitic and tyrannical denial of them was attended with the inevitable consequences of border warfare and protracted enmity.

Five families only, amongst the Irish, called those of the "five bloods," were considered worthy by their generous conquerors to enjoy these privileges. These were the O'Niels of Ulster, O'Melachlins of Meath, the O'Connors of Connaught, the O'Briens of Thomond, and the MacMurrongs of Leinster. All the rest were shut out from protection, rendered incapable of suing as plaintiffs in courts of justice, and were treated, not as subjects just conquered, but as "enemies, and altogether out of the protection of the law; so as it was no capital offence to kill them." To show even how completely the English were determined to keep them out of the protection of the law, the disobedient of English descent were always called "rebels," while those of Irish origin were called "enemies." It was not until the reign of Elizabeth that the "mere Irish" were honoured by being called, like the Irish of English descent, "*rebels*;" but much no doubt

has been done in order to make up for the omission, by the repetition of the denomination up to the present time. The English were forbidden, under heavy penalties, to intermarry with the Irish, or to have trade or commerce with them. Yes, even to the time of Henry the Eighth, the pure father of the pure Reformation, intermarriage was not allowed unless under certain circumstances.

Nearly 300 years after the invasion it was enacted that if any were found robbing by day or night, "or going or coming to rob," (!!) unless in company with some respectable person in English apparel, that it was lawful to kill them and *cut off their heads!* and as if it were the heads of wolves that were spoken of, a certain amount was allowed to be levied by the bringer of the said head and his "ayders." A system like this, with oppressions of every conceivable description, was the one which the English Parliament of the Pale thought proper to adopt towards Ireland. The object was avowed; to root out the inhabitants or destroy them in the land; and famines were absolutely insured that this effect might take place. Thus for the sake of a few great families did the English people endeavour to sacrifice an entire nation.

Nearly four centuries elapsed from the beginning of English rule before the benefit of English laws was conferred on the Irish, although long and earnestly desired, and the denial of this benefit rendered them liable to be persecuted and even murdered, without redress, by any Englishman. They could not hold "converse or commerce" with the English, "or enter a town without peril of their lives!" O England, champion of liberty on the Continent, can these things be said of you? Alas, yes, and more, much more.

The Christian massacres in Syria the other day were not outdone by some perpetrated on the Irish; and if before the "Reformation" they were chastised with "whips," they were afterwards beaten with "scorpions." When in 1579 a garrison in Kerry surrendered on "mercy" to Lord Deputy Gray, they were disarmed, and an English company being sent into the fort, under Sir Walter Raleigh the unfortunate people were butchered in cold blood; and about the same time, on the conclusion of a peace, the chiefs, with a great number of their retainers, were invited by the Earl of Essex to an entertainment which lasted three days, when the chief guest, O'Niel, and his rela-

tions, were arrested, and his friends put to the sword before his face, the women and children being included. The unfortunate chief himself, together with his brother and wife, on being afterwards sent to Dublin, were cut in quarters. Shortly after this the Irish of two counties were invited to settle terms of a treaty, being previously assured of safe keeping, and on meeting they were surrounded with English troops and butchered on the spot. In Elizabeth's reign it was a thing so common to destroy the ornaments and defile the altars of Catholic churches, that the impression generally produced was "that the new system of religion sanctioned sacrilege and robbery." There, too, in a country where the doctrines of the Reformation never took kindly, abbots and priests were hanged and quartered for the offence of having said Mass; and friars in great numbers were slain in their very monasteries. The *torture* in its worst form was used, as in the case of the Archbishop of Cashel, whose legs were immersed in jack boots filled with quick lime, watered, until they were burnt to the bone in order to force him to take the oath of supremacy, "and who was then, with other circumstances of barbarity, executed on the gallows." "It was a usual thing," adds Bishop Milner, "to beat with stones the shorn heads of their clergy, till their brains gushed out!" In strange contrast with these things, is the fact, well authenticated by Protestant testimony, that the Irish Catholics, when in power, never retaliated, but often saved their persecutors. Thousands of instances could be adduced, and these exclusively upon the testimony of Protestant historians, where the most shocking cruelty was enacted towards the unfortunate people; where scenes of heartless barbarity were indeed the rule; and where, without even the mockery of a trial, capital punishments took place. Yea, after pardon for offences, *secret commissions* have been granted to kill the unhappy men under pardon. No pen can describe, few imaginations can realize the cruel tyranny exercised by England towards the natives of Ireland.

Even the common law of the land was set aside, and men in times of peace were tried by martial law and executed, and to such a state were things brought in Elizabeth's reign, that she was assured that, owing to the inhumanity of Lord Deputy Gray, little was left in Ireland to reign over but "ashes and carcasses." "Every inconsi-

derable party," says the Protestant clergyman, Dr. Leland, "who, under the pretence of loyalty, had power to repel the adversary in some particular district, became pestilent enemies of the inhabitants. Their properties, their lives, the chastity of their families were all exposed to barbarians who sought to glut their brutal passions; and by their horrible excesses purchased the curse of God and man." Other authors concur with Leland, (the Royal Antiquary of England), in describing that system which induced the governors of Ireland to have those considered as aliens, whose estates they coveted, and in showing that in later times the natives of English descent, some of whom loved Ireland with a love almost superior to that of the native Irish, and who were represented as "*Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores*," were treated by Irish viceroys with as much inhumanity and injustice as were the "mere Irish" themselves. This was but too fully exemplified in the melancholy case of Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, who, on the assurance by the Lord Deputy of pardon, repaired into England, whither his five uncles, three of whom were manacled at a feast to which they were invited by the same vile governor, were sent also. Three of those uncles, to the utmost of their power, opposed Lord Thomas' resistance to the English government, yet all six, these men of high lineage and noble blood, were taken to Tyburn and there "hanged, drawn, and quartered," to the consternation of Europe. It need only be further mentioned that this inviting to feasts and there killing in cold blood, was but too often acted on. "The annals and achievements," says the author, "of this noble and historic name, are emblazoned in the history not only of Ireland, but of every civilized country in the world."

After the tragic death of the "great Earl of Desmond" in 1583, the confiscation of his estates amounted to at least 570,000 acres. Then also, "and after the entire suppression of the rebellion, unheard-of cruelties were committed on the provincials of Munster. Great companies of these, men, women, and children, were often forced into castles and other houses, which were then set on fire. And if any of them attempted to escape from the flames they were shot or stabbed by the soldiers who guarded them. It was a diversion for these monsters to take up infants on the point of their spears, and whirl them about in their agony. Many of the women were found hanging on trees, with their

children at their breasts, strangled with their mother's hair."—Curry. "And all the people that they met with," says Hollinshed, "they did without mercy put to the sword. The soldiers likewise in the camp were so hot upon the spur, and so eager upon the vile rebels, that that day they spared neither man, woman, or child, but all was committed to the sword." "The attainders in 1642 present no less than sixty inquisitions on Fitz-Geralds. This name is most abundantly displayed over the present List, as in the Horse of Nicholas Purcell, Sir Neill O'Neill, Colonel Robert Clifford, Lord Galmoy, and Sarsfield; in Lord Dongan's, and Colonel Francis Carroll's Dragoons, in the King's own Regiment of Infantry, and in nine other infantry regiments." Sir John Fitz-Gerald, the Colonel of the regiment of infantry called Fitz-Gerald's Infantry, had suffered under the machinations of the Whigs in the reign of Charles II. He with great bravery opposed De Ginkell's advance on Athlone; and on the retirement of the Irish army to France, he was made colonel, of what was there and then styled "the Regiment of Limerick." He acquired glorious renown in various engagements in Normandy, Germany, and Italy, and fell at Oudenard in 1698.

Here it may be proper to dwell upon the fact that the first invaders of Ireland, under Henry II., were all men of high families and Norman blood, and that with the generosity of such, they generally, or at least, finally espoused, as all men should, heart and soul, the cause of their adopted land, so far at least as the spirit of selfishness and acquisitiveness common to human nature would let them; while the planters under James, generally from the commoner sort, and of another religion, never turned with love to the country where their interests were concerned; and those of later importation, the gloomy and revengeful Calvinists and Presbyterians of Cromwell, seem scarcely less ruthless than their sanguinary leader, towards the people amongst whom they lived, and the land of which they were natives. This is shown in the proceedings of one of the greatest curses of the nation, the orange association, which, whether intent upon shedding the blood of its fellow countrymen, and so destroying their country's chance of prosperity; combining to shut out from the throne the legitimate sovereign of the realm; or still later insulting the son of that sovereign, and the heir apparent of the kingdom, is still

ever the same; unpatriotic, brutal, disloyal and unreasonable. Sir Robert Peel, sick "usque ad nauseam" of them, called them a set of vagabonds, and Sir Robert knew them. What the Duke of Newcastle may denominate them remains to be seen.

The diabolical system of insuring famine by preventing the inhabitants tilling their land, by destroying their crops and cattle, and mercilessly slaughtering all that came in their way, men, women, and children, belongs, we believe, to the annals of no other two Christian countries than those of England and Ireland. Even the refined mind of the poet Spenser did not revolt from carnage and starvation, but rather recommended the latter as a sure means of subjecting the natives,—breaking their spirit and obliging them to "devoure one another!" How few are aware that while Spenser was actually giving that horrible counsel, to force the inhabitants to such a pitch that they should be driven to eat one another, he was then imbibing the inspirations of his "Faerie Queene" and the imagery of his poem, on the pleasant banks of the Blackwater! Even he acknowledges their bravery, and says they were as soldiers, "valiant and hardy, for the most part great endurers of cold, labour, hunger, and all hardnesse; very active and strong of hand, very swift of foot, very vigilant and circumspect in their enterprizes, very present in perils, and very great scornors of death. When the Irishman cometh to experience of service abroad, or is put to a piece (musket) or a pike, he maketh as worthy a soldier as any nation he meeteth with." He adds what he heard from great warriors who served in foreign countries, that they "never saw a more comely man than the Irishman, nor one that cometh on more bravely to his charge." Unsparing truly were the means employed. Even in oppositions that were fostered and forced upon the people, no lenity was shown. In such cases cattle of all kinds were taken, the country burnt and destroyed, and the people put to the sword without mercy. Often when the large ransoms offered by prisoners *were brought to the camp*, these unfortunate prisoners were hanged. But too frequently when the milch cows, and every edible thing were snatched from them, did the poor people, in their distress "offer themselves, their wives and children, rather to be slaine by the army, than to suffer the famine wherewith they were now pinched." To such a state of

horrible misery did this inhuman government drive the people, that, as Hollingshead says, further on, in which he is confirmed by a flood of Protestant writers, they were forced not only to eat horses, dogs, and dead carrion, but also to devour the carcasses of dead men. Children were driven to feed upon their dead mothers, and women to feed upon children. To such a length had the land been depopulated by merciless butcheries, that for six score miles, man, woman, or child, was not to be met.

By means such as these, carried to a most fearful extent, was Ireland finally subjugated under Protestant sway. The cursed feelings which then prevailed, exist in the minds of many of the writers in our daily press; no treatment was too hard, no calumny too bad for the unhappy Irish; and thus did a false and short-sighted policy, make Ireland then the weak point of England. Should she ever, which God forbid, resume such cruel and dishonest policy, Ireland will become the most vulnerable point of England's shield. For it was thus, as Attorney General, Sir John Davis remarked that the Queen's army, under Mountjoy, destroyed the Irish chiefs, "and brayed the multitude as in a mortar, with sword, famine, and pestilence." And yet it is of these people that the same author asserts that "there is no nation under the sun that doth love equal and indifferent justice better than the Irish, or will rest better satisfied with the execution thereof, although it be against themselves." And one might fancy that he had been speaking of the present time in the following passage, "I dare affirm that in the space of five years last past, there have not been found so many malefactors worthy of death, in all the six circuits of this realm, which is now divided into thirty-two shires at large, as in one circuit of six shires, namely, the western circuit, in England! For the truth is, that in time of peace, the Irish are more fearful to offend the law than the English, or any other nation whatsoever."

It is not to be wondered at that a people whom it was attempted to destroy, root and branch, in their native land, whose property was then taken and whose very name was rendered a bye-word to the nations—and all through the unrelenting and unchristian enmity of England—should never, while the same persecutions continued, have felt a love or respect for a country so vindictive. If indeed some apostle of charity should arise and preach a crusade

amongst his countrymen against that spirit of tyranny which has rendered England so notorious throughout the world for her conduct in regard to Ireland, how very much more noble would such an apostle appear, than any of the bigoted fanatics who are to be found in every corner of the metropolis of the kingdom, haranguing to willing dupes about the "man of sin;" "the number of the beast;" "the city on the seven hills;" with all the other clap-traps with which they gull their gaping audiences. Most earnestly do we deplore the, we fear, increasing tendency of no small or uninfluential portion of the public mind to fan and rekindle the flames of hatred towards the Irish; and force them to recall to mind how different would be the conduct of England if all her citizens really felt ashamed of that part of her history which proves, beyond a doubt, that her own conduct within—we will not say centuries—but years, would have justified one hundred-fold the spirit of resistance to her rule, of which England is now the avowed protector throughout the world. Absit omen! and may the conduct of our rulers create and foster reciprocal feelings which will render all portions of this one kingdom so kind and so lenient towards each other, as to secure, in a full interchange of feelings, the safety and happiness of the entire people!

In the pursuit of a favourite object, the "Plantation of Ulster," by the pedantic James I.—like other pursuits of the English government—all rules of right were set at defiance. Finding no feasible grounds to dispossess and throw as outcasts on the world the unfortunate inhabitants of six whole counties in Ulster, he felt obliged to go back to the times of Henry II, in order to invalidate titles confirmed by centuries of possession. Every possible means, right or wrong, were employed in order to find flaws in men's titles; depositories were hunted up, in order to discover ancient grants; and the most iniquitous proceedings, and perjury of the most flagrant character were put into requisition in order to plunder of his inheritance the unfortunate proprietor. The title by which the natives held under the two great chiefs, O'Neill and O'Donnell (the Lords Tyrone and Tyrconnell) was deemed perpetual. A conspiracy was formed, in order to accuse these lords of treasonable practices, aided by Spain; and proceedings were actually taken on the strength of an anonymous letter dropped at the Council door of Dublin

Castle! *Conscious of their danger, and knowing of what little avail innocence would prove in the trials that awaited them, these unhappy noblemen took flight, and landed on the coast of Normandy, whence they proceeded through Belgium to Rome, where the latter died in about a year; the former, blind and crushed in spirit, lived to 1616. After their flight the royal James vilified them in choice Billingsgate, and denied that they had any title to their estates. Nevertheless the six counties were declared forfeited to the crown! The noble owners were caused to be attainted by act of parliament, a proceeding frequently taken previously, when it was necessary to despoil the Irish of their lands! And thus, three hundred and eighty five thousand acres were thrown into the hands of the king for distribution. Some even place the amount of forfeited lands at this time, including those of Sir Cahir O'Doherty, at half a million acres. This was divided amongst British "*undertakers*," Servitors of the Crown, and Natives: but those natives could not be the "mere Irish" to whom the Anglo-Irish settlers could not even alienate their land: these could not be allowed to inhabit their native land; and as the oath of supremacy was necessary, of course Catholics, even of English descent, were excluded. Puritans and Calvinists rioted in the homes of the Catholic natives.

The laws during this reign were of the most barbarous severity. Catholic bishops and other clergymen were hanged, drawn, and quartered; and jurors whose consciences would not allow them to bring in verdicts for the Crown against evidence, had their ears frequently cut off, were themselves imprisoned, and lost their goods. An attempt was made on the entire province of Connaught after this, where, although, as Leland says, the titles were all rightly secured at first under Elizabeth, the surrenders were neglected to be enrolled, or letters patent taken out! These oversights were rectified by James himself; but although thousands were paid, the deeds were not enrolled in Chancery; and the paltry king intended to take advantage of this omission, to dispossess the owners and plant the land with strangers. He died before he could put his plans into execution.

While the first Charles had so much to encounter from wars, and from the hostility of his English subjects, the Irish Catholics showed themselves loyal and generous to a degree.

While the English left their monarch to suffer in embroilments into which they led him, and showed a still growing enmity to himself, the Irish repeatedly offered an army of five thousand foot and five hundred horse, together with a large sum of money, provided they were only tolerated in the exercise of their religion. But this was too much for the wretched bigots of the day, who soon got up a cry. On reading it one finds it difficult to believe that it has not been repeatedly uttered during the last eight years by some of the canting vapourers of the time. How often do we recognize its expressions and sentiments in the cuckoo shrieks of a hoary Sheik of Birmingham, or the howlings of a Shaftesbury; and how plainly do they show that no religion can be more merciless or persecuting towards its opponents than Protestantism! Hear the language of the "bishops" of Ireland, with the Protestant "Archbishop" Ussher at their head; that Ussher who, in the true spirit of Protestantism, (which as one of its ablest champions, regretfully acknowledges, is the only Church that falsifies dates and circumstances when it wants to gain a point,) fabricated papers to show—what we now-a-days occasionally hear—that the Pope's Supremacy was not acknowledged by the Catholic Church in Ireland. He overreached himself, however; for his assertions having been subjected to much criticism and ridicule, a grandson of his, a clergyman of the Church of England, warmly commenced the defence of his grandfather. He left no means untried in order to arrive at a true conclusion, and in his endeavours he was obliged to admit the *falsehood* of the *Archbishop's* assertions. Disgusted and perplexed, he began fresh enquiries after truth; the result was that he gave up his living and became a priest of the Catholic Church. Here is the declaration of this conclave—the toleration of Protestantism!

"*Firstly.*—The religion of the papists is superstitious and idolatrous; their faith and doctrine erroneous and heretical; their Church, in respect to both, apostatical. To give them, therefore, a toleration, or a consent that they may freely exercise their religion, and profess their faith and doctrine, is a grievous sin, and that in two respects; for, first, it is to make ourselves accessory, not only to their superstitions, idolatries, and heresies, and, in a word, to all the abominations of popery, but also (which is a condition of the former,) to the perdition of the seduced people which perish in the deluge of the Catholic apostacy.

“*Secondly.*—To grant them a toleration, in respect of any money to be given, or contributions to be made by them, is to set religion to sale, and with it the souls of the people whom Christ hath redeemed with His blood. And as it is a great sin, so it is also a matter of most dangerous consequence; the consideration whereof we commit to the wise and judicious, beseeching the God of truth to make them who are in authority zealous of God’s glory, and of the advancement of true religion; zealous, resolute, and courageous, against all popery, superstition, and idolatry.”

The so-called “Graces,” consisting of fifty-one reasonable articles, so warmly sought, and paid for to the extent of £120,000, and granted under the king’s own hand, but never carried out, embraced amongst other things, and in addition to those mentioned by the author (*ante*), the leave to practice in courts of law; to sue the livery of their lands out of the Court of Wards; that the claim of the Crown to lands should be limited to the last sixty years; that a new enrolment of their estates should be permitted to the inhabitants of Connaught by the sanction of a Parliament. Justice was *sold* to the Irish, the consideration money pocketed by Charles, but the consideration itself basely withheld. A parliament was held to confirm the “Graces;” to the infamous Strafford’s prayers and promises, subsidies were unanimously voted, but Poyning’s Act having been purposely evaded in the summoning of this parliament, its proceedings were rendered null and void,—and thus basely did the king and his minister, Wentworth, act.* The Court of Wards of Ireland was of a most infamous nature. By it the heirs of Catholic noblemen and gentlemen were destroyed in their estates; bred in irreligion and dissipation; their younger brothers and sisters utterly ruined; yet the High Commission Court instituted by Strafford, incapacitated all Catholics from suing, without taking the oath of Supremacy, and inflicted several penalties on them.

We cannot allow Mr. D’Alton to exculpate the King in this matter. He well knew of, and consented to the whole trick. While these subsidies were being voted by the

* In fact, in the Parliament of 1634, between bullying and cajoling, Strafford obtained a grant of six subsidies of £50,000 each—no mutual concession being granted by the crown!—*Vide Strafford’s Letters*, v. i. p. 273.

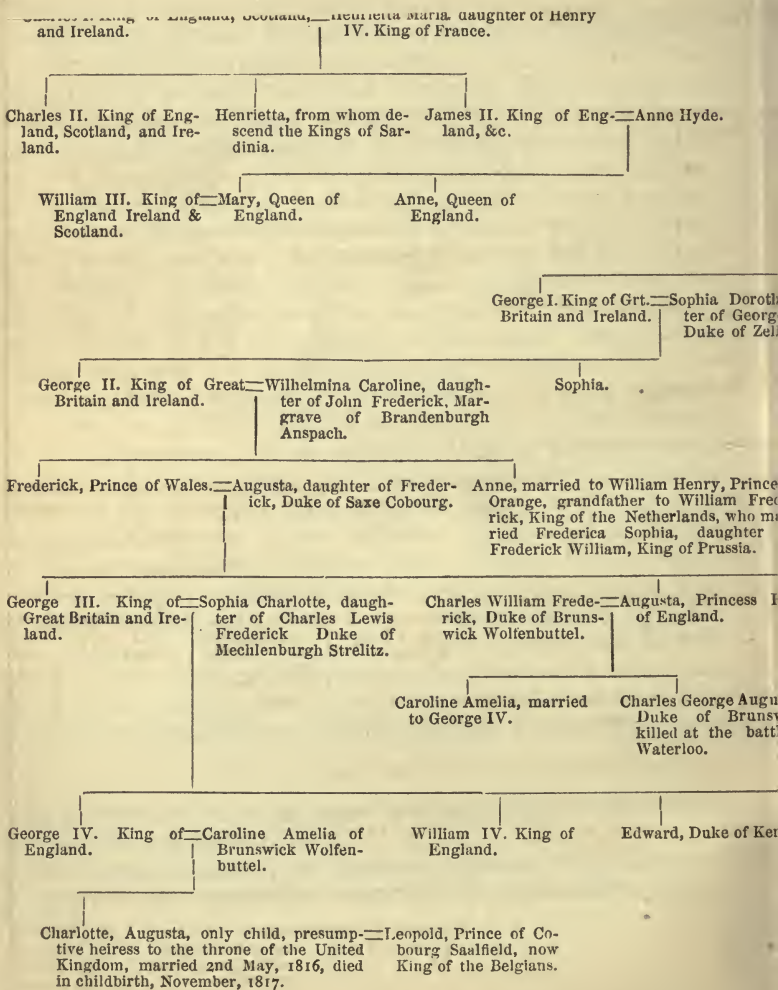
credulous Catholics, the Lord Deputy wrote to London and informed Mr. Secretary Coke that it was by no means the intention to grant these paid-for Graces, and more especially that, referring to land! And Charles wrote to the deputy:—

“Wentworth.....I must tell you your last public despatch has given me a great deal of contentment; and especially for keeping off the envy of a necessary negative from me of those unreasonable Graces that people expected from me!”

After this disgraceful violation of the most solemn promises by the king and his minister, the latter commenced his plans with Connaught, as James did with Ulster, and determined to render null and void the titles to every estate in that part of the kingdom.* All old records were hunted up to show the original title of the Kings of England to Connaught. The title deeds of the great lord of that province, Richard de Burgo,† (from his vast possessions, the most powerful subject in Ireland, and the then head of the Burke family,) were singled out to try the question. When in 1218 King Henry III. confirmed to him the grant of all Connaught, made by King John, to be of effect after the death of the then King, O'Connor, “five choice cantreds of land” near Athlone, were reserved (for the support of the garrison) to the Crown. It was argued that while the grant included the “whole of the remainder” of the province, it was forfeited by O'Connor, and that the lands and lordship of De Burgh descended lineally to Edward the Fourth, and were confirmed to the Crown by a subsequent statute. How this was attempted is shown in the important pedigree here given. This is the “valuable but unprinted table of Royal Descents from the Lady Elizabeth de Burgo,” (vol. ii. p. 139) furnished by Dr. Burke Ryan, of London, to the Author, and which he, evidently with much unwillingness, but with some appearance of a very pardonable pique at the cold reception his applications met with from the Marquis of Clanricarde and

* This project, when first proposed in the late reign, was “received with horror and amazement.”

† The descent from this *Earl Richard to Edward IV.* is traced in a direct line by an inquisition preserved in the Rolls Office, Anno. 13. Car. i.



Victoria I. Queen of England — Albert Francis Augustus

Elector Palatine, King of Elizabeth.

Augustus Elector Sophia.
Brunswick Lunen-

Charles I.
Palatine

Henrietta, daughter of Philip
Charles I. King of
England, first wife. Son
King

First daughter married to
Charles II. King of
Spain.

Mary Anne, married to
Victor Amadeus II. of
Savoy and I. of Sardinia.
From whom Victor Amadeus III. whose
daughters Maria Jose-
phine and Maria The-
resa married respective-
ly Louis XVIII. and
Charles X. Kings of
France.

Ph

Frederick, King of Sophia Charlotte.
Prussia.

William I. King Sophia Dorothea, daughter of
George I. King of England.

Frederick II. (the
Great) King of
Prussia, died with-
out issue.

William Augustus,
Prince of Prus-
sia.

Louisa Amella,
daughter of
Ferdinand Al-
bert, Duke of
Brunswick
Wolfenbutel.

Louis, D
leans.

Christian VII. King of Caroline Matilda.
Denmark.

Frederick Wil-
liam II. King of
Prussia.

Frederica Lou-
isa daughter
of Lewis
Prince of
Hesse Darm-
stadt.

Louis Philippe,
Duke of Or-
leans. Louis,
Duke
(Le
ma

Frederick VI. King of Sophia Frederica of Hesse
Cassel. Denmark.

Maria Louisa
Dowager
Prussia.

Ernest, King of
Hanover,

Frederick William III.
King of Prussia.

Louis
Or

Frederick William IV. King of Prussia.
Elizabeth
daughter of Maxi-
milian Joseph King
of Bavaria.

Charlotte, (Catherine)
wife of
Alexander, Emper-
or of the Russians

Lewis, Elector—
e.

p, Duke of Orleans—
of Louis XIII.
ing of France.

Charlotte Elizabeth, Prin-
cess of Bavaria, second
wife.

Edward, Count Palatine,
from whom descend the
Princes of Salm and the
Princes of Condé and
Conti, the Duke of Mo-
dena and the Kings of
Saxony and Bavaria.

Philip, Duke of Orleans,
Regent of France, and
heir apparent to the
Crown of Spain.

Mary Francisca, natural
daughter of Louis
XIV. King of France.

Leopold, Duke of Lor-
raine and Bar.

Elizabeth Charlotte.

Duke of Or-

Augusta Mary,
daughter of Lew-
is William Mar-
grave of Baden.

Francis I. Emperor—
of Germany, duke
of Lorraine and
Grand Duke of
Tuscany.

Maria Theresa,
daughter of the
Emperor Charles
VI. Queen of
Hungary and Bo-
hemia.

a Henrietta,
daughter of the
Duke of Conti,
Louis Ar-
mand.)

Leopold II. Emperor—
of Germany. In
1790 succeeded to
the Austrian dom-
inion on the death
of his brother Jo-
seph.

Maria Louisa
daughter of
Charles III.
King of
Spain.

Marie Antoinette,
married to Louis
XVI. King of
France.

Maria Caroline
married to the
King of Nap-
les.

Philippe, Duke of—
Orleans, (Egalité)

Louisa Maria Adelaide
de Bourbon, daugh-
ter of the Duke de
Penthievre.

Francis II. Emperor of—
Germany and I. of
Austria.

Alexan-
der Nicho-
lase of all

Louis Philippe, King—
of the French.

Amelia daughter of
the King of Si-
cily.

Maria Louisa Arch-
duchess of Austria
married 1810.

Napoleon Bona-
parte Emperor of
the French.

Louisa—Leopold, King of the Bel-
gians.

Francis Charles Joseph
Napoleon, King of
Rome.

the other heads of the Burke family, was obliged to omit. Having the opportunity we willingly lay it before our readers as in itself a most interesting and valuable historical document.

This is a fitting place briefly to glance at these two families, O'Connor and De Burgh,—the invaded and invading. The family of O'Connor, "one of the most noble and historical in the annals of Ireland," is said to have sprung from Ir, son of Milesius of Spain, who, with his two brothers, invaded Ireland. The author alludes to a most whimsical Act of the Irish Parliament, whereby is gravely shown the title of Queen Elizabeth to all Ireland, inasmuch as on the expedition of Heber, Ir and Heremon, "they sought and obtained the sanction and guidance of a British prince," one King Gurmond, son to the noble King Belan, King of Great Britain, which is now called England; from whom they obtained permission to occupy the island! "The descending line from him meets its first illustrious link in Ollamh Fodhla, who reigned monarch of Ireland for thirty years, and was one of the most accomplished princes of his time. He it was who ordained the assembly of the Fes, or Parliament of Tara." He promulgated many good and fitting laws, and his merits are recognized by his bust being placed "in the series of legislators that adorns the dome of the Irish Court of Justice, between those of Moses and Alfred. Thus far, and for several subsequent generations, the trunk of this royal pedigree is common to many Irish Septs of great influence," down to Fergus, "son of Rossa Roe, who had been King of Ulster" until he was banished thence and obliged to seek refuge in Connaught. There he was hospitably received by the queen, and he and his three sons fought the memorable Cualguian seven years' war, against Mac Nessa, by whom he had been expelled from the province of Ulster. The achievements of this war "furnished the chief materials for MacPherson's splendid imposition, entitled Ossian's Poems." There are several branches still existing of this great family, viz., those of Ballintubber, Kerry, Sligo, Offaley, &c. The attainders of 1641 included seven of the Sept of the O'Connor Kerry; and Daniel O'Connor was a captain in Lord Kenmare's regiment of infantry, in King James' Army List. Cornet Roger O'Connor of the Ballintubber branch appears in Lord Galmoy's horse; and Thady O'Connor, of the Sligo

branch, a major in Colonel Oliver O'Gara's infantry. Several attainders took place after 1617 in this latter branch.

When Henry II. invaded Ireland, Roderic O'Connor was King of Connaught, and knowing the great influence of this family, Henry concluded a concord with Roderic, and allowed him, as previously mentioned, to continue king under him. Shortly after, William Fitz-Adelm de Burgh, of whom presently, got a large grant of Roderic's dismembered territory.

The different attainders "fell with awful desolation" on several branches of the O'Connor family, and many of them in showing their zeal for the cause of James II., had the usual fate of his followers, ruin and exile for their pains.

William Fitz Adelm de Burgo, great grandson of Robert, Earl of Cornwall, half brother of William the Conqueror, was the first of that family that landed in Ireland. Son of a daughter of Louis VII., king of France, he married Isabella, daughter of King Richard I., and was ancestor to the Earls of Clanricarde and Mayo, Viscounts Bourke, of Mayo, Lords Castleconnell and Brittas, &c. "He," says Sir Richard Cox, in his history, "founded one of the best and noblest families in Ireland, which hath yielded many brave and worthy men, that hath proved eminently serviceable to their king and country, whereby their name, estate, and family are preserved in great honour and reputation to this day. On the 'reduction' of Ireland he was sent with Hugh de Lacy to take the submission of Roderic O'Connor as well as that of the King of Meath, which they did at the river Shannon. William founded the famous monastery of St. Thomas a Becket, near Dublin, and gave the advowson of Castle-Connell to the Abbey of Athassell. King John granted him a moiety of Ardphin and Tibrath, and sold him the lordship of Castle-Connell. He was appointed governor of the kingdom in 1177. He is said, at a synod of bishops and clergy at Waterford, 1175, to have published the Bull and privileges granted by Pope Alexander III., in confirmation of the Bull of Adrian IV., constituting Henry II. Lord of Ireland." This nobleman, says Hardiman, in his history of Galway, "was the great ancestor of the powerful family of De Burgo and the Earls of Clanricarde. Of his numerous and opulent posterity by two wives, the first the daughter of the King of England, and the second the daughter of Daniel More O'Brien, the

last king of Cashel, Gratianus Lucius speaks as follows: 'Cujus propago adeo longe lateque per Hiberniam diffusa est, ut in singulis Insulæ regionibus latifundia plurima, et summam plerumque dominationem retulerit; honorariis titulis et summa rerum administratione potita.—Cambrensis Eversus p. 53.'"

His grandson, Walter de Burgh, Lord of Connaught, married a daughter of Hugh de Lacy, the younger, Earl of Ulster, son of the Lord Justice of Ireland, by Emeline, daughter of O'Conner, King of Connaught. This family, besides Ulster, owned immense estates in Ireland, three fourths of Connaught being at one time in their possession; as well as other lands, especially in Limerick and Tipperary. It is in allusion to him that the illustrious De Burgo, Bishop of Ossory says,—“Juxta pagum istum (Lorrha) Fratribus Prædicatoribus Cœnobiū extruxisse anno 1269 Gualterum de Burgo, Comitatem *Ultoniæ*, Dominumque *Conaciæ*, tam certum est quam quod maxime, id vel uno Scriptorum omnium consensu ad evidentiam comprobante. Si autem quæras, quâ potuerat ratione induci Homo iste Nobilis ad fundandum locum hunc pium in Momonia potius quam in Ultonia, aut Conacia, ubi Comes et Dominus respectivè erat? Facile breviterque respondebo quod comes quidem fuit Ultoniæ jure Uxoris, Hugonis de Lacy Filiæ, Dominusque Conaciæ jure Patris; at jureavi sui, Gulielmi de Burgo amplissima habebat Latifundia in Tipperariensi agri Momoniæ qui tunc temporis sub Limericensis agri denominatione comprehendebatur. Quinimmo eo in Territorio amplissima erat Baronia, dicta *vernacule* Mac William, i.e., stirpis Gulielmi usque adeo extensa, ut bipartito Agro, seu comitatu isto, in Limericensem et Tipperariensem, et ipsa bipartita fuerat in West Clan-William et East Clan-William, hoc est in Baroniā occidentalem et orientalem stirpis Gulielmi, priore ad modernum Agrum Limericensem, posteriore ad modernum Agrum Tipperariensem spectante. Atque in utraque Baronia et circumvicina regione, ingens Burgorum à memorato Gulielmo descendentium, numerus etiamnum, me teste, viget.” *Hibernia Dominicana*, p. 274.

“Upon the murder of William De Burgo, the third Earl of Ulster, in the year 1333, the family of the Bourkes, seeing their chief cut off without issue male, and no man left to govern or protect that province, intruded into all his lands, which by reason of the minority of his daughter

and heir general, ought to have been vested in the crown ; and within a short time two of the most potent divided that seignory between them ; the one taking the name of Mac William Eighter, that is the upper, nearer, or Southern Mac William ; and the other Mac William Oughter, the lower, farther, or Northern Mac William ; but being sensible they were only intruders during the minority of the heir, they knew that the law of England would speedily evict them, and therefore held it their best policy to cast off the yoke of English law, and so become mere Irish, which they did accordingly, and by their example drew all the English of that province to do the like, changing their names, language, and apparel, with all their civil manners and customs of living, suffering their possessions to run into Tanistry and Gravelkind."—Lodge's *Peerage of Ireland*, vol. ii. 1754.

"This sept of the Burkes," says the Abbey Mac Geoghegan, "was honoured with four peerages in the persons of Ulick Burke, created Earl of Clanricarde, in 1543, by Henry VIII; Theobald Bourke, who was created Viscount of Mayo, in 1627, by Charles I., both which titles are still in being. There have been also two Lord-barons in the family, namely, Castle-Connell, and Brittas." The two latter were lost through fidelity to the Stuarts.

"The lineal progenitor of the present Marquiss of Clanricarde, commanded the regiment here under consideration, and his collateral ancestry crowded the army of James, holding commissions in thirty of his Irish regiments." D'Alton, vol. ii. p. 132. In 1667, 1678, 1679, 1680, 1681, confirmatory grants were made to ten members of this family, in different counties, to the amount of 75,402 acres of land.

Many of the family fought with devoted bravery on the side of James, often paying the forfeit of their lives, as at Derry.

William Bourke, to whom James sent word to defend to the last, the Castle of Grange in the county of Sligo, of which he was governor, "disappointed of the promised succours, at the moment the besiegers were about to enter the breach, blew up the castle, and with many of his enemies was buried in the ruins." Several were killed or taken prisoners at Aughrim and other places. "The outlawries in 1591 include this Earl by two inquisitions with William, Baron of Castle-Connell, and Ulick, Lord

Viscount Galway, Lord Brittas, and John his son; eighteen Burkes, or Bourkes, in Mayo; John Burke, of Ower, and fifteen others in Galway; six in Limerick, five in Roscommon, two in Dublin and Wexford respectively, and one in each of the counties of Sligo, Cavan, and the Queen's. In 1696, the Lady Honora Burke, alias Sarsfield, and then Duchess of Berwick, before alluded to, was entered in the outlawries. Sir Ulick, the Baronet, was also attainted, but adjudged within the Articles of Limerick."

Endeavours were made to invalidate all grants to the owners of the lands of Connaught after the time of Elizabeth. Juries were soon empannelled—*rich* ones that could afford fines in case of unsatisfactory verdicts; and under threats of such fines, and of loss of ears, bored tongues, and foreheads branded with hot irons, they were very often driven to injustice. The very judges and foremen of juries were bribed, in these cases, to an enormous extent.

In this iniquitous proceeding, even the vile Strafford was obliged to confess that the king had no legal claim, and after Roscommon and other counties had been plundered through intimidation, Galway was begun with. The jurors there did their duty, and were consequently bound over to appear in the castle chamber,—the Sheriff was fined £1,000, and the Jury £4,000 each, with seizure of estates and imprisonment until the fines were paid! Every sort of intimidation was put into requisition, and horse troops increased in order to "look on" while a whole kingdom was being despoiled. Even four shillings in the pound, out of the confiscated estates, were given to the judges as bribes to warm their interests in the proceedings, and the results were boasted of!!

It is melancholy to reflect that the object in all this was confessedly to exterminate all the Catholics of Ireland, those of English, as well as those of native descent:—the whole race of the latter, as Lord Clarendon says, the parliament party had "sworn to extirpate." In strict conformity with such hellish intentions were their laws. "Extirpation," says Carte, "was preached as gospel!" To this horrid purpose was rebellion fomented, and to this effect took place the burnings of villages, and the slaughter of men, women, and children, some of the latter being, as in the case ordered by the governor of Munster, St. Leger,

"untimely ripped out of their mother's womb." This brute having executed men and women, caused one poor woman literally "to be ripped up, from whose womb three babes were taken, through every one of whose little bodies his soldiers thrust their weapons!" This deed was in some degree parodied by a most bloodthirsty monster, Sir Charles Coote, who, having burned the town of Clontarf, slaughtered amongst the rest, "three sucking infants!"

So of Monroe; he killed seven hundred country people, men, women, and children, having first made a prey of their cattle which they were driving away! The same person having at his command an army of 10,000 foot and 1,000 horse, burnt the country in Westmeath and Longford, and "put to the sword all the country people they met." When the wretched people took shelter in the thickets and furze, it was no uncommon thing to set these on fire, killing as many as attempted to escape, or forcing them back to be burned. Even "the Lords and Commons" of England ordained "that no quarter shall be given to any Irishman, or to any Papist born in Ireland, which shall be taken in hostility against the parliament, either upon sea or within this kingdom;" and so, Lord Clarendon says, "The Earl of Warwick, and the officers under him at sea, had, as often as he met with any Irish frigates, or such freebooters as sailed under their commission, taken all the seamen who became prisoners to them of that nation, and bound them back to back, and thrown them overboard into the sea, without distinction of their condition, if they were Irish."

This Clontarf massacre, as Clarendon states, was followed by another brutal outrage on human nature. The people, men, women and children, of a village named Bulloge being, as well they might, terrified at what took place at Clontarf, threw themselves, in slender boats, on the mercy of the waves, when they saw Coote's soldiers coming; but the soldiers pursued them in other boats, overtook, and threw them into the sea! It is a sickening thought, that the vile lords justices of a country professing to be Christian, could give their governors orders to "wound, slay, kill, and destroy;" "to burn, spoil, waste, consume and demolish all the places, towns, and houses where the rebels are, or have been relieved and harboured, and all the hay and corn there;" and afterwards to declare joyously, that the soldiers carried out

their mandates. and "slew all persons promiscuously, not sparing the women, and sometimes not even the children"!! Hear what Lord Ormonde says took place after a battle:—"The army, I am sure, was not eight thousand effective men; and of them it is certain that there were not above six hundred killed: and the most of them that were killed were butchered after they had laid down their arms, and had been almost an hour prisoners, and divers of them murdered after they were brought within the walls of Dublin." Parsons commanded the "burning of corn" and to have "man, woman and child put to the sword"! Sir Adam Loftus did the same!

In carrying out the English idea of famine Sir W. Cole is praised for having "starved and famished of the vulgar sort, whose goods were seized on by his regiment, *seven thousand*; and nothing since the massacre of the unfortunate inhabitants of Glencoe, which left so indelible a stain upon the character of King William, can at all vie with the following. The garrison of Carrickfergus "issued into an adjacent district called Island Magee, where a number of the poorer Irish resided, unoffending and untainted by the rebellion. If we may believe one of the leaders of this party, thirty families were assailed by them in their beds, and massacred with calm and deliberate cruelty." So says Dr. Leland.

Other authorities make the number of the murdered far more numerous. Not one thousandth part of what could be told has been mentioned of the deplorable means that were taken to annihilate an entire people; yet what has been told is frightful enough. Nothing that was done before comes with such a thrill of horror over the minds of the peasantry at the present day, as the horrifying deeds of that vilest of men, Cromwell. No room for mercy was there in that morose mind; and in sadness and affliction had Ireland long cause to mourn his rule. The slaughter by this demon at Drogheda and Wexford would be incredible if narrated of the most blood-thirsty of Eastern despots, yes, even of Nana Sahib, the Eastern Cromwell, on a small scale, if told previous to the dreadful massacre of Cawnpore, which has damned that wretch's memory to all eternity. Cromwell was twice repulsed in his attack on Drogheda, and on the death of Colonel Wall, the soldiers untimely listened to the offers of quarter held out to such as should lay down their arms. When all had surrendered, however, and Cromwell

had heard that he had all the flower of the Irish army in his power, he issued "orders that no quarter should be given." The soldiers were obliged, often unwillingly, to kill their prisoners; and all the officers, with the exception of a few that somehow escaped, were killed in cold blood. Lord Ormonde, says Cromwell, on this occasion exceeded himself, and anything he had ever heard of, in breach of faith and bloody inhumanity; and that the cruelties exercised there for five days after the town was taken, would make as many several pictures of inhumanity as the Book of Martyrs or the Relation of Amboyna.

It is of the same time and place that Leland says—"A number of ecclesiastics were found within the walls; and Cromwell, as if immediately commissioned to execute divine vengeance on these ministers of idolatry, ordered his soldiers to plunge their weapons into the helpless wretches!" And then this canting scoundrel had the blasphemy to write to his English parliament, giving "to God alone the glory" of the hellish deeds which he had himself enacted; and that parliament appointed a day of thanksgiving for, and sent its approval to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, of the Execution done at Drogheda.

Depopulated by fire and sword, robbed and despoiled of estates, goods, and chattels, but not yet "exterminated," those who submitted did so with transportation as the alternative, and in one year 27,000 men were sent off. Forty thousand of his enemies did Cromwell thus send away to swell the armies of Europe, and to sicken the hearts of foreigners by the recital of his deeds. Anything to get rid of these enemies! It was averred, as quoted by Lingard, that 100,000 were driven from their country, men, women, and children, several thousands of whom were drafted to the West Indies—the husbands were sent to the Continent—the women and children, and those under military age, were sent to perish in the West India Islands. Fire, sword, plague, famine, transportation, all failed to exterminate, and therefore, says Clarendon, an "act of Grace" was resorted to. One half the province of Connaught, beyond the Shannon, "which by the plague and many massacres remained almost desolate," was pointed out to the unhappy Irish, and thence were they to betake themselves by a certain day under penalty of death. Those found in any other part of the kingdom after that

date, man, woman, or child, was to be killed by any one who met them. And then was Ireland pacified, and then did Cromwell's soldiers divide Ireland amongst themselves, the whole County of Tipperary being wisely reserved for the Regicide himself. "He made a wilderness, and called it peace!" Respecting Wexford, hear Dr. Lingard. "No distinction was made between the defenceless inhabitant and the armed soldier; nor could the shrieks and prayers of 300 females, who had gathered round the great cross, preserve them from the swords of these ruthless barbarians. By Cromwell himself the number of slain is reduced to two, by some writers it has been swelled to five thousand!"*

Sufficient has now been written to show how parties were pitted against each other—the one invading, persecuting, and maligning;—the other, for ages, losing, suffering, and indignant. As if to add to the virulence of party, religious differences came on the boards as the consequences of England's Reformation, and the long series of oppressions and confiscations, coming up to the very period, saw, at the time of the Revolution, Ireland all but a conquered country. Within a few short years of that time, the robbery of the natives was of a wholesale character—in the North, South, and centre, more especially. What interest, then, should the Irish have taken in the Stuarts?—those Stuarts who, from the first to the second James, inclusively, showed acts of dissimulation and dishonesty, towards them. Why, with their wounds still bleeding, did they muster their thousands to throw themselves between the outcast of England and his usurping son-in-law?

But a few years before the accession of James to the throne, and in the reign of his brother, the penal laws

* Lord Clarendon says that the subjugation of Ireland by Cromwell and his powerful army, after many years, was accompanied by such bloodshed and rigour, that the sufferings of the nation from the outset to the close of the rebellion have never been surpassed but by those of the Jews in their destruction by Titus! And Hallam says, "To have extirpated the Catholics by the sword, or expelled them like the Moriscoes of Spain, would have been little more repugnant to justice and humanity, but incomparably more politic."

were revived and enforced against the Catholics of Ireland. Their clergy were hunted down and banished, and they who harboured them were visited with fearful punishment. The prohibition of selling Catholics gunpowder, and the disarming of them then took place, and rewards were offered to those informing of persons in the army who were known to have been present during the celebration of Mass, which rewards were meted out according to the rank of the delinquent. The dispersion of Papists, at whatever place assembled, was enforced, and they were not allowed to enter the Castle of Dublin, or any of the great forts or citadels. A rule of extermination was all but preached about seven years before James became King; and it can therefore easily be supposed with what joy a long suffering, and still persecuted people, must have seen a Catholic ruler on the throne of England. The triumph of his cause would doubtless have restored to them their long lost rights, and the free observance of that religion to which they clung with such tenacity. Their taskmasters, on the other hand, must have seen in the triumph of James, the loss of those recently attained estates; and the more especially when the character of extreme violence with which their acquisition took place, was considered. These things will account for the virulence of the struggle which took place. It will also explain the conduct of Richard Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnell, in collecting with all his energy, a Catholic army,—as if where love came from one party in that unfortunate country, hate must proceed from the other. Such was then the melancholy antagonism of parties.

The English people succeeded in their Revolution in their own way—that Revolution while it had its evils had its benefits also—but of its evils only did Ireland participate. It might have been little to her, but for the reasons just given, whether England, in deposing one she called a tyrant, accepted his cold-natured and unheroic son-in-law—for he is no hero of ours.* Yet let us not refuse him

* “William was a fatalist in religion; indefatigable in war; enterprising in politics; dead to all the warm and generous emotions of the human heart; a cold relation, an indifferent husband, a disagreeable man, an ungracious prince, and an imperious sovereign.” Smollett, p. 167.

that meed of praise which is due to the fact that having come from a country where Protestant and Catholic, while observing their different forms of religion, at least lived in amity, he was shocked and disgusted to see the untameable virulence of the Protestant party in Ireland, which marked every step of the Revolution there with blood and slaughter.

The appointment of the noble Talbot to the colonelcy of a regiment was in itself an event of great joy to Ireland. He had long and warmly interested himself in her melancholy affairs—was a Catholic and an Irishman, descended from one of those highborn Anglo-Norman settlers that as before said often showed love to Ireland. “The achievements of this noble family,” says Mr. D’Alton, “are emblazoned in the history of every civilized nation; and, like most of the English aristocracy, they derive their origin from Normandy, claiming as their ancestors in far back time, the Talbots, Barons of Clueville, in the district of Caux.” Richard Talbot was a devoted friend and follower of James, through many an ill-starred day. Selected by Oates as one of his victims, his timely escape to the Continent alone saved him from destruction. Of a noble and commanding form, he had great capabilities and vast experience from early opportunities, and the vice-royalty and dukedom bestowed on him were well merited. If James had only succeeded in his intentions of establishing religious freedom, which intentions he early intimated to Tyrconnel, “The best blood of old and time-honoured families had not been squandered at the Boyne and at Aughrim, in Athlone and Limerick; a gallant population of thousands had not been expatriated, to seek on foreign shores their livelihood and their laurels; the violation of the treaty of Limerick, and the execrable Penal Laws of a hundred years would have been unknown.” (Vol. I. p. 8.) The original of James’ instructions to Tyrconnel is, with many other documents now in the possession of his noble kinsman, Lord Talbot de Malahide, and the paper is given at page 53, vol. I.

Had James’ intentions been of a totally opposite character, it could scarcely have been complained of by those Protestants of the time, who up to the very day, had upheld tyranny of the direst description. From the first day that the king entered Dublin, “the only capital which seemed yet willing to hail him as sovereign,” to “the last struggle

for the defence of Limerick, Tyrconnel evinced his honour and allegiance." Bowed down with age, corpulency and pain of mind, he was seized with a fit of apoplexy on St. Laurence's day, soon after he had done his devotions. His character and abilities were painted differently by different writers—but we agree with Sir Bernard Burke that "his history, like that of his unfortunate country, has been written by the pen of party, steeped in gall," and that if to the two qualities, wit and valour, which he possessed in an eminent degree, "be joined devotion to his country and fidelity to the unfortunate and fated family, with whose exile he began life, and at whose ruin he finished it, it cannot be denied, that in his character the elements of evil were mixed with great and striking good."

One of the most remarkable characters commemorated by our author, was Richard Talbot. Even in the reign of Charles, his representation of the state of things in Ireland was the cause of having many suggestions forwarded to Ormonde for the better government of the council, the magistracy, and the army. And when, as an officer of the Irish army, he had full opportunity, he very soon turned that opportunity to account. The illused power of the Lords Justices was curbed, if not destroyed; the Protestant militia was disarmed, and Catholics were admitted to offices of state and to corporate offices. Everything was Protestant on his arrival in Ireland; and when that is said, it is equivalent to saying that everything was conducted with a tyrannical hatred and injustice towards Catholicity. Talbot made up his mind that no half measures could answer, and that a Catholic people alone were likely to fight effectually for a Catholic king. Arms were therefore put into the hands of the Catholics. The tables were thus turned upon the Protestant party, and that party who had themselves acted so exclusively, had little real foundation for complaint on the grounds that their own tactics were put in force against them. "Ireland for the Irish," seems to have been his motto; for, from a correspondence in the state paper office, his desire is manifest to have none, or next to none, but Irishmen in his army. The impressions of his early years, when he witnessed the devastations by fire and sword, of the murderous Cromwell, shut out all hopes from his mind of aid or mercy from the opposite party. Had his bold game been successful, Ireland might have been spared

many a dreadful pang. So keen were his perceptions and so fully awake was he to his master's interests, that while the intentions of the Prince of Orange were still a secret to James and his ministers, Talbot received from Amsterdam intelligence of his design, of which he apprized the king; by whom, as well as by Sunderland, it was received with derision. Talbot lost no time in opening communications with the King of France; and so energetic was his general conduct that many Protestants left Ireland for England, giving up the game as lost; and others entered the Dutch army, soon to land in Ireland, when they hoped for their revenge. Others again, to the amount of some ten thousand, collected in Ulster, prepared for the contest which was then inevitable. These were composed of the English and Scotch settlers—"aliens in language, in religion, and blood"—from the natives whom they had plundered of estates which they were determined to hold. A well got up, but unfounded rumour of massacre made the Protestants band together more closely; and about this time, of Talbot's Irish army of eight thousand men, one half were in England in order to oppose the Orange invasion; where to say the least they were treated with the greatest cruelty. There were not more than 600 in Dublin. For the great number of nominal Irish regiments enrolled, there were in want of money, clothing, arms, and ammunition; seven or eight thousand muskets being all that could then be got from France; and in money 400,000 crowns. Within one month one hundred thousand had been enrolled, and the knowledge of this prevented the Prince of Orange acting in Ireland without a strong force. In November, 1688, the regiment of Lord Mountjoy officered by Protestants, was ordered up from Derry to Dublin; and the Earl of Antrim's regiment, officered by Catholics, was ordered to replace them; but a fortnight elapsed before this could be accomplished; and to this precious time was Derry indebted for its ability to resist, and to refuse admittance to the regiment on its arrival. This was done by a rising of apprentice boys, who acted against the advice of the mayor, sheriffs, bishop, clergy, and all the well-to-do of the town. Immediately on this was the magazine broken open and arms and ammunition, including those for the use of Antrim's regiment, seized upon, and the Catholic inhabitants expelled. Without one single piece of mounted battering cannon in Ireland; without more than 1,000 out of

the 20,000 stand of arms serviceable, preparations were made to besiege Derry. The month that elapsed between the closing of the gates and the beginning of the siege was well employed by the Derry men; yet so effectual was the siege that at one time the inhabitants suffered the greatest privations. The prices during the last days of the siege were:—A dog's head, 2s 6d; a cat, 4s 6d; a rat, 1s; a mouse, 6d; a pound of salted hides, 1s; a quarter of a dog—"fattened by eating the bodies of the slain Irish," 5s 6d.

Previous to the siege of Derry, Lieutenant-General Richard Hamilton, lately taken prisoner in England, and sent over by William to seduce Tyrconnel, was sent by him to give battle to the Williamites, the small number of 2,500 being all the force that could be placed at his disposal. With these, that able general encountered the enemy, 8,000 strong, at Dromore Iveagh. After a slight resistance the Williamites fled, their cavalry but feebly covering their retreat. They were scattered with terrible slaughter, and the result of the engagement is still known as the rout or "break of Dromore." This was the first time the two armies met. Such was the terror inspired by the runaways that four thousand men at Lisburn turned tail, in which they were ably assisted by the great part of the Northern army, who tarried not till they put sixty good miles between themselves and Dromore. Hamilton pursued them to Coleraine, where they took refuge, but his want of artillery there foiled him. Berwick, de Pusignan, with the different regiments of Bellew, Gormanstown, Moore, Louth, and Nugent, together with the horse of Tyrconnel, Burke, and Galmoy, were sent to his aid, and after some poor fighting on the part of the Williamites, Coleraine was evacuated. A month after the rout of Dromore a force of 10,000 Williamites, strongly posted at Claddyford, were attacked by Berwick and Hamilton with 600 horse and 350 foot. The foot directed their fire well across the river causing the Williamites to retire from the water side, of which the horse taking advantage boldly dashed into the river, headed by Berwick, and gained the opposite bank. The infantry soon crossed the broken arches by planks, and the whole Williamite forces with Lundy at their head, fled to Derry, leaving 400 of their infantry dead. While this was occurring, a similar transaction was taking place at Lifford, under de Rosen; and the Williamites now totally

routed in the field took refuge in Derry. If Derry had then surrendered, as was wished by the council and wealthier inhabitants, the cause of William would have been lost. As it was, famine and privations, borne with manly fortitude, would have caused Derry to succumb, had not the English fleet that rode within sight for forty long days on Lough Foyle, with 2,700 men, and all provisions on board, contrived to reach the town at the last moment. Nearly 2,000 men had then perished in that three months' siege. During the siege, de Rosen was guilty of a most nefarious proceeding, that of driving the relatives of the besieged, men, women, and children, of the surrounding country, under the walls of Derry, in order that by subjecting them there to the pangs and horrors of starvation, the garrison might be induced to surrender. The poor people were thus kept for two days and nights, to the horror and disgust of the Irish Catholic officers and men, who were obliged to obey.

On the 31st of July, de Rosen raised the siege of Derry, and on the same day the men of Inniskillen, certainly with forces superior in numbers and discipline, gained great advantages in two battles, over the Jacobites, headed by Mountcashel, with Hamilton as Major-General. The Williamite forces were favoured, especially in the evening, for Mountcashel's army had suffered much in the morning, 200 of O'Brien's regiment having fallen, while the remainder had lost their arms and *prestige*. Besides, the men were nearly all new levies and raw recruits.

To show to what brutal excesses religious rancour will drive men, it is only necessary to recite facts connected with these two engagements—one immediately following the other. At the battle near Lisnakea, between the army of James, under Anthony Hamilton, brother of Richard, and grandson to the Marquis of Abercorn, as Major-General, and the Williamites, under Colonel Berry, the former fled, and during a run for life of two miles, the unresisting mass was slaughtered promiscuously. A short time afterwards Berry was joined by the forces under Colonel Wolseley, and though the men were without food, they preferred advancing to engage the army before them, under Mountcashel, rather than seek food and rest; and this they did to the cry of "No Popery." The enemies engaged at Newtown-Butler, and in the middle of the fight, through an unfortunate misconception of Lord Mountcashel's orders,

an officer, instead of giving the word "*right face*," by which the men could be brought into the desired position; gave the word "*right about face*," by which all was turned into confusion, and a total panic ensued. A pursuit of the most murderous and disgraceful description ensued, and scenes were enacted by the Orangemen that would have disgraced the most savage of the eastern nations of any age. The unarmed and unresisting fugitives were butchered in the most shocking manner, and so great was the terror of the pursuit, that men, to the amount of 500, closely followed, fled into a wood and plunged into the waters of Lough Erne, as more merciful than their dread pursuers. They there perished. The rest were hunted throughout the entire night, through bush and brake, field and morass, and slaughtered with less compunction than if they had been wild beasts, instead of fellow Christians. The next day was far advanced before these bloodhounds could be recalled from their hideous hunt, while 2,000 of the Irish were slain, and 400, including their brave commander Mountcashel, taken prisoners. The hearts of the pursuers were steeled to mercy—the demon of Orangeism shook his gory locks triumphant; he was satiated. As to the *dictum* of Voltaire and others, that the Irish never fight well at home, it is unworthy of notice. Apart from the circumstances of the case, a nation, like "a house divided against itself" cannot fight as if all were of one mind; and a people, whose mental and physical degradation were the things most sought for through centuries of oppression, as history shows, ought not to be expected by their persecutors, as physiology teaches, to give us the noblest forms of heroism. Yet the Irish fought well. Of the 100,000 collected by Tyrconnel, 50,000 had to be disbanded for want of arms; and yet, England, and the English party in Ireland, could not conquer these people without the aid of Scotchmen, French Huguenots, Danes, and Dutch, with Schomberg, and William himself at their head—and even then their "conquest" was a drawn battle.

William landed at Belfast, on the 14th of June, 1690, where he remained to the 19th, with a force perfect in discipline and wholly devoted to his cause, and with the army of Schomberg and the Irish Protestants, he soon brought up his number to at least 36,000 well-appointed men—veterans in fight. He resolved to make up for the long inaction of his general, who was obliged by De Rosen and

James himself, so long and so disastrously to intrench himself at Dundalk. One of his first commands,—and to the disgrace of England be it spoken—and to the credit of the Dutchman, who was almost the only tolerant and reasonable man among the fanatics which he led,—was that the plundering and wasting of the country which had hitherto been the rule, should no more take place.

On the 29th, James took up an excellent position on the right bank of the Boyne, which river William reached on the 30th, observing on his march that the magnificent panorama before him belonged to a country worth fighting for. Whilst reconnoitering, two field pieces were brought to bear on him, and the first shot killed a man and two horses near to him, whilst the second, a *ricochet*, took a piece out of his uniform, and grazed his shoulder. The report of his death quickly spread. On the 1st of July the Williamites were early stirring, as were also their opponents, and the slaughter soon commenced. The entire of James' army consisted, according to the most reliable authorities, of 20,000 men, for we cannot include the garrison of Drogheda, which was not engaged, and this army had been newly raised, and were but a fortnight mustering in their quarters. They were well officered. 3,000 of these were French, and the remainder sent by Louis, were made up of Germans, Swedes, Danes, English, and Scotch. It was said that James, as if in anticipation of the day's result had sent baggage and cannon to the rear, in order to clear the ground, or—as is said, to prepare for a run. In any case such a proceeding could only result in depressing the courage of his forces at the most critical moment. The left wing of his army, after a smart fight with the horse, foot, and artillery of General Douglas, was turned, Douglas reaching the right bank of the Boyne; while the Dutch guards, wading across, were welcomed with terrific volleys by the Irish, who occupied every available spot. They reached the right bank, however, and forming into line, advanced into the open fields, where they were furiously met by the Irish horse, but regiment after regiment came to their assistance and the Irish retired. The cavalry divisions, led by Berwick, Tyrconnel, and Hamilton, did all that brave men could do, but numbers superior to them, and better disciplined, left them no choice. In one of these cavalry charges, led by the brave Hamilton, the Danes and French Protestants

rushed again into the river, nor rested till they gained the opposite bank, but they were rallied by old Schomberg, who was immediately after killed by a shot through the neck. A part of Tyrconnel's regiment charged that of La Mel-lioner's with such impetuosity, that they rode right through all those who had landed, to the water's edge. William, at the head of his Dutch Guards and Inniskilleners, was more than once placed in jeopardy, and driven back by the Irish horse and De Lauzun's French troops, and at one time turned and fled; but Ginkel coming up, the centre after several desperate encounters, was forced. James, careless of his rear, which was looked to by Tyrconnel and Lauzun, was the first to start off through the defile of Duleek. He got to Dublin that night, reached Duncannon by sunrise next morning, and embarked for France—leaving a token of deep ingratitude in Dublin as he passed. Thus did he run away with a whole skin from the brave men who gave up all to declare for him; and this act causes him to be still remembered by a name more unsavoury than complimentary, which cannot be repeated here. The words "coward," and "poltroon," convey no adequate idea of the contempt which it is intended to express. Here were slain the Earl of Carlingford, Lord Dongan, son of the Earl of Limerick, Sir Neal O'Neal, the Marquis d'Hoquincour, Sir Charles Tate, &c. "Change kings with us," was the melancholy expression of Sarsfield, "and we will fight the battle again with you." The retreat to Duleek was conducted with great skill by Berwick, Lauzun, Tyrconnel, and Galmoy, who, like all the officers throughout the fight, were remarkable for deeds of heroic daring. "We charged, and recharged," says Berwick, "ten times," yet great confusion was inevitable owing to the determined flight of James and his scattered forces. After a cruel pursuit the Jacobites rested a few hours, and with early dawn set off for Dublin. *Storey*, the English chaplain, says of the brave Williamites—"Few or none of the men escaped that came into their hands, for they shot them like hares among the corn, and in the hedges, as they found them on the march. Drogheda was the next day summoned to surrender to a force of three regiments of horse, two of dragoons, and ten of infantry, with eight pieces of cannon. These men plundered the peasantry in the most disgraceful manner. The garrison viewed the flight of their friends the day before. The governor saw it was useless to

hold out, being assured if he did so no quarter should be given. The garrison accordingly surrendered, and the men, to the amount of 1,300, without their arms, marched to Athlone. They had not above 700 fire arms in the place, and the walls were unsound and unequal to a siege. Dublin was secured for William ; Waterford and Dungarven were reduced ; but the heroic Colonel Grace boldly garrisoned Athlone, and caused Douglas to raise the siege.

Tyrconnel issued orders to the leading officers to turn off when near Dublin, and march for Limerick ; and here they were joined by detached parties and even isolated stragglers, who all, as if by one mind, sought that place.

William himself was equally unsuccessful at Limerick which he invested on the 9th of August, and where a breach was opened on the 17th. The assault was repulsed, and he himself again narrowly escaped death by a cannon ball. Fresh batteries were thrown up ; trenches were advanced ; fresh breaches were made, and the counterscarp was carried, but his men were forced back again and again with great loss, and he was obliged to raise the siege on the 30th, and return to England.

On the 18th of June, 1691, Ginkel besieged Athlone, and after a repulse on the bridge, attended with considerable slaughter, he resolved to ford the Shannon. His intention was perceived by Sarsfield, who communicated his suspicions to St. Ruth, whose égotistic reply was, that he dare not do it while he himself was so near. The attempt, however, was made, and successfully, the following morning, in the face of a terrible and well-directed fire, both of artillèry and musketry. This rash confidence of St. Ruth lost the place, which was quickly evacuated, and Aughrim sought as the next best point to stand. Ginkel attacked St. Ruth there on the 12th of July, and was repulsed with great loss at the pass of Urrachree, but strong reinforcements coming up, he soon advanced both on the left and right. During this time the Irish lined the hedges and ditches ; and the horse, both French and Irish, were posted behind. Both fought with the greatest bravery. The troops being thus called off to the wings, St. Ruth's centre was weakened, and this Ginkel resolved to attack. He did so, while the French and Irish taking advantage of every favourable place, fought with determined bravery. The castle of Aughrim, as well as two old Danish forts, kept up a well sustained fire. The Williamite centre was

driven back to the very edge of the bog, and St. Ruth exultingly exclaimed that he would then drive them to the Gates of Dublin. Strong reinforcements again arriving, the Irish had to ascend the hill, and in the heat of this contest he was killed by a cannon ball. As mentioned elsewhere, he did not communicate his plan of battle to his second in command, and the error was disastrous. There was now no settled plan of battle, and no bravery could avail against disciplined troops. The French, on seeing their general killed, began to retreat. In this movement the Irish horse followed, and the top of Kilcommedan hill was gained. They were pursued, and driven from the heights. The most heartless slaughter was committed by the English on their unresisting fellow-subjects. The English army must have been at least 25,000, that of the Irish 14 or 15,000. Numbers of the wounded were massacred—among the rest 2,000 soldiers, without their arms, and asking for quarter, were barbarously put to death. It was computed that 4,000 of the Irish army was here killed and wounded, while Parker, an English officer, states the Williamites' loss at 3,000.

Again was Limerick to show its gallantry. Sarsfield, ever brave, active, and watchful, collected his flying hosts, and resolved again to bid defiance to the enemies of his king from that city from which William had before to retire discomfited. On the 26th of August Ginkel invested Limerick, but the 22nd of September arrived before he could open his trenches effectually, and during this time some terrible encounters took place.

On the 1st of October, a surrender was proposed, and acceded to by Ginkel and the Lords Justices; granting to the besieged all the honours of war—terms which none but those who fought nobly and honourably could hope for—terms by which the valour of the besieged was implied—terms granted to persons equal in bravery, though second in success. Limerick was delivered up on a treaty—this treaty was afterwards shamefully violated by the winning party. The garrison marched out with all the honours of war, arms and baggage, and of the 15,000 constituting the garrison, 10,000 entered the service of the French king. These men were afterwards known, the bravest of the brave, on many a well-contested field—often turning the day against the English forces—as “the Irish Brigade.”

The names of men and families of high and heroic

repute, who are commemorated in this publication are so numerous that we can only hurriedly glance at some of them, again strongly recommending the work as full of genealogical and historical notices of about 600 families, the ancient aristocracy of Ireland. Connected with this we beg to point out as of peculiar interest (vol. I. p. 33) a classified list of those gentry of the several counties of Ireland in 1690 that King James appointed to carry out an assessment on a commission issued for applotting £20,000 per month on personal estates and the benefit, of trade and traffic, "according to the ancient custom of this kingdom used in time of danger." We may here, also, *en passant*, notice the flippant remark of Lord Macaulay, who had but too great a tendency to turn history into fiction. He says that the army of King James was composed of cobblers, tailors, butchers, or footmen. He had no proofs for such an assertion, and had he not been on his death-bed when Mr. D'Alton sought an explanation, there can be little doubt he would, with the proofs which could be given, have honourably recalled the assertion. Catholic Ireland was poor, owing to centuries of oppression, but yet she showed no want of a noble spirit when called on to defend her lawful sovereign; and the hero-worship of such a man as William should not have caused Lord Macaulay to do so great an injustice to Ireland in face of the fact that six of the colonels in King James' army, and five of the captains were peers, and that the other officers were the sons of peers, baronets, or heads of the oldest families—"as long as they had anything to inherit." Indeed such an assertion might have been made with more truth of the followers of Cromwell and William. If it had not been for the tailors and cobblers—"the apprentice boys" of Derry, the gates would not have been closed; as such a proceeding was against the wishes of the better class of citizens—those who had something to lose.

The author gives an interesting account of the Duke of Berwick, the illegitimate son of the King by Arabella Churchill, sister to the Great Duke of Marlborough, from the time of his entering, at the age of fifteen, the service of the Emperor of Germany, through many a well-fought field, till his death, as Marshal, Duke, and Peer of France, at the siege of Philipsburgh, in Baden, in 1734. In 1686 he distinguished himself at the siege of Buda, and

subsequently at Essech and Mochals. In 1687 his father's troubles caused him to be recalled to England, when he was created Baron of Bosworth, Earl of Tinmouth and Duke of Berwick. At the end of 1688, being warmly received by Louis XIV., he embarked with his father for Ireland, and commenced his struggle there, being first sent off to strengthen General Richard Hamilton in his design on Coleraine, as well as to sound the feelings of the people of Derry, of whose anxiety to receive the king he formed an ill-grounded opinion. Berwick remained before Derry with a force of 6000 men and only six guns, the garrison numbering 10,000, with from twenty to thirty pieces of cannon, subsequently aided by an English fleet of thirty sail, that had long remained skulking about, but then brought help with all the munitions of war. A horse was shot under him near Cavan: another at the Battle of the Boyne, and he distinguished himself in guarding the right bank of the Shannon, at the siege of Limerick by King William in person, by preventing the English from investing or even sending detachments to that side, although the river was fordable in many places. He there commanded the Irish cavalry, 3,500 strong. After Tyrconnel's departure for France, he made an ill-judged and unsuccessful attempt on the Castle of Birr, which caused great discouragement. He was then but twenty-one years of age. In 1691 he left Ireland, and served with the French army in Flanders; and in 1693 he was taken prisoner by his uncle, at the battle of Landen, but was soon after exchanged for the Duke of Ormonde. He subsequently married the widow of the noble Sarsfield, the Lady Honora de Burgh, daughter of the seventh Earl of Clauricarde. He piously and devotedly attended his father during his last moments, and after that event, in 1701, he placed himself "at the head of the Irish infantry regiment, and distinguished himself in the Italian Campaign of that year; when his, with Galmoy's, Burke's, and Dillon's regiments of foot, and Sheldon's horse, formed part of the army that was led on by the Duke of Savoy, at the engagement of Chiari. In 1703 his regiment was incorporated in the brigade of Piedmont, and actively engaged in its conflicts." "In 1705," says O'Connor, "Berwick's regiment, together with Burke's and Fitzgerald's, was engaged in all the battles which marked the valour and

skill of the two great commanders, Eugene and Vendome, who headed the united armies." The brigade thus concentrated, was commanded by Brigadier-General Walter Burke, and did wonderful execution at the battle on the Retorto and Adda, which the above author describes as "the fiercest contest that occurred during the seventeenth century." A second battalion was formed, and in 1706 performed important services in Spain. At the battle of Almanza Berwick led his cavalry and utterly broke the mixed line of the allies, and turned the tide against them. In the same year, (1707) at the siege of Lerida, one of the strongest fortresses in Europe, Burke's, Dillon's, and Berwick's regiments were greatly distinguished; and finally mounted the trenches of the captured fortress and citadel. The next year Berwick's, with Crofton's "Irish Dragoons," in the service of Spain, formed part of the besieging army at Tortosa. These celebrated regiments served in Spain in 1709, and in Savoy in 1711. In 1733 Berwick was again called into action, but was killed in the year following, as before mentioned. He left issue by the wife mentioned above, and his present lineal representative is married to a sister of the Empress of the French.

We now turn for a moment to Sarsfield or de Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, a member of an ancient Anglo Norman family long settled in Ireland; a soldier of most noble bearing, and a patriot to whose memory the head and heart of Ireland still beats lovingly. The family held high position and large estates in Ireland. Early in the Irish campaign, a young soldier of high promise, he was stationed at Sligo for the defence of Connaught from the Ulster adherents of William, and was subsequently sent to maintain Athlone, about which time he was spoken of by the Count D'Avaux, in a letter to the minister of war in France, as a man of the greatest merit and promise. He was at the Battle of the Boyne, and he and Berwick were next in command at the first siege of Limerick, under Major-general Boisseleau. With a troop of horse he made a nightly exit from the city, and surprised a convoy that was conducting ammunition and provisions to the besiegers. He spiked their cannon and exploded their ammunition. The Irish on this occasion took eight pieces of heavy battering cannon, of which two were eighteen, and six twenty-four pounders, five mortars, with twenty-four carriages, one hundred and fifty-three wagons of artillery-ammunition,

twelve carts laden with biscuit, eighteen tin boats for the passage of rivers; four hundred draft horses, and one hundred troopers' horses, fully accoutred with pistols, &c, at the saddle bow. By the time King William raised the siege of Limerick, he lost, according to the accounts from his own side, 2,148 men between killed and wounded.

High honours were conferred upon him by King James; and these honours were acknowledged by the English; for in the treaty of Limerick he was styled Earl of Lucan. He was at the battle of Aughrim, and it is taken for granted that had it not been for the narrowmindedness of St. Ruth, the brave Frenchman in command, the result would have been very different. St. Ruth, imprudently, but like a soldier who measures his enemies and knows his men, kept his plans for the engagement to himself; but being killed early in the battle, he left an army without a head. Sarsfield had no special orders,—it was impossible on such an emergency to reconstruct a plan of engagement, and the battle was lost. Yet to no braver man than to St. Ruth, could the French king of that day have entrusted a command.

When Sarsfield landed at Brest, with a large portion of the 19,054 Irishmen, then expatriated, he was appointed by King James to the command of the second troop of "Irish Horse Guards;" and during the short remainder of his life, he addressed letters to those in power in England, showing the displeasure of the French monarch "that the articles of the Capitulation of Limerick had not been duly performed; and requiring that the delay in so doing should be immediately removed. In 1692 he was ordered to join the French army in Flanders;—having then the command of the troops destined for the invasion of England. In the next year he fell gloriously, heading a French division, at the battle of Landen;—with his last breath exclaiming, as the heart's blood flowed fast, and life ebbed away, "Oh! that this were for Ireland!" We regret that by a strange contrast this honoured name should have been disagreeably mixed up with the exploits of Garibaldi.

In our inability to enter into further details we can only add that our author's sketches of the following are particularly commendable:—Lord Trimbleston and the Barnewall family, vol. I, p. 117 to 124. The Earl of Abercorn and the princely family of Hamilton who claim descent from Bernard, of the blood-royal of Saxony, kinsman of

Rolla the great duke of Normandy : p. 179 to 196 :—Lord Dunsany and the Plunketts, p. 219 to 225 :—the O'Sullivans, p. 260 to 269 :—Purcells p. 272 to 278—Geoghegans p. 296 to 307 :—Hurleys, p. 321 to 327 :—Nettervilles, p. 330 to 333 :—O'Bryans p. 352 to 362 :—Lysaghts p. 373 to 378 :—Tyrrells 393 to 399 :—Roche 81-7 :—O'Ferrals 406 to 413 :—D'Altons p. 418 to 427. And here let us pause for a moment, out of respect to the gifted author, who has placed this rich list before us, in order to show that he also belongs to those noble families who came to Ireland at the period of the invasion by Henry II. The first of the family who came to England fled from France, as tradition asserts, in consequence of having secretly married the daughter of Louis king of France. The family early obtained large possessions in Ireland, and founded and enriched many religious houses. In the army of James the name figures creditably ; and on the eve of the war it is said they raised a considerable body of horse for his service. The different attainders include many of the name ; and in the different courts of Europe their descendants will be recognized. The records of Vienna will bear witness—were it required—by *Maria Theresa*, how high the “Chevalier D'Alton” was thought of, and how his families' antecedents were recognized as a “very ancient stock in Ireland.”

In vol. II, let us call the same attention to the families of Fagan pp. 16, &c. and 331 &c. Taffe's p. 48 to 53 :—O'Tooles 63 to 68 :—Macarthy's p. 96 to 106 and 115 to 120 :—Fitzpatrick p. 120 to 128 :—Mc.Donnell p 171 to 171 :—Mc.Guire p. 176 to 183 :—O'Donnell, (as more especially interesting) p. 183 to 200 :—Dillon p. 243 to 255 :—Mc.Dermot p. 273 to 279 :—Browne 317 to 323 :—Goold p. 335 to 339 :—Mc.Quillan (very interesting) p. 356 to 360 :—O'Cahane (yet more interesting) p. 361 to 369 :—Lacy p. 386 to 394 :—Esmonde p. 395 to 399 :—Fitz Gerald p. 418 to 425 :—Eustace p. 404 to 450 :—Wogan p. 450 to 454 :—Hussey p. 457 to 462 :—Nugent p. 470 to 477 :—O'Mahony p. 499 to 504 :—Conry p. 540 to 547 :—Shanley p. 547 to 553 :—O'Mulloy p 554 to 557 :—Grace, from the great Norman Raymound, p. 565 to 569 :—Gafney, (historic and graphic) p. 585 to 590 :—Mac Mahon p. 594 to 600 :—O'More p. 606 to 612 :—O'Neill p 625 to 636 (and in other parts of the work) :—O'Keeffe p. 643 to 648 :—O'Donovan p. 709 to 721 :—Mac Elligott

p. 736 to 742:—O'Reilly p. 746 to 753:—with that of ST. RUTH p. 781, &c.:—and three of the Chevers' family p. 785, &c.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

I.—*Undercurrents Overlooked*. By the Author of "Flemish Interiors." "Realities of Paris Life," &c. in two vols. London: Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street, 1860.

Were "*Undercurrents Overlooked*" not written in the full persuasion that it is able to offer a remedy for the deep-lying evils it brings to light, it would be worse than a useless book. Since out of motives of mere curiosity we have no right to break up the surface of society, in order to trace out the undercurrents of evil, or to lay bare to the public gaze the hidden sources of corruption. We offend against charity, if, without sufficient reason, we make known the faults of our neighbours, and against patriotism if we lessen, to no purpose, the reputation of our country. Not to gratify a senseless curiosity, not to while away the idle hour of a casual reader, but from a deep sense of the duty, which an English Catholic, more especially if a convert, owes to his Protestant countrymen, the author of "*Undercurrents*" has undertaken the by no means grateful task of showing to Englishmen the faults of their country and to Protestants the helplessness of their various religions, established or otherwise, to provide a remedy for the grave social evils of our common country. To hold the mirror up to nature, to catch a reflex of the national character, so as to satisfy by its distinctness the understanding, without wounding by its truthfulness the self-love of the susceptible reader, was the object the author had in view, in writing "*Undercurrents Overlooked*". The graphic and graceful ease of its style, the utter absence of all "priggishness," nay, a liveliness which sometimes

borders on the grotesque, but which on proper occasions, but not oftener, is succeeded by a gravity becoming the subject, or by an eloquent outburst of indignation or pity, too real in its expression to be assumed, combine to make "Undercurrents" a most readable book. No work of the kind would have been more popular with the reading public of England, were it not that Catholic institutions and Catholic charity, and the presence of the Catholic Church itself, were suggested, rather than shown to be the sole effectual remedy for the social disorders and neglect under which the poor and the ignorant labour, in the large manufacturing towns and mining districts of the country. Agricultural life, we may also remark, is not free from reproach. The overcrowded state of the labourers' cottages is productive of evils as great as are to be found in cities, and loudly calls for redress. The suggested remedy to the practical heathenism, which is so rapidly undermining the ground-work of society, is however the stumbling-block to Protestant criticism. The contrast set up between the successful working of Catholic institutions among the labouring classes of Paris, and the failure of Protestantism in its relations with the poor in England, is the motive for the unconcealed hostility of the great "autocrat of the book-trade," who has so recently been hauled over the coals in the "Guardian" and elsewhere, for his stupid system of nonconformist favouritism, as well as the cause for the indignation of many an illiberal Protestant critic. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ*, hence the crocodile tears of the "Saturday Review," with which, in maiden bashfulness, it deplored that the author of "Undercurrents Overlooked" should so far have forgotten the proprieties of life, as to have plunged into the dens of London iniquity, and instead of painting these fearful scenes in "couleur de rose," should have preferred to have given them the dark and inky hue of real life, thus blotting the fair evangelizing fame of Protestantism. The surmise in which the "Saturday Review" indulges, that these scenes of real life were borrowed from the imagination, is another evidence of hasty judgment, inasmuch as we are able to vouch from personal knowledge for the graphic truthfulness of the life-like descriptions in "Undercurrents." For we ourselves often accompanied the author in pilgrimages to the "far off East," or witnessed in the homes of the poor endeavours as persevering to

become familiar with their needs and with the sources of their misfortune or of their guilt. How much truer is the knowledge gathered from personal contact, how much sounder the judgment thus acquired by the author, and how much more valuable such an opinion, than are the hasty conclusions of the writer in the "Saturday Review," who, closeted in his study, suffering, if we may hazard a guess, from "clerical pique," disputes facts, denies deductions, and is content to let the poor and the outcasts of society take their chance, so long as he may offer up, undisturbed by such writers as the author of "Undercurrents," his grain of incense to the national and established Protestantism, and to cry out at appointed times, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!"

In "Undercurrents" as well as in the "Realities of Paris Life," an earlier work from the same hand, the author, disregarding "Mrs. Malaprop's" intimation that "comparisons are odoriferous," has drawn striking contrasts between the poor and suffering classes of Paris and London, between the social state of the two countries, and between the remedies brought to bear on the disorders and the corruption which prevail alike in each city. The writer shows with what unwearying perseverance the Catholic Church has borne up against the fearful tide of unbelief, with what masterful charity she has endeavoured to overwhelm in its very sources the degradation and guilt, which have ever made the turbulent masses of Paris the dread and scourge of society in every succeeding revolution. The religious associations, the charitable confraternities, with the hold they have upon the suffering classes of the one country, are compared with the Poor-law arrangements and the Workhouse system of the other. If in these contrasts the balance should somewhat too often, for our self-love, incline in favour of Paris, we must yet remember that the social and religious character of the working classes is chiefly concerned in these comparisons. It would be a hardihood of patriotism amounting, indeed, to an egregious national vanity, were we to contend that the social and moral disorders of the poor, which religion alone knows how to heal, were better treated in London than in Paris.

The self-denying ministers of charity, the living followers of the poverty of Christ, the numerous religious orders, the Brother of St. Vincent de Paul, the Sister of Charity, the confraternities and associations for visiting

the poor, instructing the ignorant, reclaiming those that have gone astray, are means of grace and divine instruments which are carrying out with visible success the work of regeneration in Paris; but where in London is a counterpart to such labours to be sought? Is the munificence and liberality of our English generosity, which fills the columns of the "Times" with subscription lists and splendid donations, as often as the public attention is aroused, and its aid invoked to alleviate some crying misery, some portentous evil, or some heart-rending case of distress, to be reckoned as an equivalent to the personal charity, to the individual superintendence and to the constant daily visits, which men and women, living in the great or busy world of Paris, find time and feel it their duty to afford to the haunts of poverty and crime?

We manage these matters differently in England, and in a manner, we must confess, more agreeable to the selfishness of our nature. Indeed, we know of the poor only by hearsay, and we do charity by deputy. We pay six millions in poor-rates, and never care to enquire how that large sum is spent, and what are its results.

"Can we imagine," says our author, "a picture of human woe more sad, more depressing, more desperate than that we meet within the walls of a workhouse?" Is it not the ultimate degree to which can be aggravated the afflictions of penury? We can scarcely enter one of those half-prisons, half poor-houses, without exclaiming: "Surely pauperism is the very quintessence of poverty!" And we mentally add, "Ought these things to be so? *Must* the last feeble days of the aged and destitute poor *necessarily* be so miserable?" Those who have visited Catholic institutions and dwelt in Catholic countries, can boldly answer, "No!" For they have witnessed, not in theory alone, but in practice, the working of a system as ancient as that Church which gave it birth, and can testify to its continued efficiency in every case where it has been left free to act upon its own principle of love and charity, and voluntary service. When we recal the hospitable refuges of Rome, of Spain, of Germany, of Flanders, of France, of every spot where the love of the Church has planted an asylum, and the zeal of religious orders has peopled it; when we recollect the cheerful aspect of the place, the generous welcome which greets the inmates, the care with which they are tended, the attention paid to their spiritual

and temporal need, the active sisters, the devoted chaplain, the daily mass, the open chapel, the tranquil walls adorned with holy emblems and suggestive pictures, the atmosphere of kindness and charity which prevails and influences the whole community—we ask ourselves, nay, we ask every one, if the imagination of man can conceive a more striking antithesis than that which this description offers to the parish workhouse!" Again, listen to what this writer says on the favourable contrast which the prison offers to the workhouse, so much so as to make it almost appear that the pauper is a greater offender in the eyes of the administrators of the law than the criminal. "We remember," says the author of "*Undercurrents*," "hearing paupers singing litanies over the wash-tub at the poor-house of La Cambre, at Ixelles, in Belgium. In England we should be less surprised to hear them muttering curses against the overseers. It is true, as we have already stated in another work on prisons, that on the Continent generally, criminals are not *pampered* as they are in England,—they are fed as criminals should be, wholesomely and sufficiently, but no more; and therefore doubtless a foreign prison forms a striking contrast to an English prison. But we doubt whether an English workhouse would oppose any contrast at all to a foreign prison; we rather suspect they would be found about on a par. In some respects the workhouse *is* a prison, but it presents perhaps the most severe form of prison life—it has all the severity, without any of the discipline. It is easy to ask why distressed persons do not apply to the workhouse? Who would enter there, if they could help it? Are not the poor deterred in every possible way, and besides, as we have shown above, when—pressed by absolute starvation—they do solicit relief, how often do they obtain it? A great English writer of the present day has truly said: "The felon is the predilect object of public charity in England, while it is the poor who claims the sympathy of his fellow-men abroad."

We only wish that those writers who have filled Italian dungeons with fictitious horrors, would cast their eyes upon the workhouses at home; what need for improvements, moral and physical, would they not discover: what hardships, what cruelty, what injustice! They would see men whose only crime is their poverty, deprived of the consolations of religion, debarred of the opportunity of wor-

shipping God according to the dictates of their conscience, they would learn that children, perhaps the orphan children of those who fell in defence of their country, are taught, in a refinement of cruelty, to revile the faith of their fathers. Have these writers of the press no eloquence to spare from alleged Italian misdoings for an abuse much nearer home—the abuse of their power by the guardians of the poor? When the religious liberty of Catholic paupers is however concerned, why is the voice of the English Press, so outspoken on freedom abroad, so completely and so universally silent? Before England preaches a crusade of universal liberty abroad, she ought at least to be just to her Catholic subjects at home, even though they be paupers, prisoners, or workhouse children.

In this brief notice of “*Undercurrents Overlooked*,” we have been obliged from want of space to confine our remarks to one aspect of the work, and chiefly limit our attention to the chapter on Workhouses and Municipal Relief. It is, however, but fair to add, that in the two volumes there are many chapters of equal interest. In the first chapter, the author carefully examines into the “social condition of the lower orders,” and remarks upon the general deterioration of their morals, and especially on the cruelty so often now-a-days practised by parents towards their children. The opinion of Mr. Wakley, the coroner, is then quoted as trustworthy evidence on this subject, to prove the alarming increase of child-murder. “I again say,” repeats the Coroner, “that I believe there are hundreds and hundreds of murdered children in the grave-yards of this metropolis alone.” “Here is a pretty state of things,” he adds, “and it is the same, I believe, all over the kingdom.”

The writer then enters into some recent statistics on drunkenness. “No fewer than 85,472 persons were charged last year with drunkenness, and of these nearly 52,000 were convicted.” And then proceeds to show how much more common this vice has become in women than formerly. After some interesting observations on the tyranny of middle-class employers, and on the deplorable condition of factory children, the writer next describes the dwellings of the poor in the close and crowded alleys and courts—the miserable and unwholesome room, with its numerous occupants, the roofless garrets, the cellar with its dampness, the yard with its effluvia; these wretched and crowded

dwelling-places, not only destroy the health, but corrupt the morals of the poor. The number of the inhabitants occupying the "2,208 rooms, which Dr. Letheby visited officially in 1857, was 5,791, composing 1,576 families." "One house," Dr. Letheby more especially mentions, "in which reside forty-eight men, seventy-three women, and fifty children." It is not necessary to enter into details, "I consider it my bounden duty," Dr. Letheby concludes, "not to mask these fearful facts, not only because this state of things perpetuates fever and organise disorder, but also because it developes a moral pestilence far more frightful, and prepares for society a generation of men deprived of every instinct of morality, and ready to commit every outrage which misery and degradation can inspire."

"Perhaps it is not generally known," observes our author, in the conclusion of the first chapter, "that it is now some years since model lodging-houses, supplying many comforts to the poor, were established in Rome at the expense of the Pope."

The second and third chapters contrast in vivid colours the "London Sabbath," with the Continental Sunday. The subject and its treatment we are sure will at once arrest the attention of all readers. We need only observe that in the latter chapter the religious associations of Paris, such as the "Oeuvre de la Sainte Famille," are described by one who evidently is familiar with their working, and that the characters and religious activity of such holy men as P. Milléroit and Monseigneur de Segur, are depicted with the detailed and graphic power of a keen appreciation. The two next chapters are occupied with the pastimes of the people in Paris and London. We only regret we have not space to give our readers an idea of the amusing and characteristic differences which are so well portrayed. The chapter which follows, on Workhouses and Municipal Relief, we have already noticed; then comes an important chapter on Pauper Lunatic Asylums, full of interest and of curious and instructive matter. These singular and able sketches of many things, both in Paris and London, of which we were ignorant, and of some with which we were before familiar, and in which, after this perusal, our interest is agreeably increased, conclude with a chapter on Preaching in England and France. The characteristics of the gifted Dominican, Père Lacordaire, are brought out with great exactness, and the requisites of a good preacher

are well illustrated by P. Felix, P. Reculon, and other French popular orators, and in England by that "master at once of eloquence and knowledge, Cardinal Wiseman."

II.—*May Templeton: A tale of Faith and Love.* Revised and Edited by the Author of "Eastern Hospitals and English Nurses."

There is too great a dearth of English Catholic novelists, to allow of any severe criticism on the few good works of fiction we can truly call our own. Of Catholic light literature, may be said most correctly, that it is essentially "slow." Praise then and thanks be to those who have endeavoured to infuse a little life into us by any effort of their imagination; who have struggled with more or less success, to keep on a par with the story-tellers of the day. "May Templeton" is evidently a first effort; its very freshness is its characteristic beauty. There is a world of the genuine, warm, true feeling, that gushes from a young and enthusiastic pen. In the composition of the story, we cannot overlook many faults—irregularity and unconnectedness:—transitions from one scene to another, far too frequent and abrupt. But several of the characters are well drawn, the conversations sensible and well sustained; and, what is better still, our interest in the heroine is kept up very unflaggingly. In her pictures of life in various classes, she has succeeded admirably. In particular, we refer to the professional life through which May Templeton passes. Her appearance as

"A hired singer! in a London ball-room—earning her mother's bread!

"The feeling of degradation subsided. The demon, pride, fled, scared and defeated, from her heart, as with a smile, she arose,—crossed the crowded room unescorted, and, with child-like grace, took her seat at the instrument, pressing softly to her bosom an Image ever hanging concealed there. May was no longer alone—no longer forgotten! She spoke and was replied to in accents softer and yet more distinct than any near her. She listened and was listened to by an untiring ear; 'she loved and was beloved again!' The lowliness—the cold neglect—the impertinent curiosity—were all forgotten, ere the first notes of her voice sent a hush through the apartments, and every eye was turned towards the piano, while the

conversation subsided into a lulled whispered enquiring of 'Who is she?—professional!—you don't say so!—I should never have thought it!—What an uncommon-looking face!'"

The deep pathos and feeling of the author's mind come out touchingly in the last scenes between May and her brother Algernon. She is watching the little fellow through his last night on earth.

"To please him she went to open it, (the window) while the other watcher beside Algie's bed unfolded his wings. The stars shone lustreously enough outside, but May saw them not. She returned swiftly to the bed, though not swiftly enough, for Algernon was gasping—struggling for breath—his hands clenching the bed-clothes—every feature convulsed with agony. Seek not—wish not—ask not to retain him here.—'Suffer my little children to come unto me, nor attempt by one wild prayer to keep them from my bosom.' So spake a voice to her soul. A voice well-known and well-beloved, for the sheep never mistake His voice; and, though in broken trembling tones, she hastened to obey. The angel watchers knelt beside her. 'Go forth, O Christian soul.....may thy place be this day in peace, and thy abode in Holy Zion;' but the child's agony ceased not. It was fearful to behold; he moaned with pain; while the glazed eyeballs, a moment before almost unearthly in their beauty, appeared to start from the socket. What could mother's or sister's love avail now, when even prayer seemed baffled beneath the power of sin's last dread enemy—and yet, must he part from her thus? That were surely too terrible.

"The boy's last chanted words that Easter morning flew to May's lips, and, unknown to herself, found utterance: 'Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi; dona nobis pacem—pacem—dona nobis pacem.' It was over—the struggle and the agony. Algernon started up; the voice was ringing as of old; 'O May, how bright it is! The sun is rising. See, May, see—my pain is gone. O May, how beautiful! how glorious! Look, May—look—look—look!'

"Her eyes followed involuntarily the direction of the small up-lifted hand, but nothing was visible. The room was quite dark, except from the faint glimmer of the candle in the distance. She turned back to soothe Algie and hush him to rest. The child's sudden movement had deceived her; but he was no longer there—hushing no longer needed. Her 'singing bird' had flown home; only its pretty fragile cage lay on the pillow. The small ten years captive had gone to learn a new 'Agnus Dei,' in the choir whose song is never ended, and yet never weary, and to help to wave the thuribles of undying incense before the altar of the Eternal Easter, among the acolytes who serve the perpetual High Mass up there.

"May shed no tears. The smile on the parted lips forbade all weeping. 'I in patriâ,' 'thou in exile,' was their language now—mute, yet positive."

"May Templeton" may be placed in any young person's hand with safety, and may be read by all with profit. The higher and nobler feelings of the human heart are brought into play, whilst vice is placed in a truly abhorrent light. "Nicely written" is what can with truth be said of it as a whole; and though the author does not compete with an Edgworth or an Austen, she has the promise of being a valuable addition to the scanty number of Catholic novelists; and, in launching on the world her maiden efforts under such favourable auspices, she has shown what may and ought to be done for the English Catholic library of fiction and romance.

III.—*The United Irishmen; their Lives and Times.* By Richard B. Madden. Third Series. London: Dolman, 1860.

We are not acquainted with the earlier series of this work; the volume before us contains the lives of the two Emmetts and Dr. McNevin, with a quantity of miscellaneous information, bearing upon the character of these brave, unhappy men, and upon the wretched history of the times they lived in. To this, the second edition, have been added various papers, more or less valuable, but all authentic, since they were derived from the eldest son of Thomas Addis Emmett, the elder of the two brothers, and in many respects the superior man. His conduct during the rebellion was characterized by prudence as well as courage; he saw the moment when the enterprise of the "United Irishmen" became hopeless, and endeavoured to make terms with government in order to stop the effusion of blood, and in so doing he acted with sagacity and good faith; that government did not keep faith with him, is to say only that it *was* the government of Mr. Pitt and Lord Castlereagh. The result of the unfair dealing used to him by the English government, (which found some excuse, we must admit, in the bad feeling of the American minister,) was, that he and others spent four years in prison before the commencement of their exile to America, if exile it can be called; certainly the banishment from their country

was an occasion of deep pain to men who held a good position there, and passionately loved it, and who were to leave behind them dear friends whom they were never to see again; still America afforded to most of them a happy and prosperous life;—to Emmett especially. He went to the bar, rose to the top of his profession, reared a large family in honour, and died amidst the universal regrets of his fellow-citizens, leaving such a name for worth, talent, and usefulness, as might well make England blush that she should thus have driven such a man—and, alas! many as good as he—from her shores, by her fanatical misgovernment. In America Dr. McNevin also found shelter. His career was very similar to that of Thomas Emmett; they were united in Ireland in the same society, shared the same imprisonment, and cementing their friendship in America by an alliance between the families, they rose together in an honourable career, and in the esteem of all who knew them. Robert Emmett, the younger of the two brothers, came, as is well known, to a sadder end. His youth and talents, the gentleness of his character and purity of his motives, above all, the devoted love which has thrown a kind of halo around him, all these have caused his memory to be held in regretful veneration. Yet, in truth, he deserved his fate; he took up the project of insurrection without reasonable ground of hope, carried it on without prudence, and had so little command of the men he had ventured to call into action, that short as was the street row, for it was little more, in which the insurrection terminated, it was disgraced by causeless and cruel murder. Nor can we acquiesce in the blame thrown upon government for having suffered the conspirators to bring their plans to an issue in order to quash them more decisively. There are abundant proofs, even in the volume before us, that these unhappy men knew that government had information of their designs; that they were not only dogged by spies, but betrayed by their own friends, both in France and Ireland. They could not, then, complain that they were “led on” by a false security; nor, considering that their object was to bring the foreign enemy into the land, could they reasonably expect much indulgence after their failure. Their true excuse is in that wretched state of things in Ireland which drove men desperate; “the free quarters, the house burnings, the tortures, and the military executions,” which Thomas Emmett alleged

—uncontradicted—before the Secret Committee of the House of Lords. The total suspension of the constitution, the whole Catholic population living subject to the direst and most insulting penalties, while all alike were liable to the supervision of spies and informers, to secret illegal imprisonments; in short, subjected to a system of cruel and crafty despotism, which has perhaps never been surpassed in iniquity. Herein is the excuse of the “United Irishmen;” the means they would have used cannot be justified. But no one can remember what men they were, how pure their motives, and how great their provocations, without desiring that they should receive justice from posterity. We sympathise, then, in the feelings of Dr. Madden, but we cannot praise the execution of the task he has undertaken. His materials are jumbled together in the utmost confusion; the narrative is obscure and wordy, and with so little arrangement that often the same facts, in the very same words, are two or three times repeated. If the “Lives of United Irishmen” is ever to become a popular work, it must in some subsequent edition undergo great alterations.

IV.—*Third Report of the Inspector appointed to visit the Reformatory Schools of Great Britain.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty. London: Eyre and Spottiswood. 1860.

The system of Reformatory Schools is one of great interest. It was a noble experiment to rescue our youthful offenders from a life of crime, and all are keenly alive to the importance of the results of that experiment. The movement was conducted on those principles which alone are truly national, that the religious influence which is brought to bear upon the young criminal, with a view to his reformation, should be that in which he was taught when young to regard as true. The advantage of such a system of freedom and equality of all religions in such a work, might be thought to be self-evident: and so indeed it is; but in most of our prisons we leave it to the courage of the prisoner to ask for any Minister of Religion except the Church of England Chaplain. The very one therefore who requires to be met half-way, and more than half-way, and who needs religious influence most, is not pro-

vided with spiritual help: for the interference of an official, representing a religion that is not the prisoner's, either the instrument of an unfair proselytism, or the temptation to a conscience-searing hypocrisy, does not deserve the name.

In the Reformatory School the young criminal is entrusted entirely into the hands of those of his own religion. Catholics have happily been by no means behind hand in availing themselves of the powerful means of doing good afforded by the Reformatory Acts; and we are therefore much interested in the Report of the Government Inspector of these establishments. We extract from this, the "Third Report," such portions as concern Catholic Reformatories, thinking that these details must interest our readers.

	Inmates.	Officers.	Industrial.			Loss.	Treasury allowance.		
			Profit.						
BOYS.			£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.	
Brook Green ...	77...	7...	68	12	0	...	1,350 14 2
Market Weighton	15	19	8	...	1,933 4 3
Mount St. Bernard's ...	288 ..	23...	378	6	3...	5,337 7 6
GIRLS.									
Arno's Court, } Bristol ...	143...	13...	278	19	2...	1,920 4 0
Dalbeth ...	14...	5...	4	18	10...	165 15 0

			Nett cost per head of maintenance.			Weekly food.		Weekly clothing.	
			£.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Brook Green	21	19 6	...	2 6	...	0 6
Market Weighton	17	6 10	...	2 0	...	1 3
Mount St. Bernard's	14	18 6	...	3 4	...	1 3
Arno's Court	10	0 0	...	1 10	...	0 4½
Dalbeth	30	5 9	...	2 10	...	0 11½
Average through England {			boys...	19	5 7	...	2 6½		
			girls...	15	6 10	...	2 6		

Brook Green has £135 2s. 3d. additional expense for rent: and Arno's Court has an entry of £902 8s. for building.

During the year one Catholic Reformatory has been closed:—

"the Catholic Girls' Reformatory at Beauchamp Lodge, Hammersmith, (the Convent of the Good Shepherd,) certified June 22, 1857. This school was opened to receive young Catholic female

offenders from London and the vicinity. It was supposed that these would be very numerous. Their numbers, however, proved to be much less than had been anticipated; and ample accommodation existing at Arno's Court, the 19 inmates of Beauchamp Lodge were transferred thither, and the certificate resigned in May."—*Report*, p. 7.

And a new Reformatory has been opened, at Westhorn Mills, Parkhead Glasgow.

"It promises, in its situation, and the extent and capabilities of the buildings, and, I may add, in the ability of its chief manager, Mr. Robertson, to be a very useful establishment. By the 3rd December 26 boys had been received into it."—*Ib.* p. 58.

The following are Mr. Sydney Turner's Reports of the Catholic Reformatories.

"Catholic Reformatory for Boys, Brook Green, Hammersmith. Inspected December 15, 1859.

"The limited extent of ground attached to this school, allowing only of a small garden, entails many disadvantages on its managers. The workshops (tailors' and shoemakers') appear, however, to be carried on more effectively than at the period of my former visit. The appearance and manner of the boys show their want of more means of physical exercise and training. Great attention is paid, however, to their religious and general instruction, and they are fairly healthy, managed with much kindness, and seem orderly and cheerful. Considering the disadvantage which the 'Brothers' who superintend them labour under in being mostly foreigners, the quiet-successful progress of the school may fairly encourage its promoters."—*Ib.* p. 42.

"Yorkshire Catholic Reformatory at Market Weighton. Inspected November 23, 1859.

"This institution has largely increased in the number of inmates, the average for the year being 118, and the number at the date of my first visit, being 131. Only one case of absconding had occurred during the year. The land is improving under careful cultivation. The discipline of the establishment, the convenience and good arrangement of the premises, are very marked. The boys have generally a cheerful and healthy appearance. A very effective band has been formed from among the boys, and provides a useful means of encouragement. The boys attend prayers in the chapel daily; a small 'section of honour' contains 16 boys, the director making this distinction essentially a prize for the most trustworthy. There are only two cells, and those are not very frequently used, a variety of other penalties for misconduct being resorted to instead, such as extra drill, shortened diet, and corporal punishment. The reports of all faults and offences are made

on Sunday, but the punishment then assigned is carried out on the Monday. Corporal chastisement is only inflicted by the prefect or superintendent of discipline."—*Ib.* p. 54.

"The Catholic Reformatory of St. Bernard's Abbey, Whitwick, near Loughboro'. Inspected November 12-14, 1859.

"This very important establishment has encountered very serious difficulties, and has been the subject of very great anxiety during the past year, arising mainly from the misconduct and inefficiency of several of the 'Brothers,' *i.e.*, the officers charged more immediately with the moral and industrial training of the boys. Steps are being taken to place these officers on a better footing, and so to secure, as far as possible, both a superior class of men and more of them. It would be improper to speak of these arrangements more definitely at present. Pending the reorganization of the staff of superintendents and teachers, it has been found necessary to stop the further admission of boys, so as to reduce the number of inmates, and facilitate the necessary changes. Some part of the present difficulty, no doubt, arises from the institution having been too rapidly increased. The admissions in the first two years amounted to above 250; a serious strain on a new and still imperfectly organized establishment, the cost of the buildings necessary for so large a number pressing also heavily on its resources. But a more active cause was the retirement of the founder of the reformatory, Dr. Burder, from his position as superior of the abbey. The community of St. Bernard's have no doubt done their best to meet the demands which the reformatory has made upon them, and have shown great readiness in adopting the measures that seemed likely to be advantageous; but the still recent origin and rapid enlargement of the institution require the combination of great experience and ability, with that influence over others, and still more that zeal and interest in the objects of the work, which Dr. Burder possessed, to ensure its successful management. The discipline of the boys and their out door work are now on a more satisfactory footing than they were a year ago. I trust the difficulties which have to be encountered may be successfully met. In many points the Cistercian order, making, as it does, the industrial employment of its members so marked a feature of its rule, appears eminently qualified for undertaking a reformatory. A number and variety of industrial teachers, combining religious influence with a laborious example, would seem to be at once secured. The situation of the Abbey of St. Bernard's is very healthful and remote from any considerable town or village; and the extent of land, requiring and likely to repay assiduous cultivation, which is attached to it, offers great advantages to such an institution, and with all the drawbacks above alluded to much good has been effected in and by the school. There is much, therefore, to justify the hope that it may yet become the best and most successful as it is the largest Catholic establishment of the kind in England. It may be mentioned that a large

reformatory is established at the main seat of the Cistercian order, the Abbey of La Grande Trappe in Brittany ; and it was mainly owing to the advice and encouragement of the late abbot of that community, as vicar-general of the Cistercian order, that Dr. Burder, as abbot of St. Bernard's, undertook the formation of a similar reformatory in England. The accounts of the school are now separated from those of the abbey, and are kept on a more accurate and careful plan."—*Ib.* pp. 40-1.

"Arno's Court (Catholic) Reformatory for Girls (Convent of the Good Shepherd); near Bristol. Inspected September 15, 1859.

"I found the additions and improvements to these premises, which I spoke of as being in course of execution in my last Report, nearly complete. The good order and personal improvement of the inmates have equally advanced. The industrial and mental training of so large a number of girls entails some difficulty and much responsibility ; but, as far as I can judge, both are being satisfactorily provided for, in the essential points of constant and useful employment, and fair average school instruction in reading, writing, cyphering, and singing. As mentioned in the body of the Report, the girls under detention at Beauchamp Lodge, Hammersmith, (21 in number,) were transferred to Arno's Court in May last; an arrangement which secured to the latter institution the valuable services of the lady (Mrs. Lawson) by whom the instruction and management of the reformatory department at Beauchamp Lodge had been more immediately superintended.

"The funds of the community of the Good Shepherd have been largely drawn upon in connection with the new buildings of the institution, but the great economy effected in the management and maintenance of the girls in the reformatory has left a considerable balance from the amount paid by the Treasury on their account applicable for building purposes. The industrial returns for the year amounted to £278 19s. 2d., reducing the cost per head (on 143 girls) to £10.

"Arno's Court has borne a considerable part in the reduction of the juvenile crime of Liverpool. Nearly 100 Catholic girls have been received into it from that borough and the adjacent district. The amount contributed by parents for the year was £52 3s. 6d., or about 7s. per head. I find it difficult to obtain the same proportion of contribution from the Irish parents, whose children furnish the majority of the inmates in our Catholic certified reformatories, that I realize from other classes. I am not sure that this arises from any really greater inability to pay. It is often due to their greater skill and perseverance in making out the plea."—*Ib.* pp. 34-5.

"Catholic Reformatory for Girls at the Convent of the Good Shepherd, Dalbeth, near Glasgow. Inspected June 28, 1857.

"This school had made very fair progress at the date of my

visit. The number of girls has since considerably increased, and Mrs. Lockwood, the former lady superior, has resigned her office. She has been succeeded by Mrs. Newson. The establishment is still but recent, but so far has worked successfully."—*Ib.* p. 58.

The tenour of these Reports is of the most satisfactory character, and will greatly encourage all who have the welfare of these establishments at heart. But there are some Reformatories besides these in which we are hardly less concerned. From the extracts from Reports we now proceed to give, we learn that in two of these institutions Catholics and Protestants are brought up together. We cannot coincide with Mr. Sydney Turner's approval of such a system.

"The North-eastern Reformatory for Boys, at Netherton, near Morpeth.

"A very satisfactory feature of this Reformatory is, that Catholic and Protestant boys are trained together in it, arrangements being made to give the former the necessary facilities for Catholic instruction and worship by the assistance of the Catholic priest at Morpeth, a clergyman from the neighbourhood attending to give the same advantages to the boys belonging to the Protestant communion."—*Ib.* p. 44.

"United Industrial Schools, South Gray's Close, Canongate, Edinburgh.

"The system of uniting both Catholic and Protestant children in the same school appears to work very advantageously here. I examined the children of the latter division in Scripture, and the whole school on general subjects, and was very well satisfied with the results. Certainly the religious instruction of the Protestant children has not suffered from the arrangement, and the whole school appears to go on well, particularly in its industrial departments. The success of this endeavour to combine children of the Catholic and Protestant communion together may justify the conclusion that the difficulties in the way of such an arrangement are rather those of theory than practice. The advantages to society of destroying anything like unkindly feelings and sectional prejudices among the children themselves are evident enough."—*Ib.* p. 62.

Important as the subject is, suggested by the statement of these two Reformatories, the following is more important still. The "Report" does not inform us whether in the Reformatories at Netherton and Edinburgh, the education is professedly impartial, as it is called, or "God-

less," as it is still better called; but we suppose so from the words we have quoted; but evidently at the Glamorgan Reformatory the education is professedly Protestant, and no Catholic priest is permitted to give instruction to the young Catholics who may be committed to it. The statement of the Inspector that the Managers "are in a position to make this arrangement, and might be required to do so," will, we hope, be acted on.

"The Glamorgan Reformatory for Boys, at Howdref, near Neath.

"Some difficulty has been experienced in reference to the commitment of children of Catholic parents, a large number of Irish families being found at Newport, Cardiff, Merthyr, &c. In most of the cases that I have investigated, the religious and moral training of the children had been so neglected that it was scarcely possible to speak of them as being themselves of one denomination or another. Several applications have been made for the removal of these boys to the Yorkshire Catholic Reformatory. The great distance of this school, and the expense and total separation from their parents consequent on their transfer thither, and in some cases the positive refusal of the boys themselves to go, have caused most of those to be withdrawn. I should be glad to see some arrangement made, in pursuance of the provisions of the Act 20 & 21 Vict. c. 55. s. 6., for the religious instruction of such children by a minister or teacher of their own persuasion, in the school itself. Having received a grant from the county rate, the managers of the school are in a position to make this, and might be required to do so. It would on many grounds be advantageous, and the example of the North-Eastern Reformatory shows that it need not be attended with any serious difficulties."—p. 32.

The following table will be found to contain interesting statistics.

	Dead.	Doing well.	Convicted of crime.	Doubtful and unknown.	Total discharged.
Brook Green, ...	1 ...	23 ...	2 ...	6 ...	32
Market Weighton,	0 ...	1 ...	1 ...	1 ...	3
Mount St. Bernard's,	1 ..	23 ...	6 ...	16 ...	46
Arno's Court, ...	0 ...	1 ...	1 ...	1 ...	3
Total Catholic } Boys & Girls. }	2 ...	48 ...	10 ...	24 ...	84
Total Protestant boys,	13 ...	259 ...	62 ...	160 ...	494
Total Protestant girls,	0 ...	26 ...	10 ...	23 ...	59
Total Protestant } Boys and Girls, }	13 ...	285 ...	72 ...	183 ...	553
Total boys and girls,	15 ...	333 ...	82 ...	207 ...	637

V.—*Theobald; or, the Triumph of Charity.* A Corsican Story
London: Catholic Publishing Company, 1860.

This story is so very much superior to the general run of things of this kind, that we have pleasure in recommending it. The narrative turns upon a Corsican Vendetta. A young man, shot by his hereditary foes, leaves an orphan boy and girl, who are educated in France, by pious people. When he is grown to be a man, the young Theobald returns to Corsica, where he finds himself marked out as his father's avenger, both by the friends and the foes of his race. His father's sister solemnly welcomes him as head of the family, and ceases not to prompt, advise, and encourage him to the needful deed of vengeance. From Christian principles, he refuses steadily to take up the vendetta. Of all his little world his sister only understands or approves him. The difficulties and trials of this position may be imagined; they are simply described; and the story is brought very naturally to a happy conclusion. The writer is evidently well acquainted with Corsica, and with the character and customs of the people, and has thus been able to give a degree of vigour and truthfulness to the incidents, which are by no means common.

VI.—*Interpretations.* Showing Scriptural Reasons for the Study of Prophecy. The Resettlement of the Seed of Abraham in Syria and Arabia Scripturally Explained; with Geographical Proofs and Maps. The Smiting and Healing of the Land of Egypt. The Rising again of Tyre. Year-Day and Day-Day Systems of Interpretation, Harmonised in a Straight Line throughout the Book of Daniel. The Napoleon Dynasty and Last Head, viewed in the Light of Prophecy. The "Last End" shown to be at Hand, if not already begun. With an attempt to form a Brief Summary of our Present Position, and Future Prospects. By Major J. Scott Phillips. London: Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt. 1860.

It is by no means a congenial task with us to pass under review the work whose marvellous titlepage we have just transcribed. The keenest sense of the ridiculous besets us as we read what this poor gentleman has written and thinks that he has drawn from the Word of God; but he

regards them as his religious convictions ; and pious evangelicals look upon such a book as “ spiritual reading,” and so our laughter ends in heart-ache. We cannot plead guilty to being very conversant with Protestant “ Interpretations of Prophecy,” so that we cannot say whether this exceeds or falls short of them in extravagance. Fall short it hardly can do. Major Phillips has given us several maps, the sight of which fills us with amazement. Here is a Map of Palestine, with a long line drawn parallel to the coast, and marked “ The Line of Construction.” Along it, spaces are assigned to the Twelve Tribes of Israel, like the divisions in an allotment garden. Then our geography is surprised by a river which we never before saw in a Map of the Holy Land, leaving the Mediterranean at the word “ Benjamin,” passing through a square called “ The Holy Oblation,” labelled a little further on “ The Straits of Azal,” and passing through the Dead Sea to the Red Sea. From this we turn to another map, to find the square on a larger scale, and the “ Straits of Azal” flowing through the “ Valley of Eschol” and the “ Valley of Achor,” amidst a wilderness of letter-press, consisting of texts of Scripture, and directions of which no effort of ours could convey an idea to the reader. Here is a specimen—

“ ACB Major axis of the Mount of Olives.

CD Perpendicular thereto exactly dividing the Mount of Olives and reaching direct to Azal.

EF The waters from the threshold of the Temple which at 4,000 cubits meet waters to swim in a river that could not be passed over.

G The thin line shows Jerusalem as it now exists, &c., &c.”

It will be understood that the “ Straits of Azal” are not precisely “ as it now exists,” for Major Phillips has managed to find out what is going to be. And this is how he discovered it :—

“ Now, having deeply studied that admirable work by the Rev. E. B. Elliott, ‘ *Horæ Apocalypticæ*,’ and being peculiarly struck with the great benefit of taking Scripture literally, wherever it could be fairly possible—we were in great difficulty on reading all the above passages, and the name of a certain unknown place, Aza—to make out what spot could possibly be called Azal. And after searching into all the commentaries at our command, and being

thoroughly dissatisfied with their 'spiritualizing' this chapter, as it were, *en masse*; we thought to take a common sense view of the matter—and so taking our Eton Atlas, drew a line showing the major axis of the Mount of Olives, and a central perpendicular thereto, at the same time having in mind the fact of the depression of the Dead Sea 1,312 feet below the Mediterranean, and many prophecies concerning the waters to be granted to the Promised Land. Immediately on tracing the perpendicular to the coast of the Mediterranean, and over Ascalon, the whole matter cleared up; and is not this the literal interpretation thereof?

"Ascalon, Azalon, or Azal, stands on the Mediterranean. Jesus Christ, the Lord of Hosts, shall stand when all nations are gathered together against Jerusalem: in that day shall He stand upon the Mount of Olives. And an earthquake at His bidding, and beneath His tread, dividing the land of Syria, a very great valley reaching from Jerusalem to Azal will admit the ocean waters from the west; and that valley will surely, stretching to the Dead Sea, open thither a way for the ocean waters to the east. But the Dead Sea level being 1,312 feet below the Mediterranean, a rushing strait will rapidly be made. The living waters of the ocean falling a total of nearly eight times the fall of Niagara, with an average descent of twenty-two feet per mile on sixty miles, and entering the Dead Sea at the northern extremity, will speedily cause its vast waters to rise; and while a mighty whirlpool will be created in the basin of the Dead Sea, the rising waters will be quietly permeating the drift sands of 4,000 years, which now conceal the southern bed of the river Jordan. Yes, as surely as the waters of the Mediterranean will enter the Dead Sea at an angle, and admirably prepared as the geographical construction of its surrounding mountains is, to produce a grand gyration; so surely will that gyration of commingled waters rise from a hollow swirl, to a mighty overpowering swell. And when at length the waters stand upon an heap, as Scripture phrases it, and the sustaining power of gyration ceases to uphold, the mass of waters falls and separates and strikes against the surrounding mountain sides. And now, 'Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof; let the floods clap hands before the Lord, for He cometh to judge the earth and the people with *His* righteousness; and God will make a way in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert.'

"The tumultuous waters finding no other outlet, will rush down the Jordan's bed, cleansing it as in a moment. The Dead Sea, rising above its desolated shores, will overflow by the valley of Edom, completing the straits of Azal into the long Red Sea, by the Gulf of Akabah."—pp. 34-36.

Then, "at the close of the millennial dispensation" there is "to be suspended a city in the air, with its beautiful 'foundations, garnished with all manner of precious stones,'

above the total area of oblation." (p. 56.) The foot-note goes on :—

"We argue that since the foundations are described as of 'all manner of precious stones,' they will be visible, not concealed beneath ground ; and therefore, that the city will hang as it were, suspended exactly over the holy oblation. And here we would note that the 12,000 stadia of Rev. xxi. 16 *might* be the circuit of a square base of a pyramidal city.....Our deduction of the cubit and reed *from the stadium of the wine press of Rev. xiv. 20*, being amply confirmed, even though the base of the holy city, New Jerusalem, descending from heaven, did not coincide. But this we leave for judgment, only perhaps the idea here given is the most enlarged, especially as with 'God' nothing is impossible. And yet there is something to our minds consecutive in the holy city, New Jerusalem, towering far into the heavens, precisely over the space of the holy oblation."

If the poor gentleman has had a predecessor in his "consecutive" idea, it must have been Dean Swift, with his Laputa.

Modern inventions our interpreter by no means ignores. There is to be "possibly a railway from Gibraltar to Azal" (p. 39.) and "in the blessing of Asher we read a just emblem of a modern railway." "When science is purified and exalted beneath a reign of peace and righteousness, the materials of closely-plated ships, leviathan constructions, pointed to by God in the Book of Job, may well be wielded by the strong arms of a virtuous and powerful generation into a railway bridge across the Straits of Babel-mandel." (p. 61.)

Major Phillips's *bête noir* is Louis Napoleon, so of course the number of the beast fits in as usual. Here it is :—

"L	-	-	-	-	-	50
u	-	-	-	-	-	5
d	-	-	-	-	-	500
o	-	-	-	-	-	0
v	-	-	-	-	-	5
i	-	-	-	-	-	1
"Romiih, 666	}	c	-	-	-	100
Lateinos, 666		u	-	-	-	5
Napoleonti, 666		s	-	-	-	0
						<hr/> 666"

Then we have "The Fourteen Years of the Feast of Trumpets," dating from Dec. 1, 1852. "L'Empire c'est la paix"—seven years! L'Empire c'est la guerre—seven years!" "The close of 1866, or the beginning of 1867, being the approximate period of our Saviour's second Advent."

"Is this all a dream?
Or is it in whole or in part,
AN ASTOUNDING REALITY?" (p. 99.)

"The man clothed in linen (clothed upon with Christ's righteousness—a part standing for the whole) with an ink-horn by his side—our Britain with its free press." (p. 125.) The remedy for 'The fuel of fire' which is accumulating in our otherwise happy country" is 'the free and open Bible, not vapified by mythicalizing philosophy or specious, however well intended, spiritualizings" (p. 124); but "let us turn to the bright and shining pages of the *Holy Book*, and let us career with fervid spirits and on the wings of memory and imagination" (p. 58). With what wings did Major Phillips "career" when "the American aerial machine" was found by him to have the characteristics of the four beasts of the Prophet Ezekiel?

The Major tells us that the wise "will tell the foolish to go buy books and read," in order that they may meet the Lord in the air. The foolish may certainly buy such books and read: but we are afraid that they will not be much the better for the process. We fear that "the method of taking the Scriptures, literally in their primary crush," may not exactly "prove to be that method which is sought." (p. 67.)

VII.—*Elementary Books for Catholic Schools.*

1. *The Primer.*
 2. *Reading Book, No. I. Sequel to Primer.*
 3. *Reading Book, No. II.*
 4. *Reading Book, No. III.*
- London: Burns and Lambert, 1860.

There is no mistake so great, and we fear so common, as that any one can teach a child, at least whilst it is very

young. We are sure that there is far more truth in the opposite extreme, and that there are very few who are capable of skilfully conveying knowledge to children, or to those who are very like children, the poor and uneducated. The simpler the subjects to be taught, the greater is the difficulty of teaching. Just as Dr. Johnson was puzzled how to describe *a net*, except in hendecasyllables, so it is no easy undertaking to attempt to convey simple ideas into the minds of those who are entirely unfamiliar with those that are more complex. All this of late has become a received doctrine amongst those who have had most experience in teaching; and few things are more satisfactory than to see that men of mark and ability do not consider it beneath them to devote much labour to the preparation of books of instruction for the young.

We have prefixed to this Notice the names of some "Elementary Books for Catholic Schools," which have lately appeared. They are Reading Books, beginning with a Primer, or Horn Book, and ending, at least as far as the Series has yet gone, with a Reading Book for moderately advanced students. In addition to the guarantee given us by the official *Imprimatur* of the Vicar-General of Westminster, we understand that these little books have received a most careful revision at the hands of a Sub-committee named for that purpose by the Catholic Poor School Committee. And they have the further advantage that they are sold at a very moderate price—no light consideration when they are required in large numbers by schools, the funds of which are not always abundant. On this very score of cheapness many Catholic Schools have felt themselves driven to use the Irish Commissioners' Reading Books; but we may now congratulate School managers that those religionless and un-Catholic books are now supplanted by works that are all that we could desire for our children.

What subjects children should be taught to read has long been a disputed question. That much harm is done by choosing the most sacred themes, and wearying a child with them, and leading it to identify them with its lessons, is now acknowledged on all hands. We are further of opinion that it is a mistake to attempt to teach anything else, together with, and at the same time, as reading, by the choice of instructive lessons. The book or passages should be chosen simply because they are the best suited

as reading lessons, and not because they teach other subjects also. If there be a quality that is to be looked for besides the structure of the sentences and the class of words employed, it is that the lessons should, if possible, be amusing and entertaining, so that the weariness of learning may be relieved, and reading may be liked for its own sake. Carefully chosen passages from Church History, Lives of the Saints, Poetry, Natural History, or Fables and Stories, will supply just what we require, and necessarily much instruction must be conveyed as they are read, though this was not the primary object in their selection. This requirement seems to us to have been the ruling principle of the compilation of these Reading Books, by which we have incurred a fresh debt of obligation to the Poor School Committee.

THE
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ART. I.—*History of England, from the fall of Wolsey to the death of Elizabeth.* By James Anthony Froude, M.A. 8vo., Vols. V.—VI. London: Parker, 1860.

MR. FROUDE'S History has lost what was, at its first appearance, the great source of its attractiveness—its novelty, and the startling air of paradox which it wore. The volumes now before us sink in this respect almost to the ordinary level of tame and common-place narrative. The death of Henry VIII. appears to have relieved the author from the paradoxical views which pervaded his entire narrative of the reign of that monarch, and to which the whole history of the time, religious, political, social, and even personal, was made to bend; and his delineation of the characters of the successors of Henry will probably disappoint expectation by its almost servile coincidence with the received opinions of English historians, quite as much as his portraiture of Henry outraged and offended by its daring extravagance even the boldest advocates of free historical speculation. The Edward and Mary of Mr. Froude's fifth and sixth volumes are but tame reproductions of the familiar portraits which have been transmitted in stereotype through a long series of purveyors for the literary tastes of England.

The natural inference from the contrast which Mr. Froude's latter volumes present with those first published by him, might appear to be, that the storm with which his "Henry VIII." was assailed from all, even the most opposite schools of criticism, has driven him into the more secure,

though perhaps, to an adventurous mind, less attractive, track which had been pursued by former inquirers. But we must confess that we should consider such an inference entirely unfair. Not that we do not consider a love of paradox and a passion for novelty for its own sake, to be one among Mr. Froude's most striking characteristics ; but that we believe him, even in his most extravagant views of the character and conduct of Henry VIII., only to have been carrying out a settled and, considered in itself, not inconsistent, theory, to which characters, opinions, and even facts themselves were made subordinate. And if the same tone is not recognized in his narrative of the two reigns which form the subject of the present volumes now before us, it is not that he has abandoned the theory, which he formerly upheld, but that the characters and events of the period are not equally favourable for its exhibition.

Mr. Froude, we need hardly say, is a member of that new sect which, practically ignoring all supernatural influences, limits its view of moral responsibility by the lowest principles of Humanitarianism, and sets up its ideal of Manhood as the immediate, if not the ultimate, object of such worship as it recognizes. His "Henry VIII." is simply a historical embodiment of the principles of Hero-worship ; and, widely as Mr. Carlyle and he differ from each other in the character of their minds, in their habits of thought, in their method of searching evidence, in their system of analysing authorities, in their faculty of condensing incidents and grouping facts together, above all in their forms of expression and structure of style ; it is impossible not to be struck by the numberless analogies which pervade in common Mr. Froude's "Henry" and the "Frederick" of the great apostle of Humanitarianism, Mr. Carlyle. For both alike the sole test of greatness is inflexibility of purpose. For both the one human virtue, which includes or produces all others, is strength of will ; and the same adoration of this all-sufficient quality which enables Mr. Carlyle to deify the first Frederick in spite of the stupidity, obstinacy, mendacity, and selfishness which he confesses, and indeed parades without an effort at concealment, converts almost into virtues in Mr. Froude's eyes, the lust, rapacity, brutality, and pride of the monster whom he has chosen for his hero.

But with the death of Henry Mr. Froude's theme prac-

tically fails. He has no longer a "strong man" to rule his narrative, and bind all its incidents into harmony. It is beyond even his art to give that semblance to the feeble and sickly boy who succeeded to Henry's throne; and whatever of strength the character of Mary possessed lies in a direction in which neither Mr. Froude's sympathies nor his habits of thought would suffer him to follow. Nor do the minor actors of the period supply more available material. Not all the paradox of Mr. Froude could invest with even the shadow of strength the historical character of Cranmer; and although Cromwell pursued his object with an undeviating purpose which it is not possible to ignore, his was the crafty pertinacity of the fox, rather than the more noble impulse of the lion. There is one "strong man" of the period, it is true, who, for a space concentrates upon himself all the attention of the historian—the Protector Somerset. But the strength of Somerset was the strength of passion, and not of will. He had pride enough to appreciate, and ambition enough to desire the highest prizes of daring and adventure: but he wanted the iron energy which would have borne down every obstacle in the race.

On the whole, therefore, we believe that the difference of the tone of Mr. Froude's new volumes, from that which excited so much surprise in the first portion of his history, is rather attributable to the difference of the object than to any change in the author's views, or any modification of his tone arising from the criticisms with which his first essay was received. Nor would it be difficult to point out, even in the present volumes, occasional, though less sustained, examples of paradox as decided, if not as startling, as any in the history of Henry VIII.

And indeed at first sight it would appear that Mr. Froude's personal opinions, as exhibited in his work, are equally calculated to ensure impartiality in his narrative of the most important part of the revolution of the sixteenth century in England—the religious changes which it involved. If the absence of all dogmatic sympathies in the historian can secure him against the danger of bias in favour of any particular party, Mr. Froude certainly might be expected to be the most impartial of historians. A curious illustration of his views on these subjects is exhibited in his reflections on the conduct of Cecil in the negotiations for the reconciliation of England with Rome

under Mary. Cecil, who in the following reign was the steadiest, if not the most forward and enthusiastic, advocate of Protestantism, did not hesitate under Mary to act as one of the commissioners who proceeded to Brussels to negotiate with Cardinal Pole the conditions of the reunion with Rome. Mr. Froude, after observing that this conformity of Cecil has been commented upon bitterly, adds, that, "when one thinks seriously there is no occasion to blame his conduct—no occasion even to be surprised at it."* Cecil, he says, was a latitudinarian. "There were many things in the Catholic creed which he disapproved, and which, when his opportunity came, he gave his assistance in abolishing; but, as long as that creed was the law of the land, he paid the law, as a citizen, the respect of external obedience." And in enforcing this view he lays down as to dogmatic responsibility exactly the same principle which Hobbes applies to moral obligation, viz., that the ultimate standard of intellectual, as with Hobbes, of moral right and wrong, is the law. And hence, that although where the law leaves religion free, individuals are bound to follow the dictates of conscience, yet, where the law prescribes a particular religion, the subject is not only at liberty, but is bound, to accept it. "At present," he says, with what our readers will consider a strange obtuseness of the moral sense, "religion is no longer under the control of law, and is left to the conscience. To profess openly, therefore, a faith which we do not believe is justly condemned as hypocrisy. But wherever public law extends, personal responsibility is limited. A minority is not permitted to resist the decisions of the legislature on subjects in which the legislature is entitled to interfere; and in the sixteenth century opinion was as entirely under rule and prescription as actions or things. Men may do their best to improve the laws which they consider unjust. They are not, under ordinary circumstances, to disobey them so long as they exist. However wide the basis of a government, questions, nevertheless, will ever rise between the individual and the state—questions, for instance, of peace or war, in which the conscience has as much a voice as any other subject; where, nevertheless, individuals, if they are in

* VI. p. 266.

the minority, must sacrifice their own opinions; they must contribute their war taxes without resistance; if they are soldiers, they must take part as combatants for a cause of which they are convinced of the injustice. That is to say, they must do things which would be impious and wicked in them to do, were they as free in their obligations as citizens as they are *now* free in the religion which they will profess."

Now, we need hardly say that, judged by the strange principle here laid down by Mr. Froude, the first apostles of Christianity would be held rebels against the law, disturbers of the peace and guilty subverters of the established order. Yet Mr. Froude over and over again avows his approval of this line of action. To reestablish the mass, as was done under Mary, was, he insists, objectively wrong and unjustifiable. "This was," he says, "the view in which the mass was regarded by statesmen like Cecil, and generally by many men of plain straightforward understanding, who believed transubstantiation as little as he. In Protestantism, as a constructive theology, they had as little interest as in Popery; when the alternative lay between the two, they saw no reason to sacrifice themselves for either.

"It was the view of common sense. It was not the view of a saint. To Latimer, also, technical theology was indifferent—indifferent in proportion to his piety. But he hated lies—legalized or unlegalized—he could not tolerate them, and he died sooner than seem to tolerate them. The counsels of perfection, however, lead to conduct neither possible, nor, perhaps, desirable for ordinary men."

We have said that such opinions as these in a historian would seem to afford a guarantee for the impartiality of his judgments upon the conflicting claims of the parties in the contest which he has to relate, and that Catholics might confidently look for equal justice at the hands of one in whose eyes their doctrines, in common with those of their adversaries, have but little objective value beyond that which they may in turn receive from the sanction of the law. Unfortunately, however, this anticipation is very far from the truth. It can never be forgotten that, with all its indifference to details of doctrine, there is no system which cherishes against Catholicism so deadly a feud as the Latitudinarian. For other creeds the war with the

Catholic Church is a contest of details, more or less numerous and important. With Latitudinarianism it is a conflict of system, in which the very foundations of speculative belief and error of practical responsibility are involved. With all his undisguised contempt for both conflicting parties in the Athanasian struggle, it is easy to see that, while Gibbon is found to admit his intellectual superiority, he never loses an opportunity of depreciating the great champion of orthodoxy. We are sorry to have to place Mr. Froude in the same category. Though he does not ignore the blemishes of the new order of things, his hand is ever heavy on the so-called abuses and absurdities of the old.

The testimony of such a writer, therefore, is especially noteworthy when it runs counter to what is shown to be the habitual bias of his views. Some of our older readers may recollect a series of papers many years ago in which were collected a mass of testimonies from the Reformers themselves to the working doctrinal, social, moral, and intellectual, of the Reformation in the several countries in which it was introduced.* We are tempted before we proceed to any general examination of Mr. Froude's history, to add to the testimonies contained in the papers to which we allude, a few fragments of Mr. Froude's great picture of the social condition of England under the new regime by which the old Papal system had been replaced.

In the following sketch of the social condition of England, Mr. Froude distinctly traces the moral ruin which he deplores to the speculative teaching with which the Reformation was ushered in.

"The Catholic priests in the better days which were past, as the Protestant clergy in the better days which were coming, had said alike to rich and poor, by your actions you shall be judged. Keep the commandments, do justice and love mercy, or God will damn you. The unfortunate persons who for the sins of England were its present teachers, said, You cannot keep the commandments—that has been done for you; believe a certain speculative theory, and avoid the errors of Popery. It was a view of things convenient to men who were indulging in avarice and tyranny. The world at all times has liked nothing better than a religion which provides it with a substitute for obedience. But, as there would have been

* See *Ante* vol. vii., 277, and vol. xxv. p. 205 and foil.

no Reformation at all, had Reformation meant no more than a change from a superstition of ceremonies to a superstition of words and opinions, so those who were sincere and upright among the Reformers—men like Cranmer, Latimer, Becon, Bradford, or Lever, to whom God and duty were of more importance than ‘schemes of salvation,’ whose opinions indeed, followed with the stream, but who looked to life and practice for the fruit of opinions;—such men, I say, saw with sorrow and perplexity that increase of light had not brought with it increase of probity, that, as truth spread, charity and justice languished. ‘In times past,’ said Latimer, speaking from his own recollection, ‘men were full of pity and compassion; but now there is no pity; for in London their brother shall die in the streets for cold, he shall lie sick at the door between stock and stock—I cannot tell what to call it—and then perish for hunger. In times past, when any rich man died in London, they were wont to help the scholars at the universities with exhibitions. When any man died, they would bequeath great sums of money towards the relief of the poor. When I was a scholar at Cambridge myself, I knew many that had relief of the rich men in London; but now I can hear no such good report, and yet I enquire of it and hearken for it. Charity is waxen cold; none helpeth the scholar nor yet the poor; now that the knowledge of God’s Word is brought to light, and many earnestly study and labour to set it forth, now almost no man helpeth to maintain them. While the country was in the darkness of superstition, landowners and merchants were generous, the people prosperous, the necessities of life abundant and cheap. The light of the gospel had come in, and with it selfishness, oppression, and misery. That was the appearance which England presented to the eyes of Latimer, and it was not for him to sit still and bear it.’—Vol. V. pp. 112-14.

... ..

“Bernard Gilpin, of whom Fuller says half plaintively, that ‘he hated vice more than error,’ followed before the court in the same strain.

“‘Look,’ Gilpin said, ‘how Lady Avarice had set on work altogether. Mighty men, gentlemen, and all rich men do rob and spoil the poor, to turn them from their livings and from their rights; and ever the weakest go to the wall; and being thus tormented and put from their rights at home, they come to London as to a place where justice should be had, and this they can have no more. They are suitors to great men, and cannot come to their speech. Their servants must have bribes, and they no small ones; all love bribes. But such as be dainty to hear the poor, let them take heed lest God make it strange to them when they shall pray. Whoso stoppeth his ear at the crying of the poor, he shall cry and not be heard. With what glad hearts and clear consciences might noblemen go to rest, when they had bestowed the day in hearing

Christ complain in his members, and in redressing their wrongs. But, alas, what lack thereof! Poor people are driven to seek their right rights among the lawyers, and, as the Prophet Joel saith, what the caterpillars left, the greedy locusts the lawyers devour; they laugh with the money which maketh others to weep. The poor are robbed on every side, and that of such as have authority; the robberies, extortions, and open oppressions of these covetous cormorants the gentlemen, have no end nor limits, no banks to keep in their vileness. For turning poor men out of their holds they take it for no offence, but say the land is their own, and they turn them out of their shrouds like mice. Thousands in England through such, beg now from door to door, who have kept honest houses. Lord, what oppressors, worse than Ahab, are in England, which sell the poor for a pair of shoes! If God should serve but three or four as he did Ahab, to make the dogs lap the blood of them, their wives and posterity, I think it would cause a great number to beware of extortion.'"—Vol. V. pp. 117-18.

And even so late as the close of Edward's reign, the downward movement had still further deepened.

"The movement commenced by Henry VIII., judged by its present results, had brought the country at last into the hands of mere adventurers. The people had exchanged a superstition which in its grossest abuses prescribed some shadow of respect for obedience, for a superstition which merged obedience in speculative belief; and under that baneful influence, not only the higher virtues of self-sacrifice, but the commonest duties of probity and morality, were disappearing. Private life was infected with impurity to which the licentiousness of the Catholic clergy appeared like innocence. The government was corrupt, the courts of law were venal. The trading classes cared only to grow rich. The multitude were mutinous from oppression. Among the good who remained uninfected, the best were still to be found on the Reforming side. Lever, Latimer, Ridley, Cranmer, held on unflinching to their convictions, although with hearts aching and intellects perplexed; but their influence was slight and their numbers small; and Protestants who were worthy of the name which they bore were fewer far, in these their days of prosperity, than when the bishops were hunting them out for the stake. The better order of commonplace men, who had a conscience, but no especial depth of insight—who had small sense of spiritual things, but a strong perception of human rascality—looked on in a stern and growing indignation, and, judging the tree by its fruits, waited their opportunity for reaction."—Vol. V. pp. 437-38.

The doctrinal desolation was no less melancholy. "The effect," says Mr. Froude, "upon the multitude, of the sudden and violent change in religion, had been to re-

move the restraints of an established and recognised belief, to give them an excuse for laughing to scorn all holy things, for neglecting their ordinary duties, and for treating the Divine government of the world as a bugbear, once terrible, which every fool might now safely ridicule. Parliament might maintain the traditional view of the eucharist, but the administration had neutralized a respect which the Lords had maintained with difficulty. Since the passing of the Chantries and Colleges Act, the government, under pretence of checking superstition, had appropriated all the irregular endowments at the universities. They cancelled the exhibitions which had been granted for the support of poor scholars. They suppressed the professorships and lectureships which had been founded by Henry VIII. The students fell off. 'Some were distracted, others pined away in grief, spent their time in melancholy, and wandered up and down discontentedly.' Some, and those the wisest among them, 'took upon them mechanical and sordid professions.' Degrees were held antichristian. Learning was no necessary adjunct to a creed which 'lay in a nutshell.' Universities were called 'stables of asses, stews, and schools of the devil.' While Peter Martyr was disputing on the real presence, and Lord Grey was hanging the clergy on their church towers, the wild boys left at Oxford took up the chorus of irreverence. The service of the mass was parodied in plays and farces, with 'mumblings' 'like a conjuror.' In the sermons at St. Mary's, priests were described as 'imps of the whore of Babylon':—an undergraduate of Magdalen snatched the bread from the altar after it had been consecrated, and trampled it under foot. Missals were chopped in pieces with hatchets; college libraries plundered and burnt. The divinity schools were planted with cabbages, and the Oxford laundresses dried clothes in the Schools of Arts. Anarchy was avenging superstition, again, in turn, to be more frightfully avenged.

"In the country the patron of a benefice no longer made distinctions between a clergyman and a layman. If the Crown could appoint a bishop without the assistance of a *congé d'élire*, the patron need as little trouble himself with consulting his diocesan. He presented himself. He presented his steward, his huntsman, or his gamekeeper. Clergy, even bishops, 'who called them Gospellers,' would hold three, four, or more livings, 'doing service in none ;'

or if, as a condescension, they appointed curates, they looked out for starving monks who would do the duty at the lowest pay—men who would take service indifferently under God or the devil to keep life in their famished bodies. ‘You maintain your chaplains,’ said the brave and noble Lever, ‘face to face with some of these high offenders; you maintain your chaplains to take pluralities, and your other servants more offices than they can discharge. Fie! fie! for shame! Ye imagine there is a parish priest curate which does the parson’s duty. Yes, forsooth—he ministereth God’s sacraments, he saith the service, he readeth the homilies. The rude lobs of the country, too simple to paint a lie, speak truly as they find it, and say, ‘he minisheth the sacraments, he slubbereth the service, he cannot read the humbles.’”

Nor can it be said that these are the over-heated pictures of enthusiastic declaimers.

“There is no hope that these pictures are exaggerated; and from the unwilling lips of the Privy Council comes the evidence of the effect upon the people. The cathedrals and the churches of London became the chosen scenes of riot and profanity. St. Paul’s was the stock exchange of the day, where the merchants of the city met for business, and the lounge where the young gallants gambled, fought, and killed each other. They rode their horses through the aisles, and stabled them among the monuments. They practised pigeon-shooting with the newly-introduced ‘hand-guns,’ in the churchyard and within the walls.”—Vol. V. pp. 271-72.

Mr. Froude’s account also of the progress of the doctrinal changes introduced into the public formularies, and especially into the liturgy, is strictly exact and impartial. If he fails to do full justice to the Catholic element in the contest regarding the first Act of Uniformity, he fails rather by omission, than as too commonly has occurred, by misrepresentation. Perhaps, indeed, it is false to say that the struggle resulted in a compromise, because it is certain that the great body of the Catholic opponents of the new formularies remained firm and unchanged in the views for which they contended; but the first Prayer-book (of 1549) may in one sense be called a compromise, inasmuch as it took a middle course between the new tenets which the Genevan party sought to introduce, and the ancient doctrines of the Church, which the Catholic party sought to maintain inviolate. “The mystery of the eucharist was

left untouched ; the minister was still uniformly called ‘ a priest ;’ the communion-table uniformly an altar ; and prayers for the dead were retained in the burial service, and in the prayer for the church militant.” Moreover, the “ bread was ordered ‘ to be such as had been heretofore accustomed, each of the consecrated breads to be broken into two pieces or more, at discretion ;’ ‘ and men,’ it was said, ‘ must not think less to be received in part than in the whole, but in each of them the whole body of Our Saviour Jesus Christ.’ It was ruled also that ‘ the people should receive the sacrament in their mouths at the priest’s hands.’ ”

Mr. Froude’s comparison of this Prayer-book with the new Liturgy of 1552 presents a fair summary of all the changes which possess any doctrinal significance. Having described the labours of Cranmer in the preparation of the new service book, he briefly sketches the general tenor of Cranmer’s personal opinions and the various influences which were brought to bear upon those opinions in the composition of the work. In these varied influences is to be found the solution of this obscure and difficult history. “ The English church-services,” Mr. Froude concludes, “ had now, after patient labour, been at length completed by him, and were about to be laid before parliament. They had grown slowly. First had come the Primers of Henry VIII. ; then the Litany was added ; and then the first Communion-book. The next step was the Prayer-book of 1549 ; and now at last the complete Liturgy, which survives after three hundred years. In a few sentences only, inserted apparently under the influence of Ridley, doctrinal theories were pressed beyond the point to which opinion was legitimately gravitating. The priest was converted absolutely into a minister, the altar into a table, the eucharist into a commemoration, and a commemoration only. But these peculiarities were uncongenial with the rest of the Liturgy, with which they refused to harmonize ; and on the final establishment of the Church of England, were dropped or modified. They were, in fact, the seed of vital alterations, for which the nation was unprepared ; which, had Edward lived two years longer, would have produced, first, the destruction of the Church as a body politic, and then an after-fruit of re-action more inveterate than even the terrible one under Mary. But Edward died before the Liturgy could be further tampered with ; and from

amidst the foul weeds in which its roots were buried it stands up beautiful, the one admirable thing which the unhappy reign produced. Prematurely born, and too violently forced upon the country, it was, nevertheless, the right thing, the thing which essentially answered to the spiritual demands of the nation. They rebelled against it, because it was precipitately thrust upon them; but services which have overlived so many storms speak for their own excellence, and speak for the merit of the workman."

The full force of these observations will be better understood from a comparative view of those portions of the three different service-books, which Mr. Froude has appended as a foot-note. To those who have an opportunity of consulting Bulley's Variations of the English Liturgy, or the still more complete Comparative Prayer-book of Keeling—the *Liturgiæ Britannicæ*—this short comparative extract will of course be of little interest; but we think we shall render a service to the great body of our readers by printing Mr. Froude's extracts entire.

Prayer-book of 1549.

The priest shall first receive the communion in both kinds, and next deliver it to other ministers, if any be there present, that they may be ready to help the chief minister, and after to the people. And when he delivereth the sacrament of the body of Christ, he shall say to every one—

The body of our Lord Jesus Christ preserve thy body and soul to everlasting life.

Prayer-book of 1552.

Then shall the minister first receive the communion in both kinds himself; and next deliver it to other ministers, if there be any present, that they may help the chief minister; and after to the people in their hands, kneeling. And when he delivereth the bread, he shall say—

Take and eat this in remembrance that Christ died for thee, and feed on him in thy heart by faith with thanksgiving.

Prayer-book of Elizabeth.

Then shall the minister first receive the communion in both kinds himself; and then proceed to deliver the same to the bishops, priests and deacons in like manner, if any be present; and after that to the people also in their hands, all meekly kneeling. And when he delivereth the bread to any one he shall say—

The body of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for thee, preserve thy body and soul to everlasting life. Take and eat this in remembrance

And the minister delivering *the sacrament of the blood*, and giving every one to drink once, and no more, shall say—

The blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was shed for thee, preserve thy body and soul to everlasting life.

And the minister that delivereth the cup shall say—

Drink this in remembrance that Christ's blood was shed for thee, and be thankful.

that Christ died for thee, and feed on him in thy heart by faith with thanksgiving.

And the minister that delivereth the cup to any one, shall say—

The blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was shed for thee, preserve thy body and soul to everlasting life. Drink this in remembrance that Christ's blood was shed for thee, and be thankful.

Similarly in the consecration of the elements, the sign of the cross was directed to be used in 1549, and omitted in 1552.—Vol. V. p. 393.

These extracts present very distinctly the variations of the Liturgy on the doctrine of the Eucharist, and even on the practical questions connected with that doctrine. Mr. Froude observes that there were other changes, but he does not specify them. We could have wished that he had at least completed the comparative tabular view of the changes regarding the Eucharist, and also those in the Burial Service; and still more that he had explained those of the service for the Ordaining of Deacons and Priests, which have a specially memorable interest from their connection with the controversy on the validity of Anglican Ordinations. It would carry us quite beyond our present scope to supply this want, however important; and we can only refer our readers to Keeling's most useful volume,* in which each of the authorized service-books of the English Church, together with that of the Scottish Episcopalian Communion, will be found in parallel columns, and in a form most convenient for the purpose of detailed comparative study.

In all this it is sufficiently plain that Mr. Froude is a perfectly uninterested, if he be not a perfectly impartial, narrator. A curious example of the light in which he himself

* See pp. 322, 333, 337, &c.

personally regards these changes, is the account which he gives of the well-known disputes about the consecration of Hooper in 1550. He had already related that "in the last parliament a service for the consecration of bishops and priests had been added to the formularies, and had given offence to the ultra parties on both sides. The Anglican was frightened at the omission of the oil, which might impede the transmission of the apostolic powers. The Protestant was outraged at the continued use of 'vestments,' which marked the priesthood as a peculiar body; 'at' the oath 'by God, the saints, and the holy gospels,' which bishops were to swear on admission to their sees, and at a use of the Bible, which savoured of magical incantation." Hooper's position, in reference to this service, it must be remembered, was peculiar. When it was first published he had "denounced it in a lecture before the court as treason to the gospel. Cranmer complained of his language to the council, and Hooper was invited to explain himself. The archbishop spoke with unusual vehemence; but Hooper, who tells the story, says 'that the end was to the glory of God.' His friends supported him, and he was dismissed unpunished." And when Hooper himself was nominated, by the Protector Somerset, to succeed Wakeman in the see of Gloucester, no slight curiosity was expressed as to the course which would be taken in the ceremony of his own consecration. There is a strain of dry irony in Mr. Froude's history of the transaction, which is extremely amusing.

"Hooper," he says, "was the representative of a principle, and his narrow but conscientious inflexibility fitted him to be the champion of an opinion. Edward, who was now fourteen, and was steadily taking a part in public business, was one of his chief admirers, and Edward, with Warwick's help, carried his point so far as the powers of the council extended. The abolition of the *congé d'élire* made the appointment a matter only of letters patent. The oath being to the crown, the crown could alter the form or dispense with it. When Hooper pointed out the objectionable name of 'the saints,' the young king flushed up indignantly zealous. 'What wickedness is this?' he said. He took a pen and scratched out the word. But the consecration service could not be so easily got over. It had been affirmed by act of parliament; and, although the bishops could have been forced to consecrate by a *premunire*, had the difficulty been on their side, a *premunire* could not compel a reluctant nominee to undergo a ceremony which he disapproved.

“Cranmer, who had once maintained that the crown alone could make a bishop, had modified his views. The bench was unanimous that the service must be maintained. As doggedly Hooper declared that he would wear no vestments, he would have no Bible on his neck, he would not change his coat for the best bishopric in England. Warwick interceded, and the boy king talked of putting out the power of the supremacy and dispensing. But Ridley would have no dispensation, and Hooper would have no surplice, and the public world of the Reformers was shaken to its base. The English divines in general took the side of the bishops; the foreign divines were expected to be on the side of the gospel; and Hooper turned first to Bucer, who was then lecturing at Cambridge. To the sad discouragement of the ultra party, Bucer believed that there were things in the world more important than vestments. He had expressed his opinion freely to the council on the condition to which they were reducing England. About the time when the Hooper controversy began, he had told Calvin that there was no religion at all in England. The bishops, he said, were snarling about their doctrines, the lords were appropriating the Church estates and plate, and in their hearts cared nothing for the Reformation at all; clergymen professing to be Evangelicals held four or five livings, and officiated in none; repentance, faith, and good works—the vital parts of religion—no one thought of at all; and unless God worked a miracle for the sake of the innocent king, some great catastrophe could not be far off. In such a disposition he could feel small sympathy with a fever about a white dress and a few gestures. To Hooper's appeal he replied coldly, that for himself he preferred simplicity, when simplicity could be had; but while the great men in England were giving benefices to their grooms—when the services in churches were left to be performed by men who could not read, and might as well be Africans or Hindoos as English—while congregations employed their time in laughing and story-telling, other things, he thought, should be first attended to: if earnest men would set themselves to contend against perjury and adultery, theft, lying, and cheating, ‘the very bones and sinews of Antichrist, whereof he altogether consisted,’ the wearing of apparel would in all likelihood admit of settlement afterwards.”—Vol. V. pp. 321-24.

Failing to meet support in this quarter, he turned to Peter Martyr. But Martyr treated the matter equally as an indifferent one. He told Hooper, as Bucer had already done, “that the thing was of no consequence at all—that it was foolish and wrong to quarrel about it. When changes were being introduced of vital moment, the retention of outward forms was not only tolerable, but of high importance and utility; the imaginations of the people

were not disturbed, their habits were not shocked; they would listen the more quietly to new doctrines, and the form in due time would follow the matter." Thus, Hooper stood all but alone in inflexibility.

"Strange it seemed to Hooper that such men could not see that the evils which they spoke of as of so much importance were the fruits of Antichrist, not the substance of him. It was the form which gave the soul to the matter. The surplice was, as it were, Satan's magic robe and enchanter's cloak of darkness—the secret of his strength and power. Alone he must fight the battle of the Lord, then. His pulpit rang, Sunday after Sunday, with invectives against disguised popery. He became so violent at last, that he was inhibited from preaching, and commanded to confine himself to his house. His tongue being silenced, he wrote a pamphlet, in which he reflected upon the council; and upon the 12th of January he was committed to the custody of the Archbishop of Canterbury, to be 'either reformed or further punished, as the obstinacy of his case required.' In the intervals of Gardiner's trial, Cranmer endeavoured to reason with him; but he found him 'coveting rather to prescribe orders to others' than to obey; and, to make an end of the matter, the council sent him to the Fleet.

"Here, at last, he recovered his senses. The king excused him the oath. He himself agreed to wear the Nessus garment during the few hours of consecration, if he might tear it off before it had poisoned him, and in his own diocese might wear it or not wear it, as he pleased.

"So closed this child's battle, leaving us at no loss to understand how before long England might weary of such men and such men's teaching."—Vol. V. pp. 325-26.

The active interference in religious controversies, here attributed to the boy-king, Edward, is but one of many similar proceedings in which he is made to hold a prominent place. One incident narrated by Mr. Froude, is especially interesting, as it exhibits him in conflict with his Catholic sister, Mary, and displays in contrast all the most striking characteristics of both. The occasion to which we refer is that in which the council having withdrawn from Mary the privilege, which she had hitherto enjoyed, of having mass celebrated by her own chaplain, the Emperor Charles V. retaliated by prohibiting to Chamberlaine, the English resident at Brussels, the use of the English Communion Service. This act of retaliation led to a threat on the part of the council, that the privilege of the Flemish ambassador at London should

be withdrawn; and as the Emperor persisted in his resolve, the quarrel appeared hastening to a crisis. Mary was summoned to present herself at court. "She rode into London surrounded by a retinue of peers, knights, and gentlemen, every one ostentatiously wearing a chain of beads. After resting two days at a house at St. John's, she went in the same state through Fleet-street and the Strand to Whitehall, amidst the benedictions of tens of thousands of people. To their fevered imaginations, the earth round the city seemed to shake. 'Men in harness' were seen sitting in the air, who 'came down to the ground and faded away.' 'Three suns appeared, so that men could not discern which was the true sun.' The princess alighted at the palace gate. She was first introduced to the king, and afterwards she went at his side to the council chamber. 'It was then declared to her how long her mass had been suffered in hope of her reconciliation;' as that hope had ceased, it was to be suffered no longer. What was said of her supposed intrigues, or if anything was said, does not appear. The mass was the great question on which all else was turning. Mary, whose will had never yielded to man's, except it was her father's, replied that her soul was God's. She would not change her faith, nor would she 'dissemble her opinions with contrary doings.' The council told her that no constraint was laid upon her faith. She must conform her practice. She was not a king to rule, but a subject to obey the laws. Her example might breed inconvenience. Consistent, however, with her plea, that laws made in a minority were no laws, she would neither admit their argument, nor flinch in her own resolution."

Neither party being disposed to yield, and the princess continuing to be debarred from the exercise of her religion, the Emperor precipitated the issue by a brief message through his ambassador, requiring either the liberty which was demanded for the princess Mary, or war. It is at this point that Edward interferes. With a will, through all its boyish vivacity, not a whit less inflexible than that of his graver sister, he appears to infinitely greater advantage even upon their own ground, than the bishops to whom he and his councillors looked for guidance in their peril. There is something highly dramatic in the position, and its effect is heightened by the simplicity and freedom from effort with which it is narrated.

"On the delivery of the Emperor's message, when the council was looking in one another's faces, he suggested that they were inadequate judges in a case of conscience, and they should consult the bishops. Cranmer, Ridley, and Ponet were sent for. 'The realm, the bishops were told, was in great peril, and like to be utterly undone, if either the Emperor would take no nay or the king would give him no yea;' in such extremity, was it lawful to yield?"

"The bishops asked if war was inevitable, should the king persist? Being told that there was no hope of escaping it, they begged for a night to consider their answer. The following morning they gave an opinion, as the result of their deliberation, that—

"'Although to give licence to sin was sin, yet if all haste possible was observed, to suffer and wink at it for a time might be borne.'

"The king's attendance was then requested. As Edward entered, the Lord Treasurer (Paulet, Earl of Wilts) fell on his knees, and told him that he and they and the realm were about to come to nought. They must give way, pacify the Emperor, and let the princess do as she desired; the bishops said that it might be done.

"'Are these things so, my Lords?' said Edward, turning to them. 'Is it lawful by Scripture to sanction idolatry?'

"'There were good kings in Scripture, your Majesty,' they replied, 'who allowed the hill altars, and yet were called good.'

"'We follow the example of good men,' the boy answered, 'when they have done well. We do not follow them in evil. David was good, but David seduced Bathshebah and murdered Uriah. We are not to imitate David in such deeds as those. Is there no better Scripture?'

"The bishops could think of none.

"'I am sorry for the realm, then,' the king said, 'and sorry for the danger that will come of it; I shall hope and pray for some thing better, but the evil thing I will not allow.'"—Vol. vi. pp. 331-2.

For a moment, therefore, we find Mary and her brother in direct and deadly conflict for conscience-sake, each equally bold and equally uncompromising in the maintenance of what each felt to be a duty. It would be curious to speculate what might have been the results to England of the prolonged continuance of such a conflict, in which each of the rival creeds, finding a rallying-point in the support drawn from the high places, would have claimed and might have obtained a more full and a freer examination. But no room was left for such speculation. A compromise was silently effected, which kept the matter from attracting much public attention. "The council delayed their an-

swer to the ambassador. They determined not for the moment to put a stop to the princess's mass, but to punish all who attended it except herself; and when the ambassador became pressing, they promised to send a special commissioner to the Emperor, who, it was hoped, would satisfy him." In this way a public collision in England was prevented. The contest with the Emperor about the ambassadorial privileges still continued, but it created little interest at home; nor is the sequel of the history of much importance, except as illustrating the conscientious integrity, the devoted enthusiasm, and the inflexible firmness of the persecuted princess. In the month of August, 1550, a message was sent her from the council through three of the officers of her household, that "the mass must cease," and they were instructed to warn the chaplains to take care for their own part that the order was obeyed. Mary peremptorily forbade them to speak to her chaplains on the subject, on pain of immediate dismissal from her service, and declared that, if the order were enforced, she would at once leave the country. Meanwhile she addressed a letter to the king, her brother. "A message," she said, in this letter, "had been brought to her by her servants on a matter which concerned the salvation of her soul; her servants were no fit messengers for the Lords to have chosen. The meanest subjects in the realm would ill bear to receive such treatment through their own attendants. For the letter which Edward had written to her, it was signed indeed with his hand, but it was not his own composition, and he was too young to be a fit judge in such questions. Her father had brought her up in the Catholic faith, and she would not believe one thing and say another, nor would she submit to rule her mind by the opinions of the Privy Council. She entreated, therefore, that her want of conformity might be tolerated till he was old enough to act for himself, and if this could not be, 'rather than offend God and my conscience,' she said, 'I offer my body at your will, and death shall be more welcome than life.'" This letter produced no effect. The Council had gone too far to retreat. A new message, still more peremptory, was despatched to the princess. Mr. Froude narrates the issue of this new mission in the words of the messenger deputed by the council. It is so characteristic of Mary, and foreshadows so distinctly her after career, that we cannot pass it by.

"Having received commandment and instructions from the King's Majesty, we repaired to the Lady Mary's house at Copt Hall, on the 28th instant in the morning, where, shortly after our coming, I, the Lord Chancellor, delivered his Majesty's letter to her, which she received upon her knees, saying that, for the honour of the King's Majesty's hand wherewith the said letter was signed, she would kiss the letters and not for the matter contained in them; for the matter, said she, I take to proceed not from his Majesty, but from you his council.

"In the reading of the letter, which she did read secretly to herself, she said these words in our hearing—Ah! good Mr. Cecil took much pains here. When she had read the letter, we began to open the matter of our instructions unto her: and as I, the Lord Chancellor, began, she prayed me to be short, for, said she, I am not well at ease, and I will make you a short answer.

"After this, we told her at good length how the King's Majesty having used all the gentle means and exhortations that he might, to have reduced her to the rites of religion and order of divine service set forth by the laws of the realm, and finding her nothing conformable, but still remaining in her former errors, had resolved, by the whole estate of his Majesty's Privy Council and with the consent of divers others of the nobility, that she should no longer use the private mass, nor any other divine service than is set forth by the laws of the realm; and here we offered to show her the names of all those which were present at this consultation and resolution. But she said she cared not for any rehearsal of the names, for, said she, I know you to be all of one sort therein.

"We told her further that the King's Majesty's pleasure was we should also give strait charge to her chaplains that none of them should presume to say any mass, and the like charge to all her servants that none of them should presume to hear any mass.

"Hereunto her answer was thus—

"To the King's Majesty she was, is, and ever will be his Majesty's most humble and most obedient subject and poor sister, and would most willingly obey all his commandments in anything—her conscience saved—yea, and would willingly and gladly suffer death to do his Majesty's good. But rather than she will agree to use any other service than was used at the death of the late king her father, she would lay her head on a block and suffer death. But, said she, I am unworthy to suffer death in such a quarrel. When the King's Majesty, said she, shall come to such years that he may be able to judge these things himself, his Majesty shall find me ready to obey his orders in religion; but now in these years, although he, good, sweet king, have more knowledge than any other of his years, yet it is not possible that he can be a judge of these things. If ships were to be sent to the sea, or any other thing to be done touching the policy and government of the realm, I am sure

you would not think his Highness yet able to consider what were to be done. And much less, said she, can he in these years discern what is fit in matters of divinity. If my chaplains do say no mass, I can hear none; no more can my poor servants. But as for my servants, I know it shall be against their will, as it should be against mine; for if they could come where it were said, they should hear it with good will, and as for my priests, they know what they have to do. The pain of your law is but imprisonment for a short time, and if they will refuse to say mass for fear of that imprisonment, they may do therein as they will; but none of your new service, said she, shall be used in my house, and if any be said in it, I will not tarry in the house."—Vol. V. pp. 361-63.

We print the details of the discussion as to the interference with her household and the detention of her servants in prison, in all which the princess, even by the showing of her adversaries, maintained a most dignified and becoming position. But the concluding scene is in part so touching, and in part so amusing and curious, that we shall transcribe it at length.

"Having said this, she departed from us into her bed-chamber, and delivered to me, the Lord Chancellor, a ring upon her knees, with very humble recommendations to her brother, saying, that she would die his true subject and sister, and obey his commandment in all things, except in these matters of religion. But yet, said she, this shall never be told to the King's Majesty. After her departure we called the chaplains and the rest of the household before us, and the chaplains after some talk, promised all to obey the King's Majesty's commandment. We further commanded them, and every one of them, to give notice to some one of the council, at the least, if any mass, or other service than that set forth by the law, should hereafter be said in that house.

"Finally, when we had said and done as is aforesaid, and were gone out of the house, tarrying there for one of her chaplains, who was not with the rest when we gave the charge aforesaid unto them, the Lady Mary's Grace sent to us to speak with her one word at a window. When we were come into the court, notwithstanding that we offered to come up to her chamber, she would needs speak out of the window, and prayed us to speak to the Lords of the Council that her controller might shortly return; for, said she, since his departing, I take the accounts myself of my expenses, and learned how many loaves of bread be made of a bushel of wheat; and I wis my father and my mother never brought me up with baking and brewing; and, to be plain with you, I am weary of my office, and, therefore, if my Lords will send mine officer home, they shall do me pleasure; otherwise, if they send him to prison, I

beshrew him if he go not to it merrily and with a good will. And I pray God to send you well to do in your souls and bodies too, for some of you have but weak bodies."—Vol. V. pp. 365-66.

There is little novelty in Mr. Froude's portraiture of Edward, but he places in a very clear and interesting light the remarkable precocity of his talent for political science, and the assiduity and success with which he laboured to make himself acquainted with the condition of his kingdom and with the wants, as well as the resources, of the population. The popular notion of the youthful prince represents him as an amiable but timid and scrupulous theological trifler. In Mr. Froude's pages, if the authorities be reliable, he appears, if not a profound, at least an ingenious political scholar. He had mastered all the difficulties regarding the great economical evil of the age, the successive tamperings with the currency. He was familiar with the extent and the nature of the crown debt. He had considered the necessity of economy in the expenditure, and of a check upon frauds in the collection and administration of public revenue. He himself, in his own household had reduced his principles to practice. Retrenchment had been enforced, irregular exaction repressed, order and general economy insisted upon. He had begun to inquire into the daily transactions of the council, requiring notice each day of the business which was to be done, and a regular summary each Saturday of the proceedings of the week; and he had even embodied in a draft of his own will, not alone a plan for the regulation of the private affairs of his successor, but a general scheme of social reform for England, which exhibits a depth of thought and a largeness of comprehension quite beyond the years of its youthful author. All this, however, is founded upon papers printed under his name by Burnet and Strype, the authenticity of which, and still more their exclusive authorship, is far from established. Even Mr. Froude confesses that a MS. volume of Essays and Exercises, by the young king, which is preserved in the British Museum, "shows nothing beyond the ordinary ability of a clever boy."*

Mr. Froude's account of the last illness and death of Edward—the racking cough which wasted him—his

* V. 439, note.

sleepless nights—the piteous symptoms which ushered in the closing struggle—above all, the ghastly exhibition of his dying form at the palace windows for the purpose of refuting the premature rumour of his death, is most graphic, and, indeed, most touching. It is hard, even for a mind steeled by religious antipathies, not to forget its animosity in the sight of an end so lamentable; and we think that Mr. Froude, even while he noted that this death of the last male child of the race of Tudor occurred on the 6th of July, the anniversary of the execution of Sir Thomas More, might have spared the sneer which lurks in his observation, that “pious Catholics” did not fail to observe the coincidence.

His portraiture of Mary substantially follows the traditional Protestant reading of her character. For him she is the same Bloody Mary who has been the bugbear of Protestant England for three centuries, and in whom not a single good or amiable quality can be discerned. Mr. Froude, indeed, while he preserves all the darker colours of the picture, has thrown into it an air of caricature, which, far from relieving its gloom, only heightens the revolting effect, by adding a feeling of contempt and loathing to that of fear and abhorrence. No historian of Mary has placed in so painful a light all her womanly weaknesses and all her natural defects. No historian has so utterly ignored the better quality which she possessed, and the good impulses to which she yielded. Above all, no historian has taken so little account of the circumstances in which she was placed, of the difficulties by which she was surrounded, and of the unceasing state of warfare in which she was compelled to live. All the good that he can prevail on himself to recognize in her, is comprised in the following sketch.

“As the moment draws near when Mary will step forward to the front of the historical stage, it is time to give some distinct account of her. She was born in February 1515-16, and was, therefore, in her thirty-sixth year. Her face was broad, but drawn and sallow; the forehead large, though projecting too much at the top, and indicating rather passion and determination than intellectual strength. Her eyes were dauntless, bright, steady, and apparently piercing; but she was short-sighted, and insight either into character or thing was not among her capabilities. She was short and ill-figured; above the waist she was spare, from continued ill-health; below, it is enough to say, that she had inherited her father's drop-

sical tendencies, which were beginning to show themselves. Her voice was deep, like a man's, she had a man's appetite, especially for meat; and in times of danger, a man's promptness of action. But she was not without a lady's accomplishments. She embroidered well, played on the lute well; she could speak English, Latin, French, and Spanish, and she could read Italian; as we have seen, she could be her own housekeeper; and if she had masculine energy, she had with it a woman's power of braving and enduring suffering.

"By instinct, by temperament, by hereditary affection, she was an earnest Catholic; and whatever Mary believed she believed thoroughly, without mental reservation, without allowing her personal interests either to tint her convictions or to tempt her to disguise them. As long as Queen Catherine lived, she had braved Henry's anger, and clung to her and to her cause. On her mother's death she had agreed to the separation from the Papacy as a question of policy touching no point of faith or conscience. She had accepted the alterations introduced by her father; and, had nothing else intervened, she might have maintained as a sovereign what she had honestly admitted as a subject. Her own persecution only, and the violent changes enforced by the doctrinal Reformers, taught her to believe that, apart from Rome, there was no security for orthodoxy."—Vol. V. pp. 366-68.

On the other hand, throughout the entire history of her reign, he never loses an occasion of making her appear weak, narrow-minded, mean, jealous, and unamiable. Her piety is made ridiculous. Her love for her husband is made disgusting. The unhappy mistake as to her pregnancy, which, after all, was but an impulse of maternal instinct which deserved to be spared, becomes a subject for coarse and unfeeling mockery. Above all, the violent repressive measures which still make her memory terrible to England, are in great part permitted to appear as her work, and as a spontaneous indulgence of a naturally cruel and bloody temperament.

The same grudging unkindly tone pervades Mr. Froude's history of Cardinal Pole, although he fails, with all his prejudice, to conceal altogether the noble qualities of this generous and devoted man. It is plain, in truth, that with all his indifference to dogma, the guiding spirit of Mr. Froude's narrative of the reign of Mary, is the dread and dislike of the Catholic system, and the desire to present it as a purely human institution, and its re-establishment in England as an effort of priestly ambition and love of rule.

There is one example of this grudging spirit so curious that we cannot help referring to it; and as the scene itself is a good specimen of the author's power of dramatic narration, we are induced to extract it in part. We allude to the execution of the Duke of Northumberland. One would have thought that the dying conversion of such a man was not a triumph of much importance to the Church; but Mr. Froude cannot even let this pass without suggesting doubts and suspicions as to the motives in which it originated.

"Crime alone makes death terrible; in the long list of victims whose bloody end, at stake or scaffold, the historian of England in the sixteenth century has to relate, two only showed signs of cowardice, and one of those was a soldier and a nobleman, who, in a moment of extreme peril, four years before, had kissed swords with his comrades, and had sworn to conquer the insurgents at Norwich, or die with honour.

"The Duke of Northumberland, who since that time had lived very emphatically without God in the world, had not lived without religion. He had affected religion, talked about religion, played with religion, till fools and flatterers had told him that he was a saint; and now, in his extreme need, he found that he had trifled with forms and words, till they had grown into a hideous hypocrisy. The Infinite of death was opening at his feet, and he had no faith, no hope, no conviction, but only a blank and awful horror, and perhaps he felt that there was nothing left for him but to fling himself back in agony into the open arms of superstition. He had asked to speak with some member of the council; he had asked for a confessor. In Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, he found both.

"After the sentence Gardiner visited him in the Tower, where he poured out his miserable story; he was a Catholic, he said, he always had been a Catholic; he had believed nothing of all the doctrines for which he had pretended to be so zealous under Edward. 'Alas!' he cried, 'is there no help for me? Let me live but a little longer to do penance for my sins.' Gardiner's heart was softened at the humiliating spectacle; he would speak to the queen, he said, and he did speak, not wholly without success; he may have judged rightly that the living penitence of the Joshua of the Protestants would have been more useful to the Church than his death. Already Mary had expressed a wish that, if possible, the wretched man should be spared; and he would have been allowed to live, except for the reiterated protests of Bernard in his own name and in the Emperor's.

"It was decided at last that he should die, and a priest was assigned him to prepare his soul."—vol. vi. pp. 66-9.

But Mr. Froude undertakes to pronounce upon his unsincerity.

"Northumberland, in playing a part in the pageant, was hoping to save his wretched life. When it was over he wrote a passionate appeal to Arundel.

"'Alas! my lord,' he said, 'is my crime so heinous as no redemption but my blood can wash away the spots thereof? An old proverb there is, and that most true—a living dog is better than a dead lion; oh that it would please her good Grace to give me life, yea, the life of a dog, if I might but live and kiss her feet, and spend both life and all in her honourable service.'

"But Arundel could not save him—would not have saved him, perhaps, had he been able—and he had only to face the end with such resolution as he could command.

"The next morning, at nine o'clock, Warwick and Sir John Gates heard mass in the Tower chapel; the two Seymours were again present with Courtenay; and before Gates received the sacrament, he said a few words of regret to the latter for his long imprisonment, of which he admitted himself in part the cause. On leaving the chapel Warwick was taken back to his room, and learned that he was respited. Gates joined Palmer, who was walking with Watson in the garden, and talking with the groups of gentlemen who were collected there. Immediately after the Duke was brought out. 'Sir John,' he said, to Gates, 'God have mercy on us; forgive me as I forgive you, although you and your council have brought us hither.' 'I forgive you, my Lord,' Gates answered, 'as I would be forgiven; yet it was you and your authority that was the only original cause of all.' They bowed each. The Duke passed on, and the procession moved forward to Tower-hill.

"The last words of a worthless man are in themselves of little moment; but the effect of the dying speech of Northumberland lends to it an artificial importance. Whether to the latest moment he hoped for his life, or whether, divided between atheism and superstition, he thought, if any religion was true, Romanism was true, and it was prudent not to throw away a chance, who can tell? At all events, he mounted the scaffold with Heath, the Bishop of Worcester, at his side; and then deliberately said to the crowd, that his rebellion and his present fall were owing to the false preachers who had led him to err from the Catholic faith of Christ; the fathers and the saints had ever agreed in one doctrine; the present generation were the first that had dared to follow their private opinions; and in England and in Germany, where error had taken deepest root, there had followed war, famine, rebellion, misery, tokens all of them of God's displeasure. Therefore, as they loved their country, as they valued their souls, he implored his hearers to turn, all of them, and turn at once, to the Church which they had left; in which Church he, from the bottom of his heart, avowed his

own steadfast belief. For himself he called them all to witness that he died in the one true Catholic faith; to which, if he had been brought sooner, he would not have been in his present calamity.

"He then knelt, 'I beseech you all,' he said again, 'to believe that I die in the Catholic faith.' He repeated the *Miserere* psalm, the psalm *De Profundis*, and the *Paternoster*. The executioner, as usual, begged his pardon. 'I have deserved a thousand deaths,' he muttered. He made the sign of the cross upon the sawdust, and kissed it, then laid down his head, and perished.

"The shame of the apostasy shook down the frail edifice of the Protestant constitution, to be raised again in suffering, as the first foundations of it had been laid, by purer hands and nobler spirits. In his better years Northumberland had been a faithful subject and a fearless soldier, and, with a master's hand over him, he might have lived with integrity, and died with honour. Opportunity tempted his ambition—ambition betrayed him into crime—and, given over to his lower nature, he climbed to the highest round of the political ladder, to fall and perish like a craven. He was one of those many men who can follow worthily, yet cannot lead; and the virtue of the beginning was not less real than the ignominy of the end."—Vol. vi., pp. 69—73.

Now, in all this, Mr. Froude has not the slightest evidence of insincerity. The only ground upon which he makes this positive assertion, is the presumption drawn from Northumberland's previous life. Now, it is very remarkable that in a case still more memorable and still more signal than that of Northumberland, but one in which the honour of Protestantism, and not of Catholicism, is involved, Mr. Froude suggests, on far weaker grounds, precisely the opposite conclusion. We allude to the well-known recantation of Cranmer. The narrative is very lengthened; we shall select the most important portions.

On the account of the trial we need not dwell. Mr. Froude produces nothing new regarding it. But having given a summary of Cardinal Pole's letter to Cranmer, written after the sentence had been passed, he proceeds—

"The exact day on which this letter reached the archbishop is uncertain, but it was very near the period of his sentence. He had dared death bravely while it was distant; but he was physically timid; the near approach of the agony which he had witnessed in others unnerved him; and in a moment of mental and moral prostration Cranmer may well have looked in the mirror which Pole held up to him, and asked himself whether, after all, the being there described was his true image—whether it was himself as others saw him. A faith which had existed for centuries, a faith

in which generation after generation have lived happy and virtuous lives ; a faith in which all good men are agreed, and only the bad dispute—such a faith carries an evidence and a weight with it beyond what can be looked for in a creed reasoned out by individuals—a creed which had the ban upon it of inherited execration ; which had been held in abhorrence once by him who was now called upon to die for it. Only fools and fanatics believe that they cannot be mistaken. Sick misgivings may have taken hold upon him in moments of despondency, whether, after all, the millions who received the Roman supremacy might not be more right than the thousands who denied it ; whether the argument on the real presence, which had satisfied him for fifty years, might not be better founded than his recent doubts. It is not possible for a man of gentle and modest nature to feel himself the object of intense detestation without uneasy pangs ; and as such thoughts came and went, a window might seem to open, through which there was a return to life and freedom. His trial was not greater than hundreds of others had borne, and would bear with constancy ; but the temperaments of men are unequally constituted, and a subtle intellect and a sensitive organization are not qualifications which make martyrdom easy.

“Life, by the law of the Church, by justice, by precedent, was given to all who would accept it on terms of submission. That the archbishop should be tempted to recant, with the resolution formed, notwithstanding, that he should still suffer, whether he yielded or whether he was obstinate, was a suspicion which his experience of the legate had not taught him to entertain.

“So it was that Cranmer’s spirit gave way, and he who had disdained to fly when flight was open to him, because he considered that, having done the most in establishing the Reformation he was bound to face the responsibility of it, fell at last under the protraction of the trial.”—Vol. VI., pp. 413, 414, 415.

It is neither unnatural nor unfair that Mr. Froude, in sympathy with what he regards as the apostasy of such a man, should suggest some explanation and apology of a fall so deplorable ; nor do we think it worth while to note the fact that he deals more tenderly with Cranmer than with his fellow-backslider, Northumberland. But this is not all. He proceeds to recount, and we may add, with quite sufficient accuracy and circumstantiality the long series of recantations which mark the various stages of Cranmer’s imprisonment.

“The day of his degradation the archbishop had eaten little. In the evening he returned to his cell in a state of exhaustion : the same night, or the next day, he sent in his first submission, which was forwarded on the instant to the queen. It was no sooner gone

than he recalled it, and then vacillating again, he drew a second, in slightly altered words, which he signed and did not recal. There had been a struggle in which the weaker nature had prevailed, and the orthodox leaders made haste to improve their triumph. The first step being over, confessions far more humiliating could now be extorted. Bonner came to his cell, and obtained from him a promise in writing, 'to submit to the king and queen in all their laws and ordinances, as well touching the Pope's supremacy as in all other things;' with an engagement further 'to move and stir all others to do the like, and to live in quietness and obedience, without murmur or grudging;' his book on the Sacrament he would submit to the next general council.

"These three submissions must have followed one another rapidly. On the 16th of February, two days only after his trial, he made a fourth, and yielding the point which he had reserved, he declared that he believed all the articles of the Christian religion as the Catholic Church believed. But so far he had spoken generally, and the court required particulars. In a fifth and longer submission, he was made to anathematize particularly the heresies of Luther and Zuinglius; to accept the Pope as the head of the Church, out of which was no salvation; to acknowledge the real presence in the Eucharist, the seven sacraments as received by the Roman Catholics, and purgatory. He professed his penitence for having once held or taught otherwise, and he implored the prayers of all faithful Christians, that those whom he had seduced might be brought back to the true fold."—Vol. VI., pp. 415, 416.

He goes on to tell of the sixth form of recantation in which he "confessed himself to be all which Pole had described him. He called himself a blasphemer, and a persecutor; being unable to undo his evil work, he had no hope, he said, save in the example of the thief upon the cross, who, when other means of reparation were taken from him, made amends to God with his lips. He was unworthy of mercy, and he deserved eternal vengeance. He had sinned against King Henry and his wife; he was the cause of the divorce, from which, as from a seed, had sprung up schism, heresy, and crime; he had opened a window to false doctrines of which he had been himself the most pernicious teacher; especially he reflected with anguish that he had denied the presence of his Maker in the consecrated elements. He had deceived the living, and he had robbed the souls of the dead by stealing from them their Masses. He prayed the Pope to pardon him; he prayed the king and queen to pardon him; he prayed God Almighty to pardon him, as He had par-

doned Mary Magdalene ; or to look upon him as, from his own cross, He had looked upon the thief."

So far, through these six recantations, Mr. Froude follows the received account. But there is a seventh and still more memorable one, and it is to this part of his narration that we have been alluding. The circumstances of this last recantation are so well known that we need not repeat them. Up to the very day of his execution Cranmer had continued to profess his penitence, and early in that morning he had copied out, with his own hand, a final declaration of his sentiments on religion, which was brought to him by Father Gravina, a Spanish friar, to be read upon the scaffold. The sequel is well known. Cranmer faithfully delivered the contents of this paper to the very last paragraph ; but instead of that paragraph he substituted a solemn dying retractation of all his previous recantations, and a last and dying profession of his final adhesion to the doctrines of the Reformation. Mr. Froude has embodied this dying declaration in his narrative ; and he adopts as the closing paragraph of the declaration the Protestant confession, to which we have referred :—" And now," he went on, " forasmuch as I am to come to the last end of my life, whereupon hangeth all my life past and all my life to come, either to live with my Saviour Christ in joy, or else to be ever in pain with wicked devils in hell ; and I see before mine eyes presently either heaven"—and he pointed upwards with his hand—" or hell," and he pointed downwards, " ready to swallow me. I shall therefore declare unto you my very faith, without colour or dissimulation ; for now it is no time to dissemble. I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth ; in every article of the Catholic faith ; every word and sentence taught by our Saviour Christ, his apostles, and prophets in the Old and New Testament.

" And now I come to the great thing that troubleth my conscience more than any other thing that ever I said or did in my life, and that is the setting abroad of writings contrary to the truth, which here I now renounce and refuse, as things written with my hand contrary to the truth which I thought in my heart, and written for fear of death to save my life, if it might be ; and that is, all such bills and papers as I have written and signed with my hand since my degradation, wherein I have written many things untrue ; and forasmuch as my hand offended in writing

contrary to my heart, my hand therefore shall first be punished; for if I may come to the fire it shall be the first burnt. As for the Pope I utterly refuse him, as Christ's enemy and Antichrist, with all his false doctrine; and as for the Sacrament, I believe as I have taught in my book against the Bishop of Winchester."

So far, if duly explained, Mr. Froude's version of the affair is unobjectionable. But he appends to the passage the following note:—

"There are two original contemporary accounts of Cranmer's words—*Harleian MSS.*, 417 and 422—and they agree so far almost word for word with 'The Prayer and Saying of Thomas Cranmer a little before his Death,' which was published immediately after by Bonner. But we now encounter the singular difficulty, that the conclusion given by Bonner is altogether different. The archbishop is made to repeat his recantation, and express especial grief for the books which he had written upon the Sacrament.

"There is no uncertainty as to what Cranmer really said; but, inasmuch as Bonner at the head of his version of the speech has described it as 'written with his own hand,' it has been inferred that he was required to make a copy of what he intended to say—that he actually wrote what Bonner printed, hoping to the end that his life would be spared; and that he would have repeated it publicly, had he seen that there was a chance of his escape. Finding, however, that his execution had been irrevocably determined on, he made the substitution at the last moment.

"There are many difficulties in this view, chiefly from the character of the speech itself, which has the stamp upon it of too evident sincerity to have been composed with any underhand intentions. The tone is in harmony throughout, and the beginning leads naturally to the conclusion which Cranmer really spoke.

"There is another explanation, which is to me more credible. The Catholics were furious at their expected triumph being snatched from them. Whether Cranmer did or did not write what Bonner says he *wrote*, Bonner knew that he had not *spoken* it, and yet was dishonest enough to print it as having been spoken by him, evidently hoping that the truth could be suppressed, and that the Catholic cause might escape the injury which the archbishop's recovered constancy must inflict upon it. A man who was capable of so considerable a falsehood would not have hesitated for the same good purpose to alter a few sentences. Pious frauds have been committed by more religious men than Edmund Bonner. See the Recantation of Thomas Cranmer, reprinted from Bonner's original pamphlet: Jenkins, vol. iv. p. 393."

It cannot but be felt that the same measure has not been

dealt in this case, and in that of the ill-fated Northumberland.

Northumberland recanted his faith while in prison. He may possibly have done so for the purpose of saving his life ; but there is *no evidence* that he was not sincere, and at all events he was consistent in maintaining the course which he had once taken, and he died without making his original profession. Northumberland, however, died a Catholic, and Mr. Froude pronounces him a hypocrite. Cranmer also recanted his faith while in prison, and that not once, like Northumberland, but two, three, four, seven, different times and in different forms. To make his sincerity still more suspicious, he recalled this retraction at the very last moment, and in circumstances which themselves involved deep insincerity and deceit. But this last recantation of Cranmer was a return to Protestantism, and Mr. Froude gives him full credit for sincerity !

Still more, Mr. Froude rejects the interpretation put by historians on the conduct of Cranmer ;—" that he would have repeated it publicly, had he seen that there was a chance of his escape. Finding, however, that his execution had been irrevocably determined on, he made the substitution at the last moment." And he rejects it on the ground that the speech of which the disputed paragraph forms the conclusion " has the stamp on it of too evident sincerity to have been composed with any underhand intentions." Poor Northumberland, who recanted Protestantism once, was a hypocrite ; but the speech of this seven times dyed deceiver, because it is a recantation of Popery, " bears a stamp of evident sincerity," and is incompatible with the notion of underhand intentions !

Nor is this all. Mr. Froude, in order to save the credit of Cranmer, does not scruple to describe the whole affair as a pious fraud of Bishop Bonner. In other words, he brands Bonner as a forger, in order to save the orthodoxy of Cranmer. Nay, he has the recklessness to offer as an argument for his view, that Bonner, by publishing this passage as having been spoken by Cranmer, in its Catholic form was guilty of " so considerable a falsehood " as to render it probable that he would not hesitate at the larger fraud. That is to say, in deciding the relative credibility of two conflicting witnesses, the man who had been guilty of a slight misrepresentation of fact, by publishing *as spoken*, what had only been *written*, is to be utterly disbelieved,

while the man who, on Mr. Froude's own showing, had put his solemn signature to seven successive falsehoods in the most awful question which can interest a human being, is to be believed without hesitation! Unfortunately we can see but one explanation of this strange discrepancy in the principles of judgment—the latter died a martyr of Protestantism!

We shall only add that Mr. Froude's indecent charge of perjury against Bonner is not only gratuitous and unsupported by evidence, but is directly opposed to the evidence of Mr. Froude's own principal authority—the narration given in Fox's *Acts and Monuments*. It is there distinctly stated that Cranmer, on the morning of his execution, not only signed the paper with his own hand, but made a full copy of it, which he was to retain in his own possession.*

We can deal but very briefly with Mr. Froude's narration of the persecution under Mary. What we complain of is not the exaggeration of the number of the victims, hardly even of the evident effort to give a dramatic effect to the incidents, and to throw an air of dignity around the actors even in the most common-place scenes. We could bear with this, and to some extent we sympathize with the spirit in which it originates. We doubt, indeed, whether with all his rhetoric and all his picture-painting, Mr. Froude's declaration will convey as lively an idea of the horrors of the time as the stern and simple narrative of Lingard. What we complain of is his ignoring altogether as one of the main causes of the persecution, the seditious, disaffected, and treasonable character of the sectaries against whom it was mainly directed. Once or twice indeed he is forced to admit that "the Protestants had exerted themselves to make Gardiner's work easy to him. On the 14th of March the wall of a house in Aldgate became suddenly vocal, and seventeen thousand persons were collected to hear a message from heaven pronounced by an angel. When the people said 'God save Queen Mary,' the wall was silent; when they said 'God save Queen Elizabeth,' the wall said 'Amen!' When they asked, 'What is the Mass?' the wall said, 'It is idolatry.' As the nation was holding its peace, the stones, it seemed, were crying out against the reaction. But the

* Fox's *Acts and Monuments*. Vol. VIII. p. 63.
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angel, on examination, turned out to be a girl concealed behind the plaster. Shortly after, the inhabitants of Cheapside, on opening their shop windows in the morning, beheld on a gallows, among the bodies of the hanged insurgents, a cat in priestly robes, with crown shaven, the fore-paws tied over her head, and a piece of paper clipped round between them representing the wafer." But habitually he ignores all influence except the religious, as suggesting the persecuting policy of Mary and her advisers. And we complain of this the more, that his own history, in its very face, bears evidence of the injustice of such a judgment. It is a significant fact, that every one of the periods in which convictions on the score of religion became frequent in the reign of Mary, was immediately preceded by a dangerous insurrection or a formidable conspiracy against the person of the Queen and against the Catholic succession to the throne. It is admitted by all, that the commencement of Mary's reign was marked by a mild and most forbearing policy. The first active proceedings at all connected with religion were after the dangerous and sanguinary rebellion of Wyatt; and even Mr. Froude is forced to confess that to these proceedings Mary was actually driven in her own despite by the urgent representations of her advisers.

"Had Wyatt succeeded, Mary would have lost her husband and her crown; and had the question been no more than a personal one, England could have well dispensed both with her and Philip. But Elizabeth would have ascended a throne under the shadow of treason. The Protestants would have come back to power in the thoughtless vindictiveness of exasperated and successful revolutionists; and the problem of the Reformation would have been more hard than ever of a reasonable solution. The fanatics had made their effort, and they had failed; they had shaken the throne, but they had not overthrown it; the queen's turn was come, and, as the danger had been great, so was the resentment. She had Renard at one ear protesting that, while these turbulent spirits were uncrushed, the precious person of the prince could not be trusted to her. She had Gardiner, who, always pitiless towards heretics, was savage at the frustration of his own schemes. Renard in the closet, Gardiner in the pulpit, alike told her that she must show no more mercy. On Ash Wednesday evening, after Wyatt's surrender, a proclamation forbade all persons to shelter the fugitive insurgents under pain of death. The 'poor caitiffs' were brought out of the houses where they had hidden themselves, and were given up by hundreds. Huntingdon came in on Saturday with Suffolk and his

brothers. Sir James Crofts, Sir Henry Isly, and Sir Gawen Carew followed. The common prisons overflowed into the churches, where crowds of wretches were huddled together till the gibbets were ready for their hanging ; the Tower wards were so full that Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, were packed into a single cell ; and all the living representatives of the families of Grey and Dudley, except two young girls, were now within the Tower walls, sentenced, or soon to be sentenced, to death.

"The queen's blood is up at last, Renard wrote exultingly to the Emperor on the 8th of February ; 'the Duke of Suffolk, Lord Thomas Grey, and Sir James Crofts have written to ask for mercy, but they will find none ; their heads will fall, and so with Courtenay's and Elizabeth's. I have told the queen that she must be especially prompt with these two. We have nothing now to hope for except that France will break the peace, and then all will be well.' On the 12th of February the ambassador was still better satisfied. Elizabeth had been sent for, and was on her way to London. A rupture with France seemed inevitable, and as to clemency, there was no danger of it. 'The queen,' he said, 'had told him that Anne of Cleves was implicated ;' but for himself he was sure that the two centres of all past and all possible conspiracies were Elizabeth and Courtenay, and that when their heads, and the heads of the Greys, were once off their shoulders, she would have nothing more to fear. The prisoners were heretics to a man ; she had a fair plea to despatch them, and she would then settle the country as she pleased ; 'the house of Suffolk would soon be extinct.'"—Vol. VI., pp. 181, 182, 183.

In like manner the commission of 1556 originated in the alarm which the Dudley Conspiracy aroused even in the minds of the least timid ; and the flame once enkindled, was kept alive not only by the fanaticism of the sectarians at home, but still more by the undisguised machinations of the Protestant refugees in France and elsewhere against the Queen, her person, and crown, and by the secret encouragement and assistance which they asked and received from the enemies of England. Mr. Froude, though he never once takes it into account in his estimate of Mary's so-called persecuting policy, confesses that while the quarrel with France was impending, "the refugees, caring only to revenge themselves on Mary, were laying a train in connexion with several of the 'chiefest officers' in the three fortresses, to betray them into the hands of France. The existence of a conspiracy became known by accident to some one, who placed Wotton on his guard ; and Wotton, by vigilance and by the help of spies, ascertained gradually

the nature of the scheme. In the beginning of October he discovered that Senarpont, the governor of Boulogne, was silently increasing the garrison of the Boullonnais. Then he heard of troops collecting at Rouen, of large preparations of military stores, of sappers' and miners' tools, and 'great files, which would cut in two without noise the largest (harbour) chains.' Next, it seemed that the leader of the adventurous party, which fourteen years before 'took the town of Marano by practise and subtlety,' was in Calais in disguise. Finally, he learnt that Henry himself was going to Rouen, to conduct the enterprise in person." A few months later "the exiled divines in Germany, believing that the people were at last ripe for insurrection, called on them to rise and put down the tyranny which was crushing them. Goodman published a tract on the obedience of subjects, and John Knox blew his 'First Blast against the Monstrous Regiment of Women.' The queen, as if the ordinary laws of the country had no existence, sent out a proclamation that any one who was found to have these books in his or her possession, or who, finding such books, did not instantly burn them, should be executed as a rebel by martial law."

Mr. Froude appears to consider it a strange thing that the publications of Knox, Goodman, and other refugees should have been visited with such rigour. He does not offer his reader any specimen of these productions, or of the spirit in which they were expressed. Our observations have run to a greater length than we originally intended; but we think it right to supply Mr. Froude's omission by printing a single passage from one of these regicidal pamphlets thus industriously circulated in England for the purpose of influencing the public mind against Mary.

"That wicked woman, *whom you untruely make your Quene*, hath (saye ye) so commanded. O vayne and miserable men. To what vilenesse are you broght, and yet as men blynd, see not? Because you would not haue God to raigne ouer you, and his worde to be a light vnto your footestepps, beholde, he hath not geuen an hypocrite onely to raigne ouer you (as he promised) but an Idolatresse also: *not a man accordinge to his appoyntment, but a woman, whiche his Lawe forbiddeth, and nature abhorreth: whose reigne was neuer counted lawfull by the worde of God, but an expresse signe of God's wrathe, and notable plague for the synnes of the people. As was the raygne of cruell Iesabel, and vngodlie Athalia, especiall instruments of Satan, and whips to his people of Israel.*

“ This you see not, blynded with ignorance : yea, whiche is more shame, where as *the worde of Gode freethe you from the obedience of anie Prince*, be he neuer so mightie, wise, or politike commanding anye thinge whiche God forbiddeth, and herein genethe you auctoritie to withstand the same as you haue harde : Yet are you willingly become as it were bondemen to the lustes of *a most impotent and unbrydled woman ; a woman begotten in adulterie, a bastard by birth, contrairie to the worde of God and your own lawes*. And therefore condemned as a bastarde by the iudgement of all vniuersities in Englande, France, and Italy : as well of the Ciuilians, as Divines, For now are we freedde from that Iewishe yoke to raise vp seede to our brethren departing without issue, by the comynge of our Sauour Iesus Christe; who hathe destroyed the walle and distance betwixt the Iewes and Gentiles, and hath no more respect to anie tribes (for conseruation whereof this was permitted) but all are made one in him without distinction, which acknowledge him vn-faynedly to be the Sonne of God and Sauiovr of the worlde. For in Christe Iesus there nether Iewe nor Gentile, Grecian or Barbarous, bonde nor free, &c. And therefore it must nedes followe, that kinge Henrie the eight, in marying with his brother's wife, did vterly contemne the free grace of our Sauour Iesus Christe, which longe before had deliuered vs from the seruitude of that lawe : and also committed adulterous incest contrary to the worde of God, when he begate *this vngodlie serpent Marie, the chief instrument of all this present miserie in Englande*.

“ And if any would saie, it was of a zeale to fulfill the lawe which then was abrogated, he must confesse also that the kinge did not marie of carnall luste, but to rayse vp seede to his brother : when the contrarie is well known to all men. Let no man therfore be offended, that I call her by her proper name, a bastarde, and vnlawfully begotten : seing the worde of Gode, which cannot lye, doth geue witness vpon my parte. And moreouer, that suche as are bastardes shulde be *deprived of all honor* : in so muche as by the Law of Moyses they were prohibited to haue entrance in to the Congregation or assembly of the Lorde to the tenth generation. Consider then your ungodlie proceadings in *defrauding your countrie of a lawfull kinge : and preferringe a bastarde to the lawful begotten daughter*, and exaltinge her whiche is, and will be a common plague and euersion of altogether ; for as much as she is a traytor to God, and promis breake to her dearest frindes, who helpinge her to their power to her vnlawful reigne, were promised to inioye that religion which was preached vnder kinge Edward : which notwithstandinge in a short space after, she most falsely ouerthrewe and abolished. So that now both by God's Lawes and mans, *she ought to be punished with death*, as an open idolatres in the sight of God, and a cruel murtherer of his Saints before men, and *merciles traytoresse to her own natiue countrie*.” (Ponet, p. 96.)

Mr. Froude may think this inflammatory book, and books such as this, of no account in the estimate of the true character of Mary's policy; but we confess we think very differently. We might easily show that Ponet, and Goodman, and Knox, were not solitary, whether in their opinions or in their language. But we have already more than exceeded our limits, and we have the less difficulty in trusting this portion of the subject to the good sense of Mr. Froude's readers and our own, that we are enabled to refer them to an unexceptionable authority by whom it has been discussed in a spirit far removed from Catholicism, but yet equally far removed from injustice—Dr. Maitland's *Essays on the English Reformation*. Some of the most important and striking views of this able writer will be found discussed in a former number of this journal.*

Art. II.—*Memorials of Thomas Hood*. Collected, arranged, and edited by his Daughter. With a Preface and Notes, by his Son. Two volumes. London: Edward Moxon & Co., Dover Street. 1860.

WHEN we stand by the grave of a departed friend and memory calls up the qualities that chiefly endeared him to our hearts in life, no recollection is perhaps more touching than that which reminds us that he who now lies before us stark and stiff beneath the earth, was in life the impersonation of cheerfulness,—one whose ready jest, harmless yet brilliant, was wont to scatter the sunshine of good humour wherever he appeared, and to light up even the dullest face with an unaccustomed smile. Truly, the association of the cold silence of the grave with the memory of the man of mirth, has a peculiar sadness, and we are prone to moralize with Hamlet, and to ask—"where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table in a roar"?

But the grave of Thomas Hood is not the grave of

* See Ante, vol. xxvii., pp. 1, 34.

Yorick, the mere jester and perhaps buffoon. His were higher and holier aims than the mere winning of a laugh; and many a fine moral lesson has he taught, visible through the exuberant fun in which he loved to clothe the creations of his fancy. One lesson is the lesson of his life—illustrated all through that life by the patient, nay, cheerful endurance of narrow circumstances, and sore bodily ill, neither of which could wring from him a sour look or a hasty word. Speaking of mere human endurance, there is not, perhaps, in the whole range of history another instance so striking as this, of a cheerful content, which not sickness, poverty, or finally, the approach of death could ruffle, and which was sustained consistently and entirely all through and to the last. The humour of Thomas Hood was *in* his heart and *from* his heart. He wore no mask for public view, showing a smiling countenance, which taken off and laid aside in domestic privacy, exposed a harsh forbidding ungenial face. His best looks, his brightest smiles, his tenderest thoughts and words were saved for, and spent at, his own fireside; and we cannot wonder that the love and devotion which his amiable and affectionate heart bred and fostered in his children's souls, should prompt them to write these memorials, as a sacred duty and a loving labour. Memorials of Thomas Hood!—memorials of genuine humour, true poetic fancy, bright, but harmless wit, and touching pathos, in the writer, and of noble fortitude, unvarying cheerfulness, unswerving rectitude, and domestic virtue in the man.

Sixty-one years ago, Thomas Hood was born in the very centre of the busy world of London, his father, a bookseller in the Poultry, and member of the firm of Vernor & Hood, the publishers of Bloomfield and Kirke White. His father died in 1811, and was followed by his mother, and brother, and sisters—Thomas alone surviving, a delicate and sickly youth. With a view to strengthening his constitution, he was sent on a visit to his father's native place, Dundee, where he lived for a year or two, spending his time in excursions into the country and in aquatic sports. Soon after, he returned to London, and was bound apprentice to his uncle, Robert Sands, an engraver, and this pursuit he followed for some years, acquiring that facility in the use of the burin which subsequently enabled him to illustrate his writings with those quaint, somewhat rude, but most expressive wood cuts, which are as full of humour as

the lines they were intended to illustrate. Hood varied his occupation occasionally by the production of verses, but hitherto does not appear to have given any indication of that poetic genius which has since rendered him memorable.

In 1821, Mr. John Scott, editor of the *London Magazine*, having fallen in a duel, that publication became the property of Messrs. Taylor & Hessey, and Hood was engaged by those gentlemen to assist the editor in the correction of the press and the perusal of articles forwarded for insertion. He thus speaks in the fourth number of his *Literary Reminiscences* of his new pursuit:—

“To judge by my zeal and delight in my new pursuit, the bowl had at last found its natural bias. Not content with taking articles like candidates for holy orders—with rejecting articles like the Belgians—I dreamt articles, thought articles, wrote articles, which were all inserted by the editor, of course with the concurrence of his deputy. The more irksome parts of authorship, such as the correction of the press, were to me labours of love. I received a revise from Mr. Baldwin’s Mr. Parker, as if it had been a proof of his regard; forgave him all his slips, and really thought that printer’s devils were not so black as they are painted. But my top-gallant glory was in ‘our contributors!’ How I used to look forward to Elia! and backward for Hazlitt, and all round for Edward Herbert, and how I used to look up to Allan Cunningham! for at that time the *London* had a goodly list of writers—a rare company. It is now defunct, and perhaps no ex-periodical might so appropriately be apostrophised with the Irish funeral question—‘Arrah, honey, why did you die?’ Had you not an editor, and elegant prose writers, and beautiful poets, and broths of boys for criticism and classics, and wits and humorists—Elia, Cary, Procter, Cunningham, Bowring, Barton, Hazlitt, Elton, Hartley Coleridge, Talfourd, Loane, Horace, Smith, Reynolds, Poole, Clare, and Thomas Benyon, with a power besides. Hadn’t you lions’ heads with traditional tales? Hadn’t you opium eater, and a dwarf, and a giant, and a learned lamb, and a green Man? Had not you a regular drama, and a musical report, and a report of agriculture, and an obituary, and a price current, and a current price, of only half-a-crown? Arrah why did you die? Why, somehow the contributors fell away—the concern went into other hands—worst of all a new editor tried to put the *Belles Lettres* in Utilitarian envelopes, whereupon the circulation of the *Miscellany*, like that of poor *Lé Fevre*, got slower, slower, slower, and slower still—and then stopped for ever! It was a sorry scattering of those old *Loudouers*! Some went out of the country; one (Clare) went into it. Lamb retreated to *Colebrooke*. Mr. Cary presented himself to the *British Museum*. Rey-

nolds and Barry took to engrossing when they should pen a stanza, and Thomas Benyon gave up literature."

The London Magazine numbered at this time many distinguished men amongst its contributors, including Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, Talfourd, Proctor, De Quincy, and Cary. And Hood thus narrates his introduction to the author of *Elia* :—

"I was sitting, one morning, beside our editor, busily correcting proofs, when a visitor was announced, whose name, grumbled by a low ventriloquial voice, like Tom Pipes, calling from the hold through the hatchway, did not resound distinctly on my tympanum. However, the door opened, and in came a stranger—a figure remarkable at a glance, with a fine head, on a small spare body, supported by two almost immaterial legs. He was clothed in sables of a bygone fashion, but there was something wanting, or something present about him that certified that he was neither a divine, nor a physician, nor a schoolmaster—from a certain neatness and sobriety in his dress, coupled with his sedate bearing, he might have been taken, but that such a custom would be anomalous, for a *Quaker* in black. He looked still more like (what he really was) a literary Modern Antique, a New Old Author, a living Anachronism, contemporary at once with Burton the Elder, and Colman the younger. Meanwhile he advanced with rather a peculiar gait, his walk was plantigrade, and with a cheerful 'How d'ye,' and one of the blindest, sweetest smiles that ever brightened a manly countenance, held out two fingers to the editor. The two gentlemen in black soon fell into discourse, and whilst they conferred, the Lavater principle within me set to work upon the interesting specimen thus presented to its speculations. It was a striking intellectual face, full of wiry lines, physiognomical quips and cranks, that gave it great character. There was much earnestness about the brows, and a deal of speculation in the eyes, which were brown and bright, and 'quick in turning,' the nose a decided one, though of no established order, and there was a handsome smartness about the mouth. Altogether it was no common face—none of those willow pattern ones, which nature turns out by thousands at her potteries, but more like a chance specimen of the Chinese ware, one to the set, unique, antique, quaint. No one who had once seen it could pretend not to know it again. It was no face to lend its countenance to any confusion of persons in a comedy of errors, you might have sworn to it piecemeal—a separate affidavit for every feature. In short, his face was as original as his figure; his figure as his character; his character as his writings; his writings the most original of the age. After the literary business had been settled, the editor invited his contributor to dinner, adding 'we shall have a hare'—

'And-and-and-and many Friends!'

The hesitation in the speech, and the readiness of the allusion, were alike characteristic of the individual, whom his familiars will perchance have recognised already as the delightful Essayist, the Capital Critic, the pleasant Wit and Humorist, the delicate-minded and large-hearted Charles Lamb. He was shy like myself with strangers, so that despite my yearnings, our first meeting scarcely amounted to an introduction. We were both at dinner, amongst the hare's many friends, but our acquaintance got no farther, in spite of a desperate attempt on my part to attract his notice. His complaint of the Decay of Beggars presented another chance; I wrote on coarse paper, and in ragged English, a letter of thanks to him as if from one of his mendicant clients, but it produced no effect. I had given up all hope, when one night, sitting sick and sad, in my bed-room, racked with the rheumatism, the door was suddenly opened, the well-known quaint figure in black walked in without any formality, and with a cheerful 'Well, boy, how are you?' and the bland sweet smile, extended the two fingers. They were eagerly clutched of course, and from that hour we were firm friends."

The next important event in the life of Hood was his marriage to Miss Reynolds, which took place in 1824. "The first few years," writes Mrs. Broderip, "of his married life were the most unclouded my father ever knew. The young couple resided for some years in Robert Street, Adelphi. Here was born their first child, which, to their great grief, scarcely survived its birth. In looking over some old papers I found a few tiny curls of golden hair," as soft as the finest silk, wrapped in a yellow and time-worn paper, inscribed in my father's handwriting":—

"Little eyes that scarce did see,
Little lips that never smiled!
Alas! my little dear, dead child,
Death is thy father and not me,
I but embraced thee soon as he!"

From his marriage, down to 1835, Hood's life flowed in a tranquil and uneventful current; during that interval he published, in conjunction with Mr. Reynolds, "*Odes and addresses to great people*," which Coleridge attributed to Lamb—"Whims and Oddities," "*The plea of the Midsummer fairies*," "*Hero and Leander*," "*Lycus the Centaur*." And in 1830 appeared the first "*Comic Annual*," which Hood continued to publish several years.

In 1835, we are informed, Hood became involved in difficulties through the failure of a publishing firm, but we

are left in ignorance of the name of this firm, and of the nature of Hood's connexion with it. The pecuniary embarrassments thus created, forced Hood into exile; for he was resolved not to avail himself of the acts for relief of insolvents, and had he remained in England he would have incurred considerable additional liability in the shape of law costs, and perhaps been consigned to a prison. At this juncture his only son was born, on the 19th January, 1835. Mrs. Hood was taken dangerously ill after the birth of her child, and her life was for some time in danger. Dr. Elliot, of Stratford, was her medical attendant, and his skilful treatment contributed under God to her restoration to health, and the foundation of a lasting friendship with Dr. and Mrs. Elliot, was then and thus laid.

Mrs. Hood restored to health, Hood started for Rotterdam, intending to select some town on the Rhine for his future dwelling-place, and finally he fixed on Coblenz, where he resided for two years, leaving it in disgust for Ostend, which, after a residence of three years, he quitted for London, having thus spent five years in voluntary exile. His existence in Coblenz was embittered by severe illness and the not very tender treatment of the German doctors; but his spirits were as light and buoyant as ever, and his letters to his friends in England overflowed with fun and frolic.

At Coblenz, Mr. and Mrs. Hood formed the acquaintance of a Prussian officer, M. de Franck, who proved an agreeable and useful acquaintance, and helped Hood through some of the difficulties which his ignorance of the German language and of German customs and habits sometimes produced. In a letter to Mr. Dilke, then editor of the *Athenæum*, Hood gives the following amusing account of Mrs. Hood's perplexity, in dealing with her German servant.

"But a more whimsical mistake arose out of my lay-up, which I must give you dramatically. Our servant knows a few words of English too, her name is Gradle, the short for Margaret. Jane wanted a fowl to boil for me. Now she has a theory that the more she makes her English un-English, the more it must be like German. Jane begins by showing Gradle a word in the dictionary.

Gradle—"Ja! yees—luhn—henne—ja! yees."

Jane—(a little through her nose.) "Ilmn—hum—hem—yes—yaw, ken you geet a fowl—fool—foal, to boil—bile—bole—for dinner?

Gradle—"Hot wasser?"

Jane—"Yaw in pit—pat—pot—honn hum—eh!"

Gradle—(a little off the scent again.) "Ja, nein—wasser, pot—hot—nein."

Jane—"Yes—no—good to eat—chicken—cheeken—checking—choking—bird—bard—beard—lays eggs—eeggs—hune, heino—hin—make cheekin bröth—soup—poultry—peltry—paltry."

Gradle—(quite at fault.) "Pfeltrigheltch!—nein."

Jane—(in despair.) "What shall I do? and Hood won't help me, he only laughs. This comes of leaving England!" (She casts her eyes across the street at the governor's poultry-yard, and a bright thought strikes her.) "Here Gradle—come here—comb hair—hmu—hum—look there—dare—you see things walking—henn, hum, wacking about—things with feathers—fathers—feethers."

Gradle—(hitting it off again.) "Feethers—faders—ah hah!—fedders—ja, ja, yees, sie bringen—fedders—ja ja!"

Jane—(echoes)—"Fedders—yes—yaw, yaw!"

Exit *Gradle*, and after three quarters of an hour, returns triumphantly with two bundles of stationer's quills!!!

After, as we have mentioned, a stay of three years' duration at Ostend, Hood, in 1840, returned to London, his health still failing, but his cheerful contentment, his happy equanimity, never. During these latter years of his life he carried on "*Hood's Magazine and Comic Miscellany*," a publication which reached its fourteenth number and expired with its projector. On the 3rd of May, 1845, at the comparatively early age of 46 years, Thomas Hood breathed his last breath at Finchley Road, St. John's Wood. No man can read without emotion the account given by his affectionate daughter, of the last days of Thomas Hood. A cheerfulness so unvarying, a submission so absolute, have rarely been shown by man, and to the very last, the spirit of Humour was strong within him. The sympathy shown by his brothers of the Pen for the poor sick man, is as touching as it is honourable to those who offered it; and writers, whose every line was worth an ingot, proffered, unasked, their services for the Magazine. To the last, he himself struggled to provide his share of contribution; but dropsy supervening on his numerous disorders, he fell into a hopeless, dying state, being occasionally delirious from pain. In one of these mysterious states of mixed delirium and sanity which often visit the concluding scenes of the sick bed, he was heard one night repeating the exquisitely pathetic words of Burns—

“ I’m fading awa’, Jean
 Like snaw wreaths in thaw, Jean !
 I’m fading awa’—
 To the land of the leal !

But weep na, my ain Jean—
 The world’s care’s in vain, Jean,
 We’ll meet and aye be fain,
 In the land of the leal !”

And so Thomas Hood passed away—not perhaps a very great man in the ordinary acceptation—not perhaps a very great poet or deep thinker, but as true, as noble, as large a heart as ever beat—a man whom we love, and whose memory we honour as that of a dear friend. Not that we have ever clasped his hand or even looked upon his face ; but we know and love him, and honour him in his writings, and in those Memorials which his children have dutifully laboured to erect.

Criticism is indeed disarmed in considering these volumes. They do little more than give us a closer view of the domestic character of the man, and can hardly be called a biography. His life was not indeed eventful, and there was perhaps nothing more to be told than is here given us. Neither the constitution nor the temperament of Hood, fitted him for what may be called boisterous social intercourse. At crowded tables, and in mixed assemblies, he was silent and reserved ; but with his own friends or in the company of a well-known circle, he was the very impersonification of fun and humour,—intellectual fun, and refined and sparkling humour. He had a horror of everything uncharitable, illiberal and mean, and it does one good to read the letter which he addressed to one of those busy, meddling individuals, who in their eager thirst for the salvation of the souls of others, neglect their own, and are perpetually obtruding their opinions and their tracts on those whom they charitably assert are hurrying along the broad path which leads to perdition. We must indulge ourselves with this extract :—

“ Madam,

“ I have received your pious billet-doux, but have little leisure, and less inclination for a religious flirtation, and what (according to our law and police reports) is its usual issue—a decidedly serious intrigue. How else indeed am I to interpret the mysterious ‘ Object ’ of your late visit, which you significantly tell

me was defeated by your being unintentionally accompanied by a friend? how answer for her designs on a man's person, who can take such liberties with his soul? The presence of a companion could not of course stand in the way of your giving me a tract or a letter or anything proper for a modest woman to offer; but where can be the womanly modesty, or delicacy, or decency of a female, who intrudes on a man's private house, and private correspondence, and his most private affairs, those of his heart and soul, with as much masculine assurance as if she wore Paul Pry's inexpressibles under her petticoats? Perhaps I have to congratulate myself, as Joseph Andrews did on the preservation of his virtue from the amorous widow, Lady Booby! But whatever impropriety you intended to commit has been providentially frustrated, it appears, by the intrusion of the young lady in question, to whom, therefore, I beg you will present my most grateful and special thanks. I am as you know a married man, and do not care to forget that character, only that I may be able to say afterwards, as you suggest, '*I have gone astray, but now I have learned thy righteous law.*'

"The cool calculations you have indulged in on my desperate health, probable decease, and death-bed perturbations, must have afforded you much Christian amusement, as your ignorance must have derived infinite comfort from your conviction of the inutility of literature, and all intellectual pursuits. And even your regrets over the 'Whims and oddities, that have made thousands laugh' may be alleviated, if you will reflect that fanaticism has caused millions to shed blood, as well as tears; a tolerable set-off against my levities. For my own part, I thank God that I have used the talents He has bestowed on me in so cheerful a spirit, and not abused them by writing the profane stuff called pious-poetry, nor spiritualised my prose by stringing together Scriptural phrases, which have become the mere slang of a religious swell-mob. Such impieties and blasphemies I leave to the evangelical and elect; to the sacrilegious quacks, who pound up equal parts of Bible and babble, and convert wholesome food, by their nauseous handling, into filthiest physic; to the Canters, who profane all holy names and things by their application to common and vulgar uses; and to the presumptuous women who, I verily believe with the Turks, have no souls of their own to mend, and therefore set themselves to patch and cobble the souls of the other gender.

"It is, I know, the policy of your faction to decry literature, which they abhor as the devil hates Gospel. And for a similar reason. For all the most celebrated authors, the wisest and most learned in the ways of mankind—Scott, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, Crabbe, Addison, Butler, Pope, Moore, Burns, Byron, Molière, Voltaire, Boileau, and a host of others, have concurred in denouncing and exposing Tartuffes, Maw-worms, Cantwells, Puritans, in short sanctimonious folly and knavery of every description. Such writers I know would be called scoffers and infidels; but a Divine Hand, in-

capable of injustice, has drawn a full length picture of a self righteous Pharisee ; and Holy Lips, prone to all gentleness and charity, have addressed their sharpest rebukes to Spiritual Pride and Religious Hypocrisy. Are the Sacrilegious animals aware that in their retaliations they are kicking even at Him? * * * * *

“As for literature ‘palling on my soul in my dying hour’—on the contrary, it has been my solace and comfort through the extremes of worldly trouble and sickness, and has maintained me in a cheerfulness, a perfect sunshine of the mind, seldom seen on the faces of the most prosperous and healthy of your sect, who, considering that they are as sure of going to Heaven as the ‘poor Indian’s dog,’ are certainly more melancholy dogs than they ought to be ! But what else can come of chanting ‘pious chansons’ with hell-fire burthens that to my taste, fit them particularly for contributions to the Devil’s Album ? Some such verses you have sent me, and I could return you others quite as religious—but unfortunately written by a minister, who, after being expelled in disgrace from a public foundation in London, went and robbed a Poor Savings Bank in the country.

“Such literature may indeed appal the soul at the hour of death, and such an author may justly dread an Eternal Review. Again, therefore, I thank God that my pen has not been devoted to such serious compositions ; that I have never profaned His Holy Name with Common-place jingles, or passed off the inspirations of presumption, vanity, or hypocrisy, for devout effusions. My humble works have flowed from my heart, as well as my head, and whatever their errors, are such as I have been able to contemplate with composure, when, more than once the Destroyer assumed almost a visible presence. For I have stood several times in that serious extremity both by land and sea—yet, for all my near approaches to the other world, I have never pretended to catch glimpses of its heaven, or of its hell, or to have had intimations of who, among my neighbours, were on the road to one place or the other. Such special revelations are reserved, it seems, by a Wisdom, certainly inscrutable, for the worst or weakest of the weaker sex, for such cackling hen prophetesses as, its Southcotes, its G——s and its L——s.

“And verily if they be Righteous, I am content to be the Lefteous of the species. It has pleased you to picture me occasionally in such extremities as those just alluded to—and, no doubt, with regret that you could not Saint-like, beset my couch, to try spiritual experiments on my soul, and enjoy its excruciations, as certain brutal anatomists have gloated on the last agonies of mutilated dogs and rabbits. But we will now turn, if you please, from my death-bed to your own—supposing you to be lying there at that awful crisis, which reveals the depravity of the human heart as distinctly as the mortality of the human frame. And now, on that terrible, narrow isthmus between the past and the future, just imagine yourself appealing to your conscience for answers to such solemn ques-

tions as follow. And, whether your extreme devotion has been affected or sincere, unobtrusive or ostentatious—humble to your Creator, but arrogant to His creatures—in short Piety or Mag-Piety? Whether your professed love for your species has been active and fruitful, or only that flatulent charity, which evaporates upwards in wind, and catechises the hungry, and preaches to the naked? And finally, how far, in meddling with the spiritual concerns of your neighbours, you have neglected your own; and consequently, what you may have to dread from that Hell and its fires, which you have so often amused yourself with letting off at a poor Sinner—just as a boy would squib a Guy? These are queries important to your ‘eternal destiny,’ which ought to be considered in time; whereas, from the tenor of your letter, it appears to me that you have never entertained them for a moment; and I am sorry to add that judging from the same evidence, whatever may be your acquaintance with the *letter* of the New Testament, of its *spirit* you are as deplorably ignorant as the blindest heathen Hottentot, for whose enlightenment you perhaps subscribe a few Missionary pence.

“I implore you to spend a few years, say twenty, in this self-scrutiny, which may be wholesomely varied by the exercise of a little active benevolence; not however, in sending tracts, instead of baby-linen to poor lying-in sisters, or in volunteering pork chops for distressed Jews, or in recommending a Solemn fast to the Spital-fields weavers, or in coddling and pampering a pulpit favourite, but in converting rags to raiment, and empty stomachs to full ones, and in helping the wretched and indigent to ‘Keep their souls and bodies together!’

“And should you ever relapse and feel tempted to write religious Swing letters, such as you have sent to me, let me recommend to you a quotation from a great and wise writer, and moreover a namesake of your pious mother. It runs thus—‘*I find you are perfectly qualified to make converts, and so, go help your mother to make the gooseberry pie.*’

“Still, if you will and must indite such epistles pray address them elsewhere. There are plenty of young single ‘men about town’ (and of the very sort such saints are partial to—namely, ‘precious’ sinners) who no doubt would be willing to discuss with you their ‘experiences,’ and to embrace you and your persuasion together. But on me your pains would be wasted. I am not to be converted except *from* Christianity, by arrogance, insolence, and ignorance enough, as Mrs. Jarley says, ‘to make one turn Atheist.’ Indeed the only effect of your letter has been to inspire me, like old Tony Weller, with a profound horror of widows, whether amorous or pious, for both seem equally resolute that a man shall not ‘call his soul his own.’

“And now, Madam, farewell. Your mode of recalling yourself to my memory reminds me that your fanatical mother insulted mine in the last days of her life (which was marked by every Chris-

tian virtue) by the presentation of a tract addressed to Infidels. I remember also that the same heartless woman intruded herself, with less reverence than a Mohawk Squaw would have exhibited, on the chamber of death; and interrupted with her jargon almost my last interview with my dying parent. Such reminiscences warrant some severity; but if more be wanting, know that my poor sister has been excited by a circle of Canters like yourself, into a religious frenzy, and is, at this moment, in a private mad-house.

"I am, Madam,

"Yours with disgust,

"Thomas Hood."

Various opinions have been expressed from time to time as to whether Hood's serious or his humorous poetry will be longest remembered. We will not discuss the question; but the taste for true humour must be wholly lost when the name of Thomas Hood is forgotten in English literature, in connexion with comic poetry. Most of Hood's productions are comprised in three small volumes published by Mr. Moxon, and in "Hood's Own," a collection made by himself of pieces scattered here and there, or, as he tells us on the title page, consisting of "Former runnings in his Comic Vein, with an infusion of new blood for general circulation." The preface to this volume is a sermon, a true sermon, and a most wholesome one, teaching fine lessons of cheerfulness and contentment, in a tone which must infuse some of its spirit of good humour into the blackest and gloomiest heart. We give it at length:—

"Courteous Reader,

"Presuming that you have known something of the Comic Annual from its Child-Hood, when it was first put into half binding and began to run alone, I make bold to consider you as an old friend of the family, and shall accordingly treat you with all the freedom and confidence that pertain to such ripe connexions.

"How many years is it, think you, 'since we were first acquant?' 'By the deep nine!' sings out the old bald *Count Fathom* with the lead-line: no great lapse in the world's chronology, but a space of infinite importance in individual history. For instance, it has wrought a serious change on the body, if not on the mind of your very humble servant; it is not, however, to bespeak your sympathy, or to indulge in what Lord Byron calls 'the gloomy vanity of drawing from self,' that I allude to my personal experience. The Scot and lot character of the dispensation, forbids me to think that the world in general can be particularly interested in the state of my household sufferage, or that the public ear will be as open to my Maladies as to my Melodies.

"The simple truth is, that, being a wiser but not a sadder man, I propose to admit you to my private view of a system of practical Cheerful Philosophy, thanks to which perchance, the cranium of your humorist is still secure from such a lecture as was delivered over the skull of Poor Yorick.

"In the absence of a certain thin 'blue-and-yellow' visage, and attenuated figure,—whose effigies may one day be affixed to the present work,—you will not be prepared to learn that some of the merriest effusions in the forthcoming numbers have been the relaxations of a gentleman literally enjoying bad health—the carnival, so to speak, of a personified *Jour Maigre*. The very fingers so aristocratically slender, that now hold the pen, hint plainly of the '*ills that flesh is heir to*!'—my coats have become great coats, my pantaloons are turned into trousers, and, by a worse bargain than Peter Schlemihl's, I seem to have retained my shadow and sold my substance. In short, as happens to prematurely old port wine, I am of a bad colour with very little body. But what then? That emaciated hand still lends a hand to embody in words and sketches the creations or recreations of a Merry Fancy: those gaunt sides yet shake, heartily as ever at the Grotesques and Arabesques, and droll Picturesques that my Good Genius (a Patagruelian Familiar) charitably conjures up to divert me from more sombre realities. It was the whim of a late pleasant Comedian, to suppose a set of spiteful imps sitting up aloft, to aggravate all his petty mundane annoyances; whereas I prefer to believe in the ministry of Kindlier Elves that 'nod to me and do me courtesies.' Instead of scaring away these motes in the sunbeam, I earnestly invoke them, and bid them welcome; for the tricky spirits make friends with the animal spirits, and do not I, like a father romping with his own urchins,—do not I forget half my cares whilst partaking in their airy gambols? Such sports are as wholesome for the mind as the other frolics for the body. For on our own treatment of that excellent Friend or terrible Enemy the imagination, it depends whether we are to be scared and haunted by a Scratching Fanny, or tended by an affectionate Invisible Girl—like an unknown Love, blessing us with 'favours, secret, sweet and precious,' and fondly stealing us from this worky-day world to a sunny sphere of her own.

"This is a novel version, Reader, of 'the Paradise and the Peri,' but it is as true as it is new. How else could I have converted a serious illness into a comic wellness—by what other agency could I have transported myself, as a cockney would say, from Dullage to Grinnage? It was far from a practical joke to be laid up in ordinary in a Foreign Land, under the care of Physicians quite as much abroad as myself with the case; indeed the shades of the gloaming were stealing over my prospect; but I resolved, that like the sun, so long as my day lasted, I would look on the bright side of everything. The raven croaked, but I persuaded myself that it was the nightingale: there was the smell of mould, but I remembered that

it nourished the violets. However my body might cry craven, my mind luckily had no mind to give in. So, instead of mounting on the black long-tailed coach-horse, she vaulted on her old Hobby that had capered in the Morris-Dance, and began to exhort from its back. To be sure, said she, matters look darkly enough; but the more need for the lights. Allons! Courage! Things may take a turn, as the pig said on the spit. Never throw down your cards, but play out the game. The more certain to lose, the wiser to get all the play you can for your money. Come—give us a song! chirp away like that best of cricket players, the cricket himself. Be bowled out or caught, but never throw down the bat. As to Health, it's the weather of the body—it hails, it rains, it blows, it snows, at present, but it may clear up by-and-by. You cannot eat you say, and you must not drink; but laugh and make believe, like the Barber's wise brother at the Barmecide's feast. Then, as to thinness, not to flatter, you look like a lath that has had a split with the carpenter and a fall out with the plaster; but so much the better: remember how the smugglers trim the sails of the lugger to escape the notice of the cutter. Turn your edge to the old enemy, and mayhap he wont see you! Come—be alive! You have no more right to slight your life than to neglect your wife—they are the two better halves that make a man of you! Is not life your means of living? so stick to thy business and thy business will stick to thee. Of course, continued my mind, I am quite disinterested in this advice—for I am aware of my own immortality—but for that very reason, take care of the mortal body, poor body, and give it as long a day as you can!

“Now, my mind seeming to treat the matter very pleasantly as well as profitably, I followed her Counsel, and instead of calling out for relief according to the fable, I kept along on my journey with my bundle of sticks.—i.e., my arms and legs. Between ourselves it would have been ‘extremely inconvenient,’ as I once heard the Opium Eater declare, to pay the debt of nature at that particular juncture; nor do I quite know, to be candid, when it would altogether suit me to settle it; so, like other parties in narrow circumstances, as I laughed, and gossipped, and played the agreeable with all my might, and as such pleasant behaviour sometimes obtains a respite from a human creditor, who knows but that it may prove successful with the Universal Mortgagee? At all events, here I am humming ‘Jack's Alive!’ and my own dear skilful native physician gives me hopes of a longer lease than appeared from the foreign reading of the covenants. He declares indeed, that, anatomically, my heart is lower hung than usual—but what of that? *The more need to keep it up!* So huzzal my boys! Comus and Momus for ever! No Heraclitus! Nine times nine for Democritus! And here goes my last bottle of Elixir at the heads of the Blue Devils—be they Prussian blue or indigo, powder blue or ultramarine! Gentle reader, how do you like this Laughing Philosophy?

The joyous Cheers you have just heard come from a crazy vessel that has clawed, by miracle, off a lee shore, and I, the skipper, am sitting down to my grog, and recounting to you the tale of the past danger, with the manœuvres that were used to escape the perilous Point. Or rather consider me as the Director of a Life Assurance, pointing out to you a most beneficial policy, whereby you may eke out your natural term. And, firstly, take precious care of your precious health,—but how, as the house-wives say, to make it keep? Why then, don't cure and smoke-dry it—or pickle it in everlasting acids,—like the Germans. Don't bury it in a potato-pit like the Irish. Don't preserve it in spirits, like the Barbadians. Don't salt it down, like the Newfoundlanders. Don't pack it in ice, like Captain Back. Don't parboil it in Hot Baths. Don't bottle it, like gooseberries. Don't pot it—and don't hang it. A rope is a bad Cordon Sanitaire. Above all don't despond about it. Let not anxiety 'have thee on the hyp.' Consider your health as your best friend, and think as well of it, in spite of all its foibles, as you can. For instance, never dream, though you may have a 'clever hack,' of galloping consumption, or indulge in the Meltonian belief, that you are going the pace. Never fancy every time you cough, that you are going to Coughy-pot. Hold up, as the shooter says, over the Heaviest Ground. Despondency in a nice case is the over-weight that may make you kick the beam and the bucket both at once. In short, as with other cases, never meet trouble half-way, but let him have the whole walk for his pains; though it should be a Scotch mile and a bittock. I have even known him to give up his visit in sight of the House. Besides, the best fence against care is a hal hal—wherefore take care to have one all round you wherever you can. Let your 'lungs crow like chanticleer,' and as like a Game Cock as possible. It expands the chest, enlarges the heart, quickens the circulation, and 'like a trumpet makes the spirits dance.'

"A fido then for the Chesterfieldian canon, that laughter is an ungenteel emotion. Smiles are tolerated by the very pinks of politeness; and a laugh is but the full blown flower of which a smile is the bud. It is a sort of vocal music—a glee in which everybody can take a part:—and 'he who hath not laughter in his soul, let no such man be trusted.' Indeed there are two classes of Querists particularly to be shunned; thus when you hear a Cui Bono? be sure to leave the room; but if it be Quid Rides? make a point to quit the house, and forget to take its number. None but your dull dogs would give tongue in such a style;—for as Nimrod says in his 'Hunt after Happiness,' 'A single burst with Mirth is worth a whole season of full cries with Melancholy.'

"Such, dear reader, is the cheerful Philosophy which I practise as well as preach. It teaches to 'make a sunshine in a shady place,' to render the mind independent of external foul weather, by compelling it, as old Absolute says, to get a sun and moon of its

own. As the system has worked so well in my own case, it is a duty to recommend it to others; and like certain practitioners, who not only prescribe but dispense their own medicines, I have prepared a regular course of light reading whereof I now present the first packet, in the humble hope that your dull hours may be amused, and your cares diverted by the laughing lucubrations which have enlivened 'Hood's Own.' "

This volume, indeed, from cover to cover, is a succession of good things, the letter-press being helped out most admirably by punning wood-cuts, doubly amusing and expressive from their partial rudeness. Of these we may indicate, that at p. 16, entitled "A coolness between friends," and which represents two Quakers up to their necks in a frozen pond; at page 44 a lady is represented seated on a chair; to her enter some twelve or fourteen children, of various ages, a nurse, with a baby in arms, and a huge dog, which seizes and appears about to devour the lady's pet lap-dog. All the visitors appear actually flowing into the room, and about to overwhelm its occupant, and this is entitled "*A moderate income.*"

A sailor crossing the road receives the pole of a carriage in his back, and is described as "*Discovering the pole.*" A couple of whiskered brigands seizing a diminutive postillion, who is almost lost in a huge pair of jack-boots, are "*Banditti seizing booty,*" and a boy upon his knees, propelling a little ship of his own construction over the surface of the water contained in a tub, is "*urging the sail of his own work!*"

"Faithless Sally Brown," and the equally "Faithless Nelly Gray," are too well known to need more than allusion, but the following is not so well known.

I.

"John Day he was the biggest man
Of all the coachman-kind,
With back too broad to be conceiv'd
By any narrow mind.

II.

The very horses knew his weight
When he was in the rear,
And wished his box a Christmas-box
To come but once a year.

III.

Alas! against the shafts of love
What armour can avail?
Soon Cupid sent an arrow through
His scarlet coat of mail.

IV.

The bar-maid of the Crown he lov'd,
From whom he never ranged,
For tho' he changed his horses there,
His love he never changed.

V.

He thought her fairest of all fares,
So fondly love prefers;
And often, among twelve outsides,
Deemed no outside like hers,

VI.

One day as she was sitting down
Beside the porter-pump—
He came, and knelt with all his fat
And made an offer plump.

VII.

Said she, 'My taste will never learn
To like so huge a man,
So I must beg you will come here
As little as you can.'

VIII.

But still he stoutly urged his suit,
With vows, and sighs, and tears,
Yet could not pierce her heart altho'
He drove the Dart for years.

IX.

In vain he wooed, in vain he sued;
The maid was cold and proud,
And sent him off to Coventry,
While on his way to Stroud.

X.

He fretted all the way to Stroud
And thence all back to town,
The course of love was never smooth,
So his went up and down.

XI.

At last her coldness made him pine
To merely bones and skin,
But still he loved like one resolved
To love through thick and thin.

XII.

'Oh Mary, view my wasted back,
And see my dwindled calf;
Tho' I have never lost a wife,
I've lost my better half.'

XIII.

Alas! in vain, he still assail'd,
Her heart withstood the dint;
Though he had carried sixteen stone
He could not move a flint.

IX.

Worn out at last he made a vow
To break his being's link;
For he was so reduced in size
At nothing he could shrink.

XV.

Now some will talk in water's praise
And waste a deal of breath,
But John, though he drank nothing else,
He drank himself to death.

XVI.

The cruel maid that caused his love
Found out the fatal close,
For looking in the butt she saw
The butt-end of his woes.

XVII.

Some say his spirit haunts the Crown,
But that is only talk,
For after riding all his life
His ghost objects to walk."

' "Sally Simpkin's Lament," or "John Jones's kit-cat-astrophe," is equally good, and is illustrated by a cut of a sailor in the sea, divided at the middle by a huge shark, the ship in the distance, and a brother sailor looking over the stern, and crying out, "How are ye?" to which

replies the poor victim of the shark's voracity, "*Very middling.*"

"Oh, what is that comes gliding in
And quite in middling haste ?

It is the picture of my Jones
And painted to the waist.

"It is not painted to the life,
For where's the trowsers blue ?
Oh Jones, my dear !—Oh dear, my Jones,
What is become of you ?

"Oh! Sally, dear, it is too true—
The half that you remark,
Is come to say my other half
Is bit off by a shark!

"Oh! Sally, sharks do things by halves,
Yet most completely do,
A Bite in one place seems enough,
But I've been bit in two.

"You know I once was all your own,
But now a shark must share ;
But let that pass—for now to you
I'm neither here nor there.

"Alas! death has a strange divorce
Effected in the sea,
It has divided me from you
And even me from me.

"Don't fear my ghost will walk o'nights,
To haunt, as people say,
My Ghost can't walk, for Oh ! my legs
Are many leagues away.

"Lord! think, when I am swimming round,
And looking where the Boat is,
A Shark just snaps away a *half*,
Without a *quarter's* notice !

"One half is here, the other half
Is near Columbia placed ;
Oh ! Sally I have got the whole
Atlantic for my waist.

"But now, adieu—a long adieu,
I've solved death's awful riddle,
And would say more, but I am doomed
To break off in the middle !"

There is a touch of Hood's pathos in the "Death of the Dominie."

"My Old Schoolmaster is dead. He 'died of a stroke;' and I wonder none of his pupils have ever done the same. I have been flogged by many masters, but his rod, like Aaron's, swallowed up all the rest. We have often wished that he whipped on the principle of Italian penmanship,—up strokes heavy and down strokes light; but he did it in English round hand, and we used to think with a very hard pen. Such was his love of flogging, that for some failure in English Composition, after having been well corrected I have been ordered to be revised. I have heard of a road to learning, and he did justice to it; we certainly never went a stage in education without being well horsed. The mantle of Dr. Busby descended on his shoulders, and on ours. There was but one tree in the play ground—a birch, but it never had a twig or leaf upon it. Spring or Summer it always looked as bare as if the weather had been cutting at the latter end of the year. Pictures, they say, are incentives to learning, and certainly we never got through a page without cuts; for instance, I do not recollect a Latin Article without a tail-piece. All the Latin at the school might be comprised in one line,

'Arma virumque cano,'

An arm, a man, and a cane. It was Englished to me one day in school hours, when I was studying Robinson Crusoe instead of Virgil, by a storm of bambóo that really carried on the illusion, and made me think for the time that I was assaulted by a set of savages. He seemed to consider a boy as a bear's cub, and set himself literally to lick him into shape. He was so particularly fond of striking us with a leather strap on the flats of our hands that he never allowed them a day's rest. There was no such thing as a Palm Sunday in our Calendar. In one word, he was disinterestedly cruel, and used as industriously to strike for nothing as other workmen strike for wages. Some of the Elder boys, who had read Smollett, christened him Roderick, from his often hitting like Random, and being so partial to Strap.

"His death was characteristic. After making his Will he sent for Mr. Taddy, the head usher, and addressed him as follows; 'It is all over, Mr. Taddy, I am sinking fast—I am going from the terrestrial globe—to the celestial—and have promised Tomkins a flogging—mind he has it—and don't let him pick off the buds—I have asked Aristotle (here his head wandered)—'he says I cannot live an hour—I don't like that black horse grinning at me—Cane him soundly for not knowing his verbs—Castigo te, non quod odio habeam—Oh, Mr. Taddy, its breaking up with me—the vacation's coming—there is that black horse again—Dulcis moriens remiscitur—we are short of Canes—Mr. Taddy, don't let the School

get into disorder when I am gone—I'm afraid, through my illness—the boys have gone back in their flogging—I feel a strange feeling all over me—Is the new pupil come—I trust I have done my duty—and have made my will—and left all' (here his head wandered again)—'to Mr. Stouter, the school-bookseller—Mr. Taddy, I invite you to my funeral—make the boys walk in good order—and take care of the crossings.—My sight is getting dim—write to Mrs. B. at Margate—and inform her—we break up on the 21st—The school door is left open—I am very cold—where is my ruler gone?—I will make him feel—John, light the school lamps—I cannot see a line—O, Mr. Taddy—venit hora—my hour is come—I am dying—thou art dying—he is dying—we are—dying—you—are dy'—the voice ceased. He made a feeble motion with his hands, as if in the act of ruling a copy-book—'the *ruling* passion strong in death'—and expired.

"An epitaph, composed by himself, was discovered in his desk—with an unpublished pamphlet against Tom Paine. The epitaph was so stuffed with quotations from Homer and Virgil, and almost every Greek or Latin author besides, that the mason who was consulted by the widow declined to lithograph it under a Hundred Pounds. The Dominie consequently reposes under no more Latin than *Hic Jacet*;—and without a single particle of Greek, though he is himself a long Homer."

At the risk of incurring the reader's remonstrance we extract the following at length, and we shall be disappointed if, after having perused it, the remonstrance is not retracted. The satire with which that foolish, stiff-backed stiff-necked pride, so common amongst elderly spinsters of good family, but narrow means, is lashed, is perfect.

"There are several objections to one-horse vehicles; with two wheels, they are dangerous; with four, generally cruel inventions, tasking one animal with the labour of two. And in either case should your horse think proper to die on the road, you have no survivor to drag your carriage through the rest of the stage, or to be sent off galloping, with the coachman on his back, for a coadjutor.

"That was precisely Miss Norman's dilemma.

"If a horse could be supposed to harbour so deadly a spite against his proprietor, I should believe that the one in question choose to vent his animosity by giving up the ghost just at the spot where it would cause most annoyance and inconvenience. For fourteen months past he had drawn the Lady in daily airings to a point just short of the Binn Gate, because that fifty yards further would have cost sixpence, and she had not sixpence to spare out of a limited income. At this very place, exactly opposite the tall elm,

which usually gave the signal for turning homeward, did Plantagenet prefer to drop down stone dead, as if determined that his mistress should have to walk every inch of it, to her own house.

"But Miss Norman never walked.

"Pedestrianism was, in her opinion, a very vulgar exercise, unavoidable with the poor, and to some people, as postmen, bankers' clerks, hawkers, and the like, a professional mode of progression, but a bodily exertion very derogatory to persons of birth and breeding. So far was this carried, that she was once heard to declare, speaking of certain rather humble obsequies, 'she would rather live for ever than have a walking funeral!' On another occasion, when the great performance of Captain Barclay, in walking a thousand miles in a thousand hours, was submitted to her opinion, she said 'it was a step she did not approve.'

"It might be surmised from such declarations that she was incapable of personal locomotion, through some original infirmity, for instance, such as results from the rickets; whereas, so far from allowing any deficiency on the part of her nurse or parents, in putting her to her feet, Miss Norman professed to have the perfect command of all her limbs, and would have felt extremely offended at a hint that she could not dance. It was quite another weakness than any bodily one which restricted her promenades, and made her feet almost as useless to her as those of the female Chinese. Pride was in fault, and partly her surname, for suggesting to one of her ancestors that he was a descendant of William the First of England, a notion which, after turning his own head, had slightly crazed those of his successors, who all believed, as part and parcel of their inheritance, on the strength of the 'Norman' and some dubious old pedigree, that the Conqueror was their great Progenitor.

"The hereditary arrogance engendered by this imaginary distinction had successively displayed itself by outbreaks of a different character, according to the temperament of the individual who happened to be head of the family; with Miss Norman, the last of her line, it took the form of a boast that every branch and twig of her illustrious tree had always ridden 'in their own carriage.' I am not quite sure whether she did not push this pretension further back than the date of the invention of 'little houses on wheels' would warrant, however it held good in local tradition for several generations, although the family vehicle had gradually dwindled down from an ample coach to a chariot, a fly, and finally the one inside sedan-chair upon wheels, which the sudden death of Plantagenet left planted fifty yards short of the Binn Gate. To glance at the whole set-out, nobody would ever have attributed high birth and inherent gentility to its owner. 'Twas never of a piece. For once that the body was new-painted, the arms were thrice refreshed and touched up, till the dingy vehicle, by the glaring comparison, looked more ancient than the quarterings. The crest was much

oftener renewed than the hammer-cloth; and Humphrey the coachman evidently never got a new suit all at once. He had always old drab to bran-new bright sky-blue plush, or vice versâ. Sometimes a hat in its first gloss got the better of its old tarnished band; sometimes the fresh gold lace made the brown beaver look still more an antique. The same with the harness and the horse, which was sometimes a tall spanking brute, who seemed to have outgrown the concern; at other times a short pony-like animal, who had been put into the shafts by mistake. In short the several articles seemed to belong the more especially to Miss Norman because they belonged so little to each other. A few minutes made a great change in her possessions, instead of a living horse, high Plantagenet, she was proprietor of certain hundred-weights of dogs' meat.

"It was just at this moment that I came up with my gig; and knowing something of the Lady's character, I pulled up in expectation of a scene. Leaving my own bay, who would stand as steady as a mute at death's door, I proceeded to assist the coachman in extricating his horse; but the nag of royal line was stone dead: and I accompanied Humphrey to the carriage door to make his report.

"A recent American author has described as an essential attribute of high birth and breeding in England, a certain sort of Quakerly composure in all possible sudden emergencies, such as an alarm of the house on fire, or a man falling into a fit by one's side:—in fact, the same kind of self-command which Pope praises in a lady who is 'Mistress of herself though china fall.' In this particular Miss Norman's conduct justified her pretensions. She was mistress of herself although her horse fell. She did not start—exclaim—put her head out of the window, or even let down the front glass: she only adjusted herself more exactly in the middle of the seat, drew herself bolt upright, and fixed her eyes on the back of the coachbox. In this posture Humphrey found her.

"'If you please, Ma'am, Planty-ginit be dead.' The lady acquiesced with the smallest nod ever made.

"'I've took off the collar, and the bitt out, and got un out o' harness entirely; but he be as unanimate as his own shoes;' and the informant looked earnestly at the lady to observe the effect of the communication. But she never moved a muscle; and honest Humphrey was just shutting the coach-door, to go and finish the laying out of the corpse, when he was recalled.

"'Humphrey!'

"'What's your pleasure, Ma'am?'

"'Remember, another time ——'

"'Yes, Ma'am.'

"'When a horse of mine is deceased ——'

"'Yes, Ma'am.'

"'Touch your hat.'

"The abashed coachman instantly paid up the salute in arrears.

"Unblest by birthright with self-possession, he had not even the advantage of experience in the first families, where he might have learned a little from good example: he was a raw uncouth country servant, with the great merit of being cheap, whom Miss Norman had undertaken to educate; but he was still so far from proficient, that in the importance of breaking the death to his mistress, he omitted one of those minor tokens of respect which she always rigorously exacted.

"It was now my own turn to come forward, and as deferentially as if she had been indeed the last of the Conqueror's Normandy pippins, I tendered a seat in my chaise, which she tacitly declined, with a gracious gesture of head and hand.

"'If you please, Ma'am,' said Humphrey, taking care to touch his hat, and shutting his head into the carriage so that I might not overhear him, 'he's a respectable kind of a gentleman enough, and connected with some of the first houses.'

"'The gentleman's name?'

"'To be sure, Ma'am, the gentleman can't help his name,' answered Humphrey, fully aware of the peculiar prejudices of his mistress; 'but it be Huggins.'

"'Shut the door.'

"It appeared, on explanation with the coachman, that he had mistaken me for a person in the employ of the opulent firm of Naylor and Co., whose province it was to travel throughout Britain with samples of hardware in the box seat of his gig. I did not take the trouble to undeceive him, but determining to see the end of the affair, I affected to hope that the lady would change her mind; and accordingly I renewed from time to time, my offer of accommodation, which was always stiffly declined. After a tolerably long pause on all sides, my expectation was excited by the appearance of the W—— coach coming through the Binn Gate, the only public vehicle that used the road. At sight of the dead horse, the driver (the noted Jem Wade) pulled up—alighted—and standing at the carriage door with his hat off, as if he knew his customer, made an offer of his services. But Miss Norman, more dignified than ever, waived him off with her hand. Jem became more pressing, and the lady more rigid. 'She never rode,' she condescended to say, 'in public vehicles.' Jem entreated again; but 'She was accustomed to be driven by her own coachman.' It was in vain that in answer he praised the quietness of his team, the safety of his patent boxes, besides promising the utmost steadiness and sobriety on his own part. Miss Norman still looked perseveringly at the back of her coach-box; which, on an unlucky assurance that 'he would take as much care of her as of his own mother,' she exchanged for a steady gaze at the side-window, opposite to the coachman, so long as he remained in the presence. 'By your

leave, Ma'am,' said Humphrey, putting his hand to his hat, and keeping it there, 'Mr. Wade be a very civil-spoken careful whip, and his coach loads very respectable society. There's Sir Vincent Ball on the box.' 'If Sir Vincent Ball chooses to degrade himself, it is no rule for me,' retorted the lady, without turning her head; when lo! Sir Vincent appeared himself, and politely endeavoured to persuade her out of her prejudices. It was useless. Miss Norman's ancestors had one and all expressed a very decided opinion against stage-coaches, by never getting into one, and 'she did not feel disposed to disgrace a line longer than common, by riding in any carriage but her own.' Sir Vincent bowed and retreated. So did Jem Wade, without bowing, fervently declaring 'he would never do the civil thing to the old female sex again!'

"The stage rattled away at an indignant gallop; and we were left once more to our own resources. By way of passing the time I thrice repeated my offer to the obdurate old maiden, and endured as many rebuffs. I was contemplating a fourth trial, when a signal was made from the carriage-window, and Humphrey, hat in hand, opened the door.

" 'Procure me a post-chaise.'

" 'A po-shay!' echoed Humphrey, but, like an Irish echo, with some variation from his original—'Lord, help ye, Ma'am, there bean't such a thing to be had ten miles round—no, not for love nor money. Why, bless ye, it be election time, and there bean't coach, cart, nor dog-barrow but what be gone to it!'

" 'No matter,' said the mistress, drawing herself up with an air of lofty resignation. 'I revoke my order; I revoke my order; for it is far from the kind of riding that I prefer; and Humphrey —'

" 'Yes, Ma'am.'

" 'Another time —'

" 'Yes, Ma'am.'

" 'Remember, once for all —'

" 'Yes, Ma'am.'

" 'I do not choose to be blest, or the Lord to help me.'

"Another pause in our proceedings, during which a company of ragged boys, who had been black-berrying, came up, and planted themselves, with every symptom of vulgar curiosity, around the carriage; Miss Norman had now no glass through which she could look without encountering a group of low-life faces staring at her with all their might. Neither could she help hearing some such shocking ill-bred as 'Vy don't the frizzle-vigged old Guy get into the gemman's drag?' Still the pride of the Normans sustained her. She seemed to draw a sort of supplementary neck out of her bosom, and sat more rigidly erect than ever, occasionally favouring the circle, like a mad bull at bay, with a most awful threatening look, accompanied ever by the same five words,

" 'I CHOOSE to be alone.'

" 'It is easy to say choose, but more difficult to have one's choice.'

The blackberry boys chose to remain ; and in reply to each congé, only proved by a general grin how very much teeth are set off to advantage by purple mouths. I confess I took pity even on the pangs of unwarrantable pride, and urged my proposal again, with some warmth ; but it was repelled with absolute scorn.

“ ‘Fellow, you are insolent.’

“ ‘Quam Deus vult perdere,’ thought I, and I determined to let her take her fate, merely staying to mark the results. After a tedious interval, in which her mind had doubtless looked abroad as well as inward, it appeared that the rigour of the condition, as to riding only in her own carriage, had been somewhat relaxed to meet the exigency of the case. A fresh tapping at the window summoned the obsequious Humphrey to receive orders.

“ ‘Present my compliments at the Grove—and the chariot will be esteemed a favour.’

“ ‘By your leave, Ma’am, if I may ——’

“ ‘You may not.’

“Humphrey closed the door, but remained for a minute gazing on the panel, at a blue arm with a red carving-knife in its hand, defending a black and white rolling-pin. If he meditated any expostulation, he gave it up, and proceeded to drive away the boys, one of whom was astride on the dead Plantagenet, a second grinning through his collar, and two more preparing to play at horses with the reins. It seemed a strange mode enough that he took to secure the harness, by hanging it, collar and all, on his own back and shoulders ; but by an aside to me he explained the mystery, in a grumble. ‘It be no use in the world. I see the chariot set off for Lonnon. I shan’t go complimenting no grove. I’s hang about a bit at the George, and compliment a pint o’ beer.

“Away he went, intending, no doubt, to be fully as good as his word ; and I found the time grow tedious in his absence. I had almost made up my mind to follow his example, when hope revived at the sound of wheels ; and up came a tax-cart, carrying four insides, namely, two well grown porkers, Master Bardell the pig-butcher, and his foreman, Samuel Stark, or, as he was more commonly called, Sam the Sticker. They were both a trifle ‘the worse for liquor,’ if such a phrase might honestly be applied to men who were only a little more courageous, more generous, and civil and obliging to the fair sex, than their wont when perfectly sober. The Sticker, especially—in his most temperate moments a perfect sky-blue-bodied red-faced, bowing and smirking pattern of politeness to females, was now, under the influence of good ale, a very Sir Calidore, ready to comfort and succour distressed damsels, to fight for them, live or die for them, with as much of the chivalrous spirit as remains in our times. They inquired, and I explained in a few words the lady’s dilemma, taking care to forewarn them, by relating the issue of my own attempts in her behalf.

“ ‘Mayhap you warn’t half purlite or pressing enough,’ observed

Sam, with a side wink at his master. 'It an't a bit of a scrape, and a civil word, as will get a strange lady up into a strange gemman's gig. It wants warmth-like, and making on her feel at home. Only let me alone with her, for a persuader, and I'll have her up in our cart—my master's, that is to say—afore you can see whether she has feet or hoofs.'

"In a moment the speaker was at the carriage-door, stroking down his sleek forelocks, bowing, and using his utmost eloquence, even to the repeating most of his arguments twice over. She would be perfectly safe, he told her, sitting up between him and master, and quite pleasant, for the pigs would keep themselves to themselves at the back of the cart, and as for the horse, he was nothing but a good one, equal to twelve mile an hour—with much more to the same purpose. It was quite unnecessary for Miss Norman to say she had never ridden in a cart with two pigs and two butchers; and she did not say it. She merely turned away her head from the man, to be addressed by the master, at the other window, the glass of which she had just let down for a little air. 'A taxed cart, Madam,' he said, 'mayn't be exactly the vehicle, accustomed to, and so forth; but thereby, considering respective ranks of life, why, the more honour done to your humbles, which as I said afore, will take every care, and observe the respectful; likewise in distancing the two hogs. Whereby everything considered, namely, necessity and so forth, I will make so bold as hope, Madam, excusing more pressing, and the like, and dropping ceremony for the time being, you will embrace us at once, as you shall be most heartily welcome to, and considered, by your humbles, as a favour besides.'

"The sudden drawing up of the window, so violently as to shiver the glass, showed sufficiently in what light Miss Norman viewed Master Bardell's behaviour. It was an unlucky smash, for it afforded what the tradesman would have called 'an advantageous opening' for pouring in a fresh stream of eloquence; and the Sticker, who shrewdly estimated the convenience of the breach, came round the back of the carriage, and junior counsel 'followed on the same side.' But he took nothing by the motion. The lady was invincible, or, as the discomfited pair mutually agreed, 'as hard for to be convinced into a cart as anything on four legs.' The blackberry boys had departed, the evening began to close in, and no Humphrey made his appearance. The butcher's horse was on the fret, and his swine grumbled at the delay. The master and man fell into consultation, and favoured me afterwards with the result, the Sticker being the orator. It was man's duty, he said, to look after woman, pretty or ugly, young or old; it was what we all came into the world to do, namely, to make ourselves comfortable and agreeable to the fair sex. As for himself, purtecting females was his nature, and he should never lie easy again, if so be he left the lady on the road; and providing a female wouldn't be purtected with her own free will, she ought to be forced to, like

any other 'live beast unsensible of its own good. Them was his sentiments, and his master followed 'em up. They knowed Miss Norman, name and fame, and was both well-known respectable men in their lines, and I might ax about for their characters. Whereby supposing I approved, they'd have her, right and tight, in their cart, afore she felt herself respectfully off her legs.

"Such were the arguments and the plan of the bull-headed pair. I attempted to reason with them, but my consent had clearly been only asked as a compliment. The lady herself hastened the catastrophe. Whether she had overheard the debate, or the amount of long pent-up emotion became too overwhelming for its barriers, I know not, but pride gave way to nature, and a short hysteric scream proceeded from the carriage. Miss Norman was in fits! We contrived to get her seated on the steps of the vehicle, where the butchers supported her, fanning her with their hats, whilst I ran off to a little pool near at hand for some cold water. It was the errand only of some four or five minutes, but when I returned the lady, only half conscious, had been caught up, and there she sate, in the cart, right and tight between the two butchers, instead of the two Salvages, or Griffins, or whatever they were, her hereditary supporters. They were already on the move. I jumped into my own gig, and put my horse to his speed; but I had lost my start, and when I came up with them, they were already galloping into W——. Unfortunately her residence was at the farther end of the town, and thither I saw her conveyed, struggling in the bright blue and somewhat greasy arms of Sam the Sticker, screaming in concert with the two swine, and answered by the shouts of the whole rabblement of the place, who knew Miss Norman quite as well by sight as her 'own carriage!'"

The following are extracted from an account of a storm in a tea-cup, and admirably satirizes that very common, absurd disposition of some persons who living exclusively in the country, or in country towns, magnify every village emente, or unusual incident, into a general rebellion or national disturbance, which the whole country beholds with alarm and astonishment.

"THE PARISH REVOLUTION."

"Alarming news from the Country.—Awful Insurrection at Stoke Pogis.—The Military called out.—Flight of the Mayor."

"We are concerned to state, that accounts were received in town at a late hour last night, of an alarming state of things at Stoke Pogis. Nothing private is yet made public; but report speaks of very serious occurrences. The number of killed is not known, as no despatches have been received.

“ FURTHER PARTICULARS.

“ Nothing is known yet : papers have been received down to the 4th of November, but they are not up to any thing.

... ..

“ Symptoms of disunion have for sometime past prevailed between the authorities of Stoke Pogis and a part of the inhabitants. The primum mobile, or first mobbing, originated in an order of the Mayor's that all tavern doors should be shut at eleven. Many complied and shut, but the door of the Rampant Lion openly resisted the order. A more recent notice has produced a new and more dangerous irritation on our too combustible population. A proclamation against Guy Fawkes and Fireworks was understood to be in preparation, by command of the Chief Magistrate. If his Worship had listened to the earnest and prudential advice of the rest of the bench, the obnoxious placard would not have been issued till the 6th, but he had it posted up on the 4th, and by his precipitation has plunged Stoke Pogis into a convulsion that nothing but time's soothing syrup can alleviate.

“ FROM ANOTHER QUARTER.

“ We are all here in the greatest alarm ! A general rising of the inhabitants took place this morning, and they have continued in a disturbed state ever since. Everybody is in a bustle and indicating some popular movement. Seditious cries are heard ! The bellman is going his rounds, and on repeating ‘ God Save the King,’ is saluted with ‘ Hang the Crier.’ Organized bands of boys are going about collecting sticks, &c., whether for barricades or bonfires is not known ! many of them singing the famous ‘ Gun Powder Hymn’ ‘ Pray Remember,’ &c. These are features that remind us of the most inflammable times. Several strangers of suspicious gentility arrived here last night, and privately engaged a barn : they are now briskly distributing hand-bills among the crowd : surely some horrible tragedy is in preparation !

... ..

“ Eleven o'clock.

“ The mob have proceeded to outrage—the poor-house has not a whole pane of glass in its whole frame ! The Magistrates with Mr. Higginbottom at their head have agreed to call out the Military, and he has sent word he will come as soon as he has put on his uniform.

“ A terrific column of little boys has just run down the High-street, it is said to see a fight at the Green Dragon. There is an immense crowd in the Market-place. Some of the leading Shopkeepers have had a conference with the Mayor, and the people are now being informed by a Placard of the result. Gracious Heaven !

how opposite is it to the hopes of all moderate men ! ‘The Mare is Hobstinate.—He is at the Roes and Crown—But refuses to treat.’

“ Twelve o’clock.

“The Military has arrived, and is placed under his own command. He has marched himself in a body to the Market-place, and is now drawn up one deep in front of the Pound. The Mob are in possession of the Walls and have chalked upon them the following proclamation.—‘Stoke Pogians be firm ! Stick up for Bonfires ! Stand to your Squibs.’

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“ One o’clock.

“The Military always dines at one, and has retreated to the Pig and Puncheon. There is a report that the head Constable is taken with all his Staff.

“We subjoin the genuine narrative of a spectator :—

“*The Narrative of a High Whitmess who seed eëry think proceed out of a Back-winder up Fourpears to Mr. Humphris.*

“O Mr. Humphris ! Little did I dram at my tim of Life to see wat is before me. The hole Parrish is thrown into a pannikin ! The Revelations has reeched Stock Poggis, and the peoples is riz agin the Kings Rain, and all the Pours that be. All this blessed mourning Mrs. Griggs and Me as bean settin abscondingly at the tiptop of the Hows crying for lowness. We have locked our two selves in back Attical Rome and Nothink can come up to our Hanksiety. Sum say it is like the French plot—Sum say Sumthing Moor arter the Dutch patten is on the Carpit, and if so, we shall be flored like Brussels.

“Our winder overlooks all the High Street xcept jist ware Mr. Higgins jutts out Behind. What a Prospectus ! ! All riotism and Hubbub—There is a lowd speechifying round the gabble end of the Hous. The Mare is arranging the Populous from one of his own long winders.—Poor Man ! for all his fine Goold cheer, who wood sit in his shews.

“I hobserve Mr. Tudors bauld hed uncommon lactive in the Mobb and so is Mister Wagstaff the Constable considering his Rummatiz has only left one Harm disaffected to show his loyalty with. He and his men are Staving the Mobbs heads to make them Suppurate. They are trying to Custardize the ring-leders, but as yet hav Captivated Noboddy. There is no end to Accidence. Three unsensible boddis are Carrion over the way on Three Cheers, but weather Naybers or Gyes is dubbious. Master Gollop too, is jist gon By on one of his Ants Shuters with a Bunch of Exploded Squibs gone off in his Trowsirs. It makes Mrs. G. and me tremble like Axle trees for our Hone nevvies. Wile we ware at the open Winder they Slipped out.

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"O Mrs. Humphries ! It is impossible to throe ones hies from one End of Stock Poggis to the other without Grate Pane. Nothing is seed but Wivs asking for Husbands—nothing is herd but childerin lookin for Farthers. Mr. Hatband the Undertaker as jest been Squibed, and obligated for safeness to inter his own House Wile affares are in this friteful Posture thank Haven I have one grate Comfit. Mr J is cumback on his legs from twelve to Won tired in the Extreems with Being a Standing Army, and his Uniformity Spatterdashed all over. He says his hone saving was onely thro leaving his Retrenchments. Pore Mr. Griggs has cum in after His Wif in a state of Grate exaggeration. He sais the Boys hav Maid a Bone fire of his Garden fence, and Pales upon Pales cant put it out. We have sent out the Def Shopmun to here wat he can and he sais there is so many Crackers Going he dont no witch Report to Belive but the Fishmongerer's has Cotchd fire And with all his Stock Compleatly Guttet. The Brazers nex Dore is lickwise in Hashes, but it is hopped he has assurance enuf to cover him All over They say nothink Can Save the Dwellius adjourning. O Mrs. H ! how greatful ought J. and I to bee that our hone Premiss and property is next to nothink.

... ..

"O Mrs. Humphris how I Envy you that is not tossing on the ragging bellows of these Flatulent Times but living under a Mild Dispotic Government in such sequestered spots as Lunnun and Paddington. The Worshipfull chaer is emty. The Mare is gon off Clandestiny with a pare of Hossis and without his diner. They say he complanes that his Corperation did not stik to him as it shold have dun But went over to the other Side. Pore Sole in Such a case I doant wunder he lost his Stummick. Yisterdy he was at the Summut of Pour. Them that howrs ago Ware Enjoying Parish officiousness, as bean turned out of there Dignittis ! Mr. Barber sais in futer all the Perukial Authoritis will be Wigs.

"Pray let me no Wat his Magisty and the Prime Minister think of Stock Poggis Constitution, and believe Me Conclusively my deer Mrs. Humphris Most frendly and trully,"

"Bridget Jones."

The "poems of wit and humour" contain some pieces in Hood's best style. "The tale of a trumpet" is remarkable for the easy and flowing rhyme in which the story is told. Barham's "legends" remind us of this sketch. The praises bestowed by the pedlar on the ear trumpet, which he is trying to sell to the deaf Dame Spearing, are pointed out with a volubility not easy to imitate in prose, not to speak of verse ; thus he urges—

"It's not the thing for me—I know it—
To crack my own trumpet up and blow it;
But it is the best, and time will show it.

There was Mrs. F.

So very deaf,

That she might have worn a percussion cap
And been knocked on the head without hearing it snap;
Well, I sold her a horn, and the very next day,
She heard from her husband in Botany Bay!"

"The forge" and the "Last man" are somewhat out of place in this volume; both display that power of invoking images of horror, gloom and death, which Hood evinces so strikingly in *Eugene Aram*.

"A parental ode to my son, aged three years and five months," is a most comical blending of the poetic ideal with the prose reality of domestic economy; each stanza contains some amusing anticlimax; a sudden flinging off and bumping on the hard ground from the back of Pegasus—as thus,

"Thou enviable being!

No storms no clouds in thy blue sky foreseeing,

Play on, play on,

My elfin John!

Toss the light ball—bestride the stick—

(I knew so many cakes would make him sick)

With fancies buoyant as the thistle down,

Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,

With many a lamb-like frisk,

(He's got the scissors snipping at your gown!)

Thou pretty opening rose!

(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)

Balmy and breathing music like the south,

(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)

Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,—

(I wish that window had an iron bar!)

Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,—

(I'll tell you what, my love,

I cannot write unless he's sent above.")

The "Whims and oddities" is a collection of short pieces in prose and verse, some of the latter having appeared in the volume of poems of wit and humour.

Hood's most ambitious efforts in serious poetry are contained in the volume of "poems," in which also is to be found "*Miss Kilmansegg and her precious leg*," a poem,

not only witty and humorous, but wise,—inculcating an excellent moral lesson. “The Plea of the Midsummer fairies” was written in 1827, when Hood was in his 28th year. It is the longest serious poem which he has left, and displays true poetic fancy and feeling, and possesses a sweet romantic dreamy charm, reminding us occasionally of Shakespeare, and of Milton’s *Lycidas*, and a good deal of Keats. The opening stanzas are very pleasing.

I.

“’Twas in that mellow season of the year
When the hot sun singes the yellow leaves
Till they be gold—and with a broader sphere
The moon looks down on Ceres and her sheaves ;
When more abundantly the spider weaves,
And the cold wind breathes from a chillier clime ;
That forth I fared, on one of those still eves,
Touched with the dewy sadness of the time,
To think how the bright months had spent their prime.

II.

“So that, wherever I addressed my way,
I seem’d to track the melancholy feet
Of him that is the Father of Decay,
And spoils at once the sour weed and the sweet ;—
Wherefore regretfully I made retreat
To some unwasted regions of my brain,
Charm’d with the light of summer and the beat,
And bade that bounteous season bloom again,
And sprout fresh flowers in mine own domain.”

The poem tells how Time is about to sweep away with a few strokes of his irresistible scythe, the existence and memory of the elves of fairy land. Saturn appears, armed with the ruthless weapon, in the midst of the retreat of the fairies, and is successively besought by the Queen, Titania, and other elves, to spare the band. Each of the troop urges a different plea, but all are alike in vain. One urges thus :—

“Quoth he, ‘We make all melodies our care,
That no false discords may offend the Sun,
Music’s great master—tuning everywhere
All pastoral sounds and melodies, each one
Duly to place and season, so that none
May harshly interfere. We rouse at morn
The shrill sweet lark ; and when the day is done,

Hush silent pauses for the bird forlorn
That singeth with her breast against a thorn."

* * * * *

"Wherefore, great King of Years, as thou dost love
The raining music from a morning cloud,
When vanish'd larks are carolling above,
To wake Apollo, with their pipings loud ;—
If ever thou hast heard in leafy shroud
The sweet and plaintive Sappho of the dell,
Show thy sweet mercy on this little crowd,
And we will muffle up the sheepfold bell
Whene'er thou listenest to Philomel.

"Then Saturn thus—'Sweet is the merry lark,
That carols in man's ear so clear and strong ;
And youth must love to listen in the dark
That tuneful elegy of Tereus' wrong ;
But I have heard that ancient strain too long,
For sweet is sweet, but when a little strange,
And I grow weary for some newer song ;
For wherefore had I wings, unless to range
Through all things mutable from change to change ?'"

"But wouldst thou hear the melodies of Time,
Listen when sleep and drowsy darkness roll
Over hush'd cities and the midnight chime
Sounds from their hundred clocks, and deep bells toll
Like a vast knell over the dead world's soul,
Saying, Time shall be final of all things,
Whose late, last voice must elegise the whole,—
O then I clap aloft my brave broad wings,
And make the wide air tremble while it rings!"

In a similar strain of blended reproof and contempt each little pleader is answered by grim Saturn. And thus he answers a tiny forester who urges how carefully he and his companions have tended the trees and sylvan beauties of the woods; after bitterly expressing his hatred of the green aspect of the summer time in trees, and how rather the dead leaves and bare branches please him, he continues :

"For then I sit amongst the crooked boughs,
 wooing dull Memory with kindred sighs ;
And there in rustling nuptials we espouse,
Smit by the sadness in each others' eyes ;—
But Hope must have green bowers and blue skies,

And must be courted with the gauds of spring;
 Whilst youth leans god-like on her lap, and cries,
 What shall we always do, but love and sing?—
 And Time is reckoned a discarded thing.”

The spirit of the brook and streamlet is as powerless to plead with relentless Time as the forester, and Ariel urges upon the Destroyer, how once having come upon a wretch who, wearied of life and wishing to end it, was roaming through the forest seeking a branch from which to hang himself, he, Ariel, just as the outcast had reached a gloomy spot fit for the fearful deed, breathed such ‘divine enchanting ravishment’ into his ear, that his heart melted away, and dissolving into tears the man repented of his rash design. The wild and dismal spot selected by the man for the perpetration of his crime is thus powerfully described:—

“It was a wild and melancholy glen,
 Made gloomy by tall firs and cypress dark,
 Whose roots, like many bones of buried men,
 Push’d through the rotten sod for fear’s remark;
 A hundred horrid stems, jagged and stark,
 Wrestled with crooked arms in hideous fray,
 Besides sleek ashes with their dappled bark,
 Like crafty serpents climbing for a prey,
 With many blasted oaks, moss-grown and gray.”

All entreaty is vain. Saturn is immoveable, and the fate of the fairies seems inevitable, when suddenly an Apparition steps in, boldly confronting Time, who starts back, amazed at the audacity of his foe. This is the shade of Shakespeare, who, half remonstratingly, half commandingly, disarms the ruthless King, and forces him to spare the tiny host. The fairies, led by their Queen Titania, surround the shade of the Poet, and vie with each other in the fervour of their thanksgiving; and so the poem concludes.

Hero and Leander is a most pleasing and truly poetical rendering of the old classic tale.

Hero thus apostrophises the shade of Leander before she plunges into the waves to seek his spirit.

“Oh dost thou live under the deep, deep sea?
 I thought such love as thine could never die:
 If thou hast gained an immortality
 From the kind pitying sea-god, so will I;
 And this false cruel tide that used to sever
 Our hearts, shall be our common home for ever!

“ There we will sit and sport upon one billow,
And sing our ocean ditties all the day,
And lie together on the same green pillow
That curls above us with its dewy spray ;
And ever in one presence live and dwell,
Like two twin pearls within the self-same shell.”

The “ Song of a shirt” was originally published in *Punch*, in 1843, and seldom was any poem of the same extent received with such enthusiastic admiration. Noble in its purpose, it was no less noble in the execution, and without the aid of another line was sufficient to make a reputation for its author. Hood’s wish to be identified in death as he was so completely in life, with this song, was, we think, quite as fully prompted by his own right and true feeling of the just sentiments of the poem, and his sense of the injustice and oppression, against which it was directed, as by the success and approbation, great as they were which followed its appearance. Equally elevated in purpose, and as distinguished for a noble benevolence of thought, is “ The bridge of sighs,” which alone would make us love and cherish the memory of Thomas Hood, and hold it to our hearts as that of a true poet, and a tender, compassionate, and real man. “ The Dream of Eugene Aram” and “ The haunted house” partake of that ghostly character which Hood so well knew how to infuse into his lines, and when contrasted with his numerous merry effusions, make us marvel at his strange duality of mind. “ The Dream of Eugene Aram” is a poem of great beauty and equal power. The contrast between the serene beauty of the summer evening and the gloomy turmoil in the tutor’s breast ; between the glad innocence of the schoolboy and the burning sense of guilt in the master, is most skilfully wrought.

“ Oh, Heaven! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in evening hymn :
Like a Devil of the Pit I seem’d
’Mid holy Cherubim.

“ And peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread ;

But guilt was my grim Chamberlain
 That lighted me to bed ;
 And drew my midnight curtains round
 With fingers bloody red !”

The story has never been so told as Hood has told it. The whole scene is brought before us as vividly as if we had ourselves been roaming on that evening past the town of Lynn, and had seen the conscience-stricken tutor, the boys at play, the studious lad poring on his book, and had heard Aram relieve his burthened soul by the confession of his guilt. Guilt, how heavy, remorse, how fearful ! fit, solemn, impressive warning, teaching the great lesson, “there is no peace for the wicked,” with a force so terrific and clear—

“He told how murderers walked the earth
 Beneath the curse of Cain,—
 With crimson clouds before their eyes,
 And flames about their brain :
 For blood has left upon their souls
 Its everlasting stain !”

The “Ode to the moon” can be most fitly praised, by saying that it can be read with pleasure, after Keat’s “Endymion.” Many of the minor poems are distinguished by that genuine pathos so frequently found forming, as it were, one half of the mind of the humorous writer. “To a child embracing his mother,” is a touching little poem, characteristic of the man, whose heart beat so warmly for wife and children. “To my daughter on her birth day,” is in the same affectionate strain ; and often, doubtless, have these lines been read with tearful eyes by her to whom they were addressed. But, touching and affecting above all that he has written, are those lines, prophetic and hopeful, written but a short month before his death. Hopeful, not indeed of life in this world, but of that rest in the next, which we, in turn, now hope for him, is his.

I.

“Farewell life ! my senses swim,
 And the world is growing dim ;
 Thronging shadows cloud the light,
 Like the advent of the night—
 Colder, colder, colder still,
 Upward steals a vapour chill !
 Strong the earthy odour grows—
 I smell the mould above the rose !

II.

“ Welcome life ! the spirit strives !
Strength returns and hope revives :
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn,—
O’er the earth there comes a bloom ;
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapour cold—
I smell the rose above the mould ! ”

May his rose blossom in another and a kindlier soil !
In looking at the correspondence scattered throughout the two volumes of “ Memorials,” the reader cannot fail to be struck, and pleased with that which took place between Hood and the late Sir Robert Peel, on the occasion of the conferring of a pension of £100 a year upon Mrs. Hood. The pension was conferred for Mrs. Hood’s life in consequence of the failing state of Hood’s health, the very precarious condition of which, forbade the hope that if granted for his life it could be of any great service to his family. The letters then written by Sir Robert Peel to Hood are highly honourable to the great statesman, and Hood’s replies are no less characteristic and manly ; but we delight rather to turn to other letters addressed to *little*, not to *great* people, and which for perfect adaptation to the tastes and capacities of the persons addressed, for easy, unstrained, and exactly suitable humour, are absolutely matchless. The letters to which we allude were written by Hood to three of the children of his justly dear and valued friend Dr. Elliot, three particular little favourites. The first is dated, 17, Elm Tree Road, St. John’s Wood, Monday, April 1844, and is as follows. The allusion in the beginning is, we are informed in a foot-note, to a roll down a bank taken by Hood with his little correspondent, while enjoying a pic-nic in the forest, and which ended in both being landed in a furze bush at the bottom.

“ My dear Mary,

“ I promised you a letter, and here it is. I was sure to remember it, for you are as hard to forget as you are soft to roll down a hill with. What fun it was ! only so prickly. I thought I had a porcupine in one pocket and a hedgehog in the other. The next time, before we kiss the earth we will have its face well shaved. Did you ever go to Greenwich fair ? I should like to go there with you, for I get no rolling in St. John’s Wood. Tom and Fanny only

like roll and butter. And as for Mrs. Hood, she is for rolling in money.

“Tell Dinnie that Tom has set his trap in the Balcony and has caught a Cold, and tell Jennie that Fanny has set her foot in the garden but it has not come up yet. Oh, how I wish it was the season when ‘March winds and April showers bring forth May flowers!’ for then of course you would give me another pretty little nosegay. Besides, it is frosty and foggy weather, which I do not like. The other night, when I came from Stratford, the cold shrivelled me up so, that when I got home I thought I was my own child.

“Hurra! I hope we shall all have a merry Christmas; I mean to come in my most ticklesome waistcoat, and to laugh till I grow fat, or at least streaky. Fanny is to be allowed a glass of wine. Tom’s mouth is to have a *hole* holiday, and Mrs Hood is to sit up to supper! There will be doings! And then such good things to eat; but pray, pray, pray, mind they don’t boil the baby for a *plump* pudding instead of a plum one. Give my love to every body, from yourself down to Willie,* with which, and a kiss, I remain, up hill and down dale,

“Your affectionate lover,

“Thomas Hood!”

When we remember that this and the three letters which we next extract were written by a man almost at death’s door, suffering acutely from more than one painful malady, and whose time, always valuable, was rendered doubly so by the deprivations of sickness, we cannot withhold a real tribute of admiration to that quenchless cheerfulness and pure submission which lent him spirits for the task:—

“Devonshire Lodge, New Finchley Road,
St. John’s Wood, July 1st, (1st of Hebrew falsity.)

“My dear Dinnie,

“I have heard of your doings at Sandgate, and that you were so happy at getting to the sea, that you were obliged to be flogged a little to moderate it, and keep some for next day. I am very fond of the sea, too, though I have been twice nearly drowned by it—once in a storm in a ship, and once under a boat’s bottom, when I was bathing. Of course you have bathed; but have you learned to swim, yet? It is rather easy in salt water, and diving is still easier, even than at the *sink*. I only swim in fancy, and strike out new ideas!

“Is not the tide curious? Though I can’t say much for its tidi-

* ‘Willy’ at that writing, being very tall for his age, and May, his youngest sister, *not* very tall for her age.—T. II.”

ness; it makes such a slop and litter on the beach. It comes and goes as regularly as the boys of a Proprietary school, but has no holidays. And what a rattle the waves make with the stones when they are rough; you will find some rolled into decent marbles and bounces, and sometimes you may hear the sound of a heavy sea at a distance, like a giant snoring. Some people say that every ninth wave is bigger than the rest. I have often counted but never found it come true, except with tailors, of whom every ninth is a man. But in rough weather there are giant waves that come in trios, from which I suppose Britannia rules the waves by the Rule of Three. When I was a boy I loved to play with the sea, in spite of its sometimes getting rather *rough*. I and my brother clucked hundreds of stones into it as you do; but we came away before we could fill it up. In those days we were at war with France. Unluckily its peace now, or with so many stones you might have good fun for days in pelting the enemy's coast. Once I almost thought I nearly hit Boney! Then there was looking for an island like Robinson Crusoe! Have you ever found one yet surrounded by water? I remember once staying on the beach, when the tide was flowing, till I was a peninsula, and only by running turned myself into a continent. Then there's fishing at the seaside. I used to catch flat fish with a very long string line. It was like swimming a kite! But perhaps there are no flat fish at Sandgate, except your shoe-soles. The best plan if you want flat fish where there are none, is to bring Codlings and hammer them into Dabs. Once I caught a plaice, and seeing it all over red spots, I thought I had caught the measles.

"Do you ever long when you are looking at the sea for a voyage? If I were off Sandgate with my yacht (only she is not yet built,) I would give you a cruise in her. In the meantime you can practise sailing in any little boat you can get. But mind it does not flounder, or get squamped, as some people say, instead of 'founder' and 'swamp.' I have been swamped myself by Malaria, and almost foundered, which reminds me that Tom Junior, being very ingenious, has made a cork model of a diving-bell that won't sink!

"By this time, I suppose, you are become, instead of a land-boy, a regular sea-urchin—and so amphibious you can walk upon the land as well as on the water—or better. And don't you mean, when you grow up, to go to sea? Should you not like to be a little midshipman, or half a quarter-master, with a cocked hat and dirk, that will be a sword by the time you are a man? If you do resolve to be a post captain, let me know, and I will endeavour, through my interest with the Commissioners of Pavements, to get you a post to jump over of the proper height. Tom is just rigging a boat, so I suppose that he inclines to be an Admiral of Marines. But before you decide remember the port-holes, and that there are great guns in those battle-doors that will blow you into shuttle cocks, which is a worse game than whoop and hide, as to a good hiding!

"And so farewell, young 'old fellow,' and take care of yourself so near the sea, for in some places, they say, it has not even a bottom to go to if you fall in. And remember when you are bathing, if you meet with a shark, the best way is to bite off his legs, if you can, before he walks off with yours. And so, hoping you will be better soon, for somebody told me you had got the *shingles*.

"I am, dear Dunnie,

"Your affectionate friend,

"Thomas Hood.

"P.S.—I have heard that at Sandgate there used to be *lobsters*, but some ignorant fairy turned them all by a spell into *bolsters*."

Then follows,—

"Devonshire lodge, New Finchley Road,
July 1st, 1844.

"My dear Jeanie,

"So you are at Sandgate! of course wishing for your old play-fellow M— H— (he *can* play—it's work to me) to help you to make little puddles in the *sand*, and swing on the *gate*. But perhaps there are no sand and gate at Sandgate, which in that case, nominally tells us a fib. But there must be little crabs somewhere, which you can catch if you are nimble enough, so like spiders, I wonder they do not make webs. The large crabs are scarcer.

"If you do catch a big one with strong claws, and like experiments, you can shut him up in a cupboard with a loaf of sugar, and you can see whether he will break it with his nippers. Besides crabs, I used to find a jelly fish on the strand, made, it seemed to me, of sea-calves' feet and no sherry.

"The mermaids eat them, I suppose, at their wet water-parties, or salt *soirees*. There were star-fish also, but they did not shine till they were stinking, and so made very uncelestial constellations.

"I suppose you never gather any sea-flowers, but only sea-weeds. '*The truth is Mr. David Jones never rises from his bed, and so has a garden full of weeds, like Dr. Watts' sluggard.*'

"Oysters are as bad, for they never leave their beds willingly, though they get such oceans of 'cold pig.' At some sea-sides you may pick up shells, but I have been told that at Sandgate there are no shells, except those with passive green peas and lively maggots.

"I have heard that you bathe in the sea, which is very refreshing, but it requires care, for if you stay under water too long, you may come up a mermaid, which is only half a lady, with a fish's tail, which she can boil if she likes. You had better try this with your Doll, whether it turns her into half a Doll-fin.

"I hope you like the sea. I always did when I was a child, which was about two years ago. Sometimes it makes such a fizzing

and foaming, I wonder some of our London cheats do not bottle it up and sell it for ginger-pop.

"When the sea is rough, if you pour the sweet oil out of the cruet *all over it*, and wait for a calm, it will be quite smooth—much smoother than a dressed salad.

"Some time ago, exactly, there used to be about the part of the coast where you are, large white birds with black tipped wings, that went flying and screaming over the sea, and now and then plunged down into the water after a fish. Perhaps they catch their sprats now with nets and hooks and lines. Do you ever see such birds? We used to call them 'gulls,' but they didn't mind it! Do you ever see any boats or vessels? And don't you wish when you see a ship, that Somebody was a sea-captain instead of a Doctor, that he might bring you home a pet lion or calf-elephant, ever so many parrots, or a monkey, from foreign parts? I knew a little girl that was promised a baby-whale by her sailor brother, and who *blubbered* because he did not bring it. I suppose there are no whales at Sandgate, but you might find a seal about the beach, or at least a stone for one. The sea-stones are not pretty when they are dry, but look beautiful when they are wet—and we can *always* keep sucking them!

"If you can find one, pray pick me up a pebble for a seal. I prefer the red sort, like Mrs. Jenkins' brooch and ear rings, which she calls 'red chamelion.' Well, how happy you must be! Childhood is such a joyous merry time, and I often wish I was two or three children! But I suppose I can't be, or else I would be Jeanie and Mary and Dinnie Elliott. And wouldn't I pull off my three pairs of shoes and socks, and go paddling in the sea up to my six knees! And oh! how I could climb up the Downs, and roll down the ups on my three backs and stomachs! Capital sport, only it wears out the woollens. Which reminds me of the sheep on the Downs, and little May, so innocent, I dare say. She often crawls about on all fours, and tries to eat grass like a lamb. Grass isn't nasty, at least not very, if you take care while you are browsing not to chump up the dandelions. They are large, yellow star-flowers, and often grow about Dairy farms, but give very bad milk!

"When I can buy a telescope, powerful enough, I shall have a peep at you. I am told, with a good glass, you can see the sea at such a distance that the sea cannot see you! Now I must say good bye, for my paper gets shorter but not stouter. Pray give my love to your Ma, and my compliments to Mrs. H—, and no mistake, and remember me, my dear Jeanie, as your affectionate friend,

"Thomas Hood.

"The other Tom Hood sends his love to everybody and everything.

"P. S. Don't forget my pebble;—and a good *naughty-lass* would be esteemed a curiosity."

“Devonshire Lodge, New Finchley Road,
July 1st, 1844.

“My dear May,

“How do you do, and how do you like the sea?—not much, perhaps, it’s ‘so big.’ But shouldn’t you like a nice little ocean that you could put in a pan? Yet the sea, though it looks rather ugly at first, is very useful, and if I were near it this dry summer, I would carry it all home, to water the garden with at Stratford, and it would be sure to drown all the blights, *May-flies* and all.

“I remember that when I saw the sea it used sometimes to be very fussy and fidgety and did not always wash itself quite clean: but it was very fond of fun. Have the waves ever run after you yet, and turned your little two shoes into pumps, full of water?

“If you want a joke you might push *Dunnie* into the sea, and fish for him as they do for a Jack. But don’t go in yourself, and don’t let the baby go in, and swim away, although he is the shrimp of the family. Did you ever taste the sea water? The fishes are so fond of it they keep drinking it all the day long. Dip your little finger in, and then suck it to see how it tastes. A glass of it warm, with sugar and a grate of nutmeg, would quite astonish you! The water of the sea is so saline, I wonder that nobody catches salt fish in it. I should think a good way would be to go out in a butter-boat, with a little melted for sauce. Have you been bathed yet in the sea, and were you afraid? I was, the first time, and the time before that, and dear me how I kicked, and screamed—or at least, meant to scream, but the sea, ships and all, began to run into my mouth, and so I shut it up. I think I see *you* being dipped in the sea, screwing your eyes up, and putting your nose, like a button, into your mouth, like a button-hole, for fear of getting another smell and taste! By the bye, did you ever dive your head under water with your legs up in the air, like a duck, and try whether you could cry ‘quack?’ Some animals can! I would try, but there is no sea here, and so I am forced to dip into books. I wish there were such nice green hills here as there are at Sandgate. They must be very nice to roll down, especially if there are no furze bushes to prickle one, at the bottom! Do you remember how the thorns stuck in us like a penn’orth of mixed pins, at Wanstead? I have been very ill, and am so thin now I could stick myself into a prickle. My legs in particular are so wasted away that somebody says my pins are only needles, and I am so weak, I dare say you could push me down on the floor, and right through the carpet, unless it was a strong pattern. I am sure if I were at Sandgate, you could carry me to the post office, and fetch my letters. Talking of carrying, I suppose you have donkeys at Sandgate, and ride about on them. Mind and always call them ‘Donkeys,’ for if you call them asses, it might reach such long ears! I knew a donkey once that kicked a man for calling him Jack instead of John.

“There are no flowers, I suppose, on the beach, or I would ask

you to bring me a bouquet, as you used to do at Stratford. But there are little crabs! If you would catch one for me, and teach it to dance the polka it would make me quite happy, for I have not had any toys or play-things for a long time. Did you ever try, like a little crab, to run two ways at once? See if you can do it, for it is good fun; never mind tumbling over yourself a little at first. It would be a good plan to hire a little crab, for an hour a day, to teach baby to crawl, if he can't walk, and if I was his Mama, I *would* too! Bless him! But I must not write on him any more—he is so soft, and I have nothing but steel pens.

“And now good bye; Fanny has made my tea, and I must drink it before it gets too hot, as we were *all* last Sunday week. They say the glass was 88 in the shade, which is a great age! The last fair breeze I blew dozens of kisses for you, but the wind changed, and am afraid took them all to Miss H—, or somebody that it shouldn't. Give my love to everybody, and my compliments to all the rest, and remember I am, my dear May,

“Your loving friend,

“Thomas Hood.

“P. S. Don't forget, my little crab, to dance the polka, and pray write to me soon, as you can't, if it's only a line.”

Was not this man's heart a heart to love?—he that could chill our blood with “Eugene Aram” and the “Haunted house,” or draw our tears with the “Song of the Shirt” and the “Bridge of Sighs,” could write letters to a child, brim full, nay, flowing over with genuine humour, every line a joke, yet every joke as palpable to, and as applicable by, childish capacity, as it was *telling* to ourselves.

How characteristic is the following extract from a letter to Mr. Phillips, who, we are told by Mrs. Broderip, had been selected to be tutor to the son of a marquis, and who, while staying at Brighton, had been run away with and thrown, while out riding. “Mr. Phillips,” she writes, “was a fellow-sufferer with my father, and was subject to hemorrhage of the lungs. He had written some German stories for the Magazine, one of them about a water spirit, or *Neck*, to which allusion is made, as well as to his poem ‘The husk and the grain.’”

After rallying Mr. Phillips upon his disaster, and reminding him that sedentary persons never have a good seat, Hood playfully alluded to his friend's connection with the aristocracy, and to the corresponding notions which he accuses him of having formed.

“By-the-bye, have you read the ‘Mysteries of Paris?’ Very bad! Or the ‘Amber Witch,’ which is very good? Or do you

read nothing but Burke and Debrett to the young Peerage? Do you like my novel? or do you prefer Rookwood, for the sake of the ride to York?

"Advertises 'Revelations of London,' in imitation of the Parisian Mysteries, of course! Wont they be very full of the slang of the Rookery? The mere idea gives me the Back-Slumbago!

"Write soon and tell me how you like your new position and how you live. Aristocratically enough, I guess, and spitting nothing under high blood. Your stomach a mere game-bag or pot for the preserves, eh? And some fine day you will come and triumph over us with your corpulence, and 'Philip me like a three-man beadle.' For you drink the choicest of wines, of course—your small-beer old double X ale. What a change for an author! And then you lie, I warrant, in a down bed, with such sheets! Every one equal to 'forty-eight pages of superfine cambric, margined with lace and hot pressed with a silver warming-pan.' Nevertheless, come some day and see us—some day when you are ordered to live very low, and then, perhaps, our best holiday diet may be good enough for you. We are very poor and have only seventy-two thousand a-year (pence, mind, not pounds), and our names not even in the Post-office Directory, much less the Court Guide!

"Well, if it isn't too great a liberty, God bless you! Mrs. Hood hopes you will forgive her offering her kind regards; and Fanny and Tom presume to join in the same. And if you would condescend to present my kind regards and respects to Mr. Salomans, it would exceedingly oblige,

"Dear Phillips,

"Yours very truly, and hoping no offence,

Thomas Hood."

And here is another, our last extract, cheerful pleasant letter, written by a man standing on the threshold of eternity, whose portals he entered within less than twelve months.

"Devonshire Lodge, New Finchley Road,
Tuesday night.

"Dear Reseigh,

"Nothing is nearer to my will and farther from my power, than getting up and dining out. I have got no farther in either than the garden, and a fowl's merry thought.

"It would give me great pleasure to accept Mr. Rolt's kind invitation, and still more to hear Mr. Bacon's masterly reading of the 'Song of the Shirt.' But I have been too near singing the song of the Swan, and too recently, to admit of such delights. In truth, I hardly feel quite yet out of the Valley of the Shadow, or much more than a shadow myself.

"Pray say this to our friend, and explain how slowly I am com-

pelled to mend ; so slowly that I am *darn'd* if I know when I shall be *mended*.

"I am working nevertheless with pen and pencil, in spite of the M.Ds. who ordered me to do nothing; but I found it so hard to do that I preferred writing and drawing. Besides which, for all my ill-lookingness there is one man coming to draw me, and another to model me, as if I was fat enough to *bust*. Luckily I am capital at sitting just now, and not bad at lying; as to walking or standing, I am as feeble almost as a baby on my pins, which, by the way, have dwindled into needles.

"I am, dear Reseigh,

"Yours very truly,

"Thomas Hood."

We have heard it asked,—did not Hood devote much time and labour to the production of his humorous writings, and after all, of what use is all that he has written of this kind? Time and genius doubtless he did bestow upon them, but of labour,—nothing. The jests, the puns, the quibbles, the whims and oddities that sparkle in so many pages of his works, flowed from him almost spontaneously, and were not the result of labour. But, are they useless? How much of what is beautiful—of that which tends to brighten and exhilarate life, and temper that woe, of which it is said to be the Valley, might be condemned and banished if tried by that cold and rigid rule, "*cui bono!*" Works of a purely imaginative character, intended merely to amuse, would fall within the ban of this ungenerous law, which would be equally as much against pathetic writing as against humorous. For, surely, if it should be decided that to move the "*springs of laughter*" was a useless and unprofitable task, to "*touch the source of tears*" should also be pronounced an idle and empty one. But laughter has been said to be peculiar to the human race, and though all other animals have, by some peculiar cry, the power of expressing grief, to laugh is possible to man alone. If this be true, surely it can neither be a profitless nor undignified task to call that power into action; when, moreover, we consider that mirth is not easily raised, and that not every jest can succeed in beguiling the human countenance of a smile! Seasonable mirth is not alone commendable, but necessary. A great authority tells us that there is a time to laugh as well as a time to weep; and it is too much the course of human life to neglect that wholesome seasonable laughter, which opens and expands

the heart, raises the spirits, and quickens the pulsation, and renders a man all the fitter for the hard struggle of every day existence. The greatest lights of English literature have loved and cultivated humour. Milton woos the spirit of laughter in *L'Allegro*.

"Hasten nymph and bring with thee
Mirth and youthful jollity,
Sport, who wrinkled care derides,
And laughter, holding both his sides!"

Shakespeare echoes Horace's "*Dulce est desipere in loco*,"—

"Let me play the fool—
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come!"

and scatters through his plays characters of wonderful humour, as wonderful as any which has been the *medium* of his serious muse. But the matter is not one for argument. The man who never laughs, and who regards humorous writings as a waste of time, who frowns at a harmless jest, and looks upon mirth as folly, is not worth a serious argument, and deserves to sit for ever wrapped in the gloomy dignity of perpetual dulness.

Honour, then, to the humorist, whose cheerful pages have soothed so many weary hours of sickness, beguiled so many solitary days, and raised so many drooping spirits; by whom benevolence has been stimulated, cheerfulness sustained, hypocrisy unmasked, vice admonished, and *humbug* scourged. Abuses that had withstood, unmoved, volumes of sermons, clouds of remonstrances, and even folios of laws, have fled howling before the lash of ridicule; fallacies that had baffled logic, and defeated learning, have dissolved like snow before the beams of humour. Greater honour, and a larger meed of praise are due to him who, wielding a power like this, has never in one solitary instance abused that power; and in the midst of temptations to slay, has never inflicted a wound. Much honour and much praise are due to Thomas Hood. Amongst all that he has written, there is not a line, nay, not even an expression, which can offend decency, morals, or religion. His merriment is ever tempered with wisdom, that wisdom which is the constant companion of a sound heart, and which teaches the great lesson of mutual forbearance, and respect for high and holy things—that wisdom which in-

forms how profanity disfigures wit—how indecency disgraces humour—and how the humorous writer mistakes his calling and abuses his gifts when he sneers at religion or scoffs at morality.

Could the spirit of this good man, and true humorist, now revisit earth, and look upon the pages of that publication in which his immortal "Song of the Shirt" first appeared, how would he be grieved and shocked, to see what that publication has become! How would he recoil from the vulgar scurrility, the gross profanity, the venial intolerance of its writers, who sacrifice self-respect, outrage decency, and pander to the very lowest and worst feelings of a semi-brutal bigotry for the sake of self!

He would see humour in its pages displaced by ribaldry, wit by buffoonery, satire by low abuse, and truth by an unblushing and persistent mendacity; and he would wonder at the rapid and total transformation by which a once genial and brilliant page had become a thing so degraded and so mean.

We have already said that the volumes before us disarm criticism, and, indeed, had they been of much less intrinsic value, they would still claim our favourable consideration as a dutiful offering to the memory of a dear and affectionate father. But we value them chiefly for the gratifying testimony which they bear to the pure and blameless private character of a favourite writer, showing him to have been in his private life, as delightful and as pleasant as he was in his public capacity of author.

This is indeed no trivial matter, for we know how often authorship is inconsistent; how profligates in practice, preach morality in theory, how domestic tyrants descant upon the beauty of liberty, and how the writer, whose pages seem inspired by the genius of good humour, is, in private, moroseness and sullenness itself. We should, therefore, estimate at its true great value this perfect concordance between precept and practice, which is exhibited in the life of Hood; and, while we know and cherish the genius and reputation of the Author, drop a tear of sympathy to the memory of the Man.

ART. III.—*The History of Herodotus, a new English version, edited with copious notes and appendices, &c.* By George Rawlinson, M. A., assisted by Col. Sir H. Rawlinson, K. C. B., and Sir J. G. Wilkinson, F.R.S. London: John Murray, 1858-1860.

A LITTLE while ago classics were at a discount: but now a change is observable in their favour. And what advantages befriend the classical student now, compared with thirty years ago! One still remembers the *Variorum* Horace, giving all possible meanings to an obscure phrase, except perhaps the true one. Even Thucydides with all his exactness was rendered very variously: even Arnold's second edition, for example, differing widely from the first. But now not only texts have been emended by such scholars as Bekker and Dindorf, but interpretation and illustration are more consistent and correct. Such thoughts were suggested to us, by falling in with the four handsome volumes of Mr. Rawlinson's *Herodotus*, the last of which was published during the preceding year; a work which, availing itself of the labours of previous scholars, and of recent discoveries connected with the East, throws a flood of light on the researches of the Father of profane History: disclosing sometimes his errors, but more frequently his accuracy and trustworthiness.

Three preliminary chapters introduce us to the Nine Muses in their English dress; the first on the Life of the author; the second on the sources from which he drew his information; and the third on his character as a historian.

Of the education of our author, we are informed that it was of the best, according to the notions of his age and country. Besides the three standard branches of instruction, grammar, gymnastic training, and music,

“A knowledge of literature, and especially of poetry,—above all, an intimate acquaintance with the *classic* writings of Homer, was the one great requisite; to which might be added a familiarity with philosophical systems, and a certain amount of rhetorical dexterity. Herodotus, as his writings show, was most thoroughly accomplished in the first and most important of these three things. He has drunk at the Homeric cistern till his whole being is impregnated with the influence thence derived. In the scheme and plan of his work, in the arrangement and order of its parts, in the tone and character of the thoughts, in ten thousand little expressions and

words, the Homeric student appears..... There is scarcely a poet of any eminence anterior to his day with whose works he has not shown himself acquainted. Hesiod, Olen, Musæus, Archilochus, the author of the *Cypria* and the *Epigoni*, Alcæus, Sappho, Solon, Æsop, Aristæas, Simonides of Ceos, Phrynichus, Æschylus, Pindar, are quoted or referred to, in such a way as to indicate that he possessed a close acquaintance with their writings."—Vol. i. p. 7.

We are here reminded that prosaic literature was but just commencing, and that the poetic character of Herodotus is quite natural, under the circumstances. The extent and nature of his travels come next under discussion.

"Herodotus undoubtedly visited Babylon, Ardericca near Susa, the remoter parts of Egypt, Scythia, Colchis, Thrace, Cyrene, Zante, Dodona, and Magna Græcia; thus covering with his travels a space of 31° of longitude (above 1700 miles) from east to west, and of 24° of latitude, (1660 miles) from north to South. Within these limits moreover his knowledge is for the most part close and accurate. In Egypt, for instance, he has not contented himself with a single voyage up and down the Nile, like the modern tourist, but has evidently passed months, if not years, in examining the various objects of interest. He has personally inspected, besides the great capital cities of Thebes, Memphis, and Heliopolis, where his materials for the history of Egypt were chiefly collected, the comparatively unimportant towns of Sais, Bubastis, Buto, Papremis, Chemmis, Crocodilopolis, and Elephantine.....In Greece proper he has visited, besides the great cities of Athens, Sparta, and Thebes, the sanctuaries at Delphi, Dodona, and Abæ in Phocis; the battle fields of Thermopylæ, Plataea and Marathon; Arcadia, Elis, Argolis, the promontory of Tænarum, the isthmus of Corinth, the pass of Tempé, Creston in Chalcidice, Byzantium, Athos, and (apparently) the entire route followed by the army of Xerxes on its march from Sestos to Athens. In the Levant he has evidently made himself acquainted with almost all the more important islands, &c."—p. 9.

It seems probable that these travels belong chiefly to his earlier years. If anything is certain with respect to the events of our author's career, it is that his home during the first half of his life was in Asia Minor, during the last, in Magna Græcia. Now the slightest glance at the map will show that the former place and not the latter—Halicarnassus, and not Thurium—is the natural centre whence his various lines of travel radiate. A very original construction of his epitaph suggests the idea that he left Halicarnassus, his native place, owing to ridicule (*μῶμος*), drawn down upon him 'by the over-credulous tone of his history,

which would little suit the rising generation of shrewd and practical free-thinkers.' For a time he resided at Athens. It was in the year B. C. 446, when he would be about forty-eight years of age, if we may believe Eusebius, that a decree passed the Athenian assembly, whereby a reward was assigned to Herodotus on account of his great historical work, which he had read publicly to the Athenians.

Here he became acquainted with the poet Sophocles, then 'at the zenith of his reputation:' and probably with Pericles, Euripides, and a host of eminent men. He would look at the masterpieces in every kind which surrounded him, and say, "My work too shall be in its kind a masterpiece." To this, perhaps, we owe the wonderful elaboration, carried on for twenty years after his visit to Athens, which as much as anything else, has given to the history of Herodotus its surpassing and neverfailing charm. It is pleasant to imagine the studious years of the historian in southern Italy, spent in adding to the first draft of his work those finished episodes, which add so much to its romantic beauty: including probably the second and fourth books, on Egypt and Scythia, or great part of them. The colony was in a state of disturbance for years, and of actual war: which may have marred somewhat the historian's learned leisure! It was here, however, that he composed also that separate work, the *Ἀσσύριοι λόγοι*, or History of Assyria, the existence of which it has been the fashion of late years to deny:—or to reduce to the dimensions of an episode, intended to be introduced into the main history.

The argument in favour of this having formed a distinct work, is thus given by Mr. Rawlinson in a note to Herod. I. 106. "They (the Medes) took Nineveh—I will relate how in another history," on which he says:—

"The question whether the *Ἀσσύριοι λόγοι* promised here, and again in chapter 184, were ever written or no, has long engaged the attention of the learned. Isaac Voss, Des Vignoles, Bouhier (*Recherches* ch. I. p. 7) and Larcher (in loc.) have maintained the affirmative; Bähr, Fabricius, Gerard Voss, Dahlman, and Jäger (*Disput. Herodot.* p. 15) the negative. The passage of Aristotle (*Hist. An.* VIII. 18) which affirms that Herodotus in his account of the siege of Nineveh, represented an eagle as drinking, would be decisive of the question, if the reading were certain. But some MSS. have '*Ἡσίοδος ἡγνόμεν τοῦτο.*' There are, however, several objections to this reading. For 1, Hesiod, according to the best authorities, died before the siege of Nineveh. 2. Neither he nor

any writer of his age, composed poems on historical subjects. 3. There is no known work of Hesiod in which such a subject as the siege of Nineveh could well have been mentioned. On the other hand the siege of that city is exactly one of the events of which Herodotus had promised to make mention in his Assyrian annals. These are strong grounds for preferring the reading of Ἡρόδοτος to that of Ἡρόδοος in the disputed passage. It is certainly remarkable, that no other distinct citation from the work is to be found among the remains of antiquity, and Lardner appears right in concluding from this, that the work perished early: probably, however, not before the time of Cephalion (B. C. 120), who is said by Syncellus to have followed Hellanicus, Ctesias, and Herodotus in his Assyrian history. From Cephalion may have come those curious notices in John of Malala (ed. Dind. p. 26) concerning the Scythic character of the dress, language, and laws of the Parthians, which are expressly ascribed by him to Herodotus, but do not appear in the work of Herodotus which has come down to us."

However, the history which Herodotus failed to transmit to a late posterity, Mr. Rawlinson has endeavoured to reconstruct from the monuments of Assyria, as will be seen later. For the present, we only pause to inter the remains of our author at Thurium, where probably he died at about sixty years of age, without having given to his work the finished grace which the master's hand is wont to impart, when it consciously gives the last touches. Alas, for the works of man!

With regard to the sources whence he drew his information, it appears that of the few prose works then existing in Greece, the "Genealogies" and "Geography" of Hecataeus, are the only ones with which Herodotus distinctly shews himself familiar; and the real source of almost all that he has delivered down to us, whether in the shape of historical narrative, or geographical description, was personal observation and inquiry. He frequently demurs to crediting accounts, where he was unable to procure the testimony of eye-witnesses. Herodotus, it must be remembered, lived and wrote within a century of the time when his direct narrative may be said to commence, viz. the first year of Cyrus. The true subject of his history—the Persian war of Invasion—was yet more recent, its commencement falling less than fifty years from the time of his writing. The monuments in Greece were 1. Public registers, as the Ἀναγραφαὶ at Sparta, containing the names of all the kings: or the list of the Olympian victors

from Coræbus downwards, kept in the sanctuary of Zeus at Olympia. 2. Inscriptions or dedicatory offerings, in the various sanctuaries, especially at Delphi : like the "famous tripod, part gold and part bronze, which the confederate Greeks dedicated, after the victory of Plataea, to Apollo at Delphi, whereon were inscribed the names of the various states, who took part against the Persians in the great struggle, from which Herodotus was able to authenticate his lists of the combatants." (Herod. viii. 82.) A woodcut of this remarkable relic, the bronze pedestal of which subsists with its inscription still traceable to the present day, at Constantinople, is given in the note to Herodotus ix. 81, of the present edition, with an appendix concerning its history and the evidence of its being genuine.

Such illustrations render the notes to this translation of substantial value, and the comparison between the statements of the historian, and the testimony of extant monuments is frequently and critically made.

The merit of our historian, as depending on his honesty and diligence, is fairly discussed; and while he is vindicated from the dishonesty of Ctesias, and the malignity of the pseudo-Plutarch, his love for the romantic meets with deserved censure. Candour and impartiality are justly attributed to him. Even his love for the Athenians did not blind him to their faults, and their folly in having suffered themselves, in regard to Pisistratus, to be imposed upon by what Herodotus calls "one of the silliest devices to be found in all history." The Persians, again, towards whom his patriotic temper might have embittered him, are treated in a very opposite tone and spirit. 'Their valour, their simplicity and hardiness, their love of truth, their devoted loyalty to their princes, their wise customs and laws, are spoken of with a strength and sincerity of admiration, which strongly mark his superiority to the narrow spirit of national prejudice and partiality too common in every age,' and never more so, alas, than in our own.

As for the so-called *credulity* of Herodotus, which finds but a timid advocate in his translator, how far is it before the 'cold scepticism of Thucydides!' Those who deny any demoniac influence to the oracular shrines, he well observes, 'have to explain, 1. The passage of the Acts of the Apostles, (xvi. 16. *puellam quandam habentem spiritum Pythonem*). 2. The fact of the defect of oracles soon

after the publication of Christianity, and 3. The general conviction of the early Christian Fathers, that the oracles were inspired.' The idea of a Divine Retribution or Jealousy (Nemesis), which gives a religious colouring to the whole history, deserves, we think, more favour than it here receives. We have never called Apocryphal the text which says, "Potentes autem potenter tormenta patientur." Nor do we omit from the 1st Commandment, though accused of doing so, the words, "I am the Lord thy God, mighty, *jealous*." We are glad to read, however, that the attempts to prove an undue bias affecting historical accuracy, owing to such a belief in the historian's mind, 'mostly fail, and it is doubtful whether there is a producible instance of it.' The episode of Solon and Croesus is the strongest case for suspicion. But nobody would allow such a plum as that to be taken out of Herodotus; not Colonel Mure himself, we will answer for it.—Herodotus was simple-minded, even to a fault. Be it so: nay, more—we agree "that the great defect of Herodotus as a historian, is his want of insight into the causes, bearing, and inter-connexion of the events which he records. It is not merely that he is deficient in political discernment, and so relates with the utmost baldness, and with striking omissions and mis-statements, the *constitutional changes*, whose occurrence he is led to notice, but even with regard to the important historical vicissitudes which form the special subject of his narrative, he exhibits the same inability to penetrate below the surface, and to appreciate, or even to conceive aright, their true origin and character. Little personal tales and anecdotes take the place of those investigations into the condition of nations, or into the grounds of hostility between races, on which critical writers of history are wont to lay the chief stress in their accounts of wars, rebellions, conquests, and the like. The personal ambition of Cyrus is made the sole cause of the revolt of the Persians from the Medes: to the resentment of Harpagus is attributed its success. The attack on Egypt is traced to advice given to Cambyzes, by an eye-doctor; the Magian revolt is the mere doing of Patizeithes; Darius is led to form a design against Greece, by a suggestion of Democedes; the Ionians rebel because Aristagoras has become involved in difficulties. Through the whole history there runs a similar vein"—everywhere little reasons are alleged, which,

even if they existed, would not be the causes of the events, but only the occasions upon which the real causes came into play.

With all these allowances, the Nine Muses are admitted both by ancient and modern critics to be a model of this order of composition. It was intended, so we are told, to be the history of a particular war; and this is much insisted on. 'It is not, as has been generally said, the conflict of races, the antagonism between Europe and Asia, nor even that antagonism in its culminating form—the struggle between Greece and Persia—that he puts before him as his proper subject.....The real intention of Herodotus was to write the *Persian war of invasion*—the contest which commenced with the first expedition of Mardonius, and terminated with the entire discomfiture of the vast fleet and army collected and led against Greece by Xerxes.' This idea of Epic Unity appears to us novel and startling, and somewhat difficult to reconcile with Herodotus' own avowal in the first paragraph of his history. But at all events, if the Halicarnassian limited his view to one central object, Mr. Rawlinson's Herodotus has all that expansion and comprehensiveness about it that we were brought up to attribute to the Father of History himself.

The introductory chapters finished, Clio, the first of the Muses, appears, not as we have known her, in her antique garb of graceful Ionic Greek, but in a plain English dress; and it must be said, translated with great fidelity, and a happy boldness of expression. Yet it is no longer Clio. The softness, the pathos, the simplicity, are wanting. Yet it is a very good translation: a likeness, but not a photograph. The oracles, too, have their dactylic rhythm pleasantly preserved. Thus Orestes' tomb (ch. 67):—

"Level and smooth is the plain where Arcadian Tegea standeth;
There two winds are ever by strong necessity blowing,
Counter-stroke answers stroke, and evil lies upon evil.
There all-teeming earth doth harbour the son of Atreides:
Bring thou him to thy city, and then be Tegea's master."

Many themes have been handled in the course of the book; and out of these *eleven* Essays arise, like eleven reserved cases, to avoid encumbering the text with too many foot-notes.

Three of these essays regard the Babylonian and Assyrian empires. Of the 6th and 7th we subjoin an abstract.

With regard to the Assyrian History of Herodotus, Mr. Rawlinson remarks, that few of the ravages of time are so deeply to be lamented as the almost total loss of this invaluable work. Till recently the accounts of Berosus and Ctesias being contradictory, the history of Babylonia in the earliest times was nearly the obscurest chapter in the annals of the world. The data, however, obtained from the cuneiform inscriptions, recently discovered in these regions, have all gone to confirm the account of Berosus, who was a native of Babylon, and doubtless acquainted with its monuments. According to these we are presented with a fragmentary list of 26 monarchs, who appear to have reigned in Lower Chaldæa B.C. 2234–1518, beginning with Urukh, and Ilgi his son; and ending with Samshu-iluna, or names so interpreted.

In the fragment of Berosus, which relates to this period of Babylonian history, two separate dynasties are recorded, one, of eleven kings, and the second, of forty-nine. The above twenty-six are supposed to belong to these two dynasties. Their names are rendered uncertain by the fact that the phonetic values of the cuneiform alphabet vary according to the tribe making use of it. Little is to be learnt from the inscriptions with regard either to their foreign or their domestic history. They assume in their brick legends a great variety of territorial titles, but the nomenclature belongs almost exclusively to Chaldæa and Babylonia. Among the names used, the most common are, Kipratarba, or the four races; 2. Hur (Ur of the Chaldees, or Mugheir); 3. Larsa (Ellasar, or Senkerch); 4. Erech, or Warka; 5. Kinzi Akkad, (Achad of Genesis, x. 10.) 6. Babil, or Babylon; and 7. Nipur, or the city of Belus (the Greek Βάβη, and the modern Niffer). Assyria is not mentioned in one single legend. The above, then, appear as the chief cities of this early empire, while yet Assyria and Nineve were names unknown to fame.

Of the Arabian dynasty said by Berosus to have succeeded the Chaldæan, no monumental traces have been yet discovered. Still the Arabians have as many as thirty tribes commemorated in inscriptions, among the dwellers on the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates, which helps to explain a statement of Herodotus, that Sennacherib was “King of the Arabians and Assyrians” (Euterpe 141)

Of the Great Assyrian empire, which succeeded the above, the duration according to the statements of Herodotus (Clio 95) and Berosus was about 520 years. This period, by comparing various statements of Herodotus, began, in his view, in the earlier half of the 13th century before our era; and being counted backward probably by Berosus and Herodotus from the era of Nabonassar, B.C. 747, when Babylon established a *quasi* independence, may be, on many grounds, fixed about B.C. 1273. The seat of government was at first Asshur, sixty miles south of the later capital, Nineve. Here the names of four monarchs appear on bricks, "read doubtfully as Bel-lush, Pudil, Iva-lush, and Shalma-bar, or Shalma-rish." Ninus and his queen Semiramis are discarded as mythical.

The series of kings which probably followed, consists of six monarchs in a continuous line, five of whom are named on the celebrated cylinder dug up at Asshur, or as it is now called Kileh-Shergat. Of the first of these; whom it is proposed to read as Nin-pala-kura, who was succeeded by Asshur-dapal-il, and Mutaggil-nebu,—expressly it is related that he was "the king who first organized the country of Assyria," and his name beginning with Nin, looks like Ninus. The fourth, Asshur-rish-ili, is "the powerful king, the subduer of foreign countries, he who reduced all the lands of the Magian world," showing that Assyria was now rising in power. Tiglath-pileser I., who is the fifth of the series, and records the other four as his ancestors, claims to have conquered Cappadocia, Syria, and the Median and Armenian mountains: and thus formed the commencement of the Assyrian Empire.

The date of these wars is capable of being fixed with an approach to accuracy, by the help of a rock inscription, set up by Sennacherib at Bavian, in which a Tiglath-pileser, whom there is every reason to regard as the monarch whose acts we are here considering, is said to have occupied the Assyrian throne 418 years *before Sennacherib's 10th year*. It is recorded also in this inscription, that Assyria was invaded in this reign by Merodach-adan-akhi, King of Babylon, who defeated this Tiglath-pileser, and removed certain idols from Assyria to his own capital. After five more names (read as Asshur-bani-pal I., Asshur-adan-akni, Asshur-danin-il, Ivalush II., and Tiglathi-nin,) we come to Asshur-dani-pal, or *Sardanapalus*, who seems to have made Calah, the modern Nim-

rud, his capital, about forty miles further north than Asshur.

The buildings and sculptures of this monarch are on a most extensive scale. He was the founder of the north-west palace at Nimrud, which, next to that of Sennacherib at Koyunjik, is the largest and most magnificent of all the Assyrian edifices. The greater portion of the sculptures now in the British Museum are from this building. These buildings possess a peculiar interest, as it is probable the Jewish architecture was Assyrian in its origin and character. Shalmanu-bar succeeded the monarch whose deeds are recorded on the black obelisk in the British Museum. He reigned above thirty-one years, and the Assyrian arms were carried into Cappadocia, Armenia, Media, Babylonia, Mesopotamia, Syria, and Phœnicia. One epigraph on the black obelisk records the tribute which Yahua, the son of Khumri, (Jehu, the son of Amri), paid to the king who erected it, consisting of gold and silver. Why Jehu, the son of Josaphat, (IV. Kings ix. 2,) is called the son Amri, is obscure. Everywhere the contrast of the *archers* of Assyria and the *chariots* of the Syrians of Damascus, &c., is conspicuous. He was succeeded by Shamas-iva, also a warrior; to whom succeeded Iva-lush III., supposed to be "Phul, king of the Assyrians," whose wife was Semiramis, who is conjectured to have been a Babylonian princess, and the Semiramis of Herodotus, not to be confounded with the mythical Queen of Ninus. Under this king the first Assyrian dynasty seems to have ended. The change probably took place about the year, B.C., 747: the era of Nabonassar, and the accession of Tiglath-Pileser II., being in close connexion. Herodotus, as quoted above, says, "The Assyrians had held the empire of Upper Asia for the space of 520 years," (the 526 of Berosus, who seems the more exact) "when the Medes set the example of revolt from their authority. Upon their success the other nations also revolted and regained their independence." These other nations seem to be in fact the Babylonians only.

Tiglath-Pileser II. invaded Syria and Samaria, and is the Theglath-Phalasar of IV. Kings (xv. 29, and xvi. 7-10.) who defeated Rasin, king of Damascus. After a reign of seventeen years, Salmanasar was probably his successor. "Against (Osee) came up Salmanasar, King of the Assyrians, and Osee became his servant, and

paid him tribute.”—(IV. Kings xvii. 3.) His name is not found in the monuments.

Afterwards Osee resisted, and Salmanasar once more came and laid siege to Samaria:—“And took it. For after three years, in the sixth year of Ezechias.....Samaria was taken: and the King of the Assyrians carried away Israel into Assyria,” (ibid. xviii. 10, 11.)

It is remarkable that in the monuments *Sargon*, the successor of Salmanasar, claims to have taken Samaria in his first year, and to have carried into captivity 27,280 families! Whether a successful general took occasion upon the death of the monarch in the moment of victory, to usurp the vacant throne and claim the triumph for himself, is only matter of conjecture. Sargon, however, appears as an usurper, and does not name his father in his inscriptions. His reign was one of war, for nineteen years. He removed the seat of empire from Calah northwards; repaired the walls of Nineve, and built near that city a magnificent palace, whence a valuable series of monuments have been obtained, and are now deposited in the Louvre. Enamelled bricks of brilliant colours, and transparent glass seem to have been used at this period; probably borrowed from Egypt, whence the earliest specimens of coloured glass are derived. This king has left a statue of himself brought from Cyprus, which he invaded, and now in the Berlin museum.

He was succeeded by Sennacherib, his son, who fixed on Nineve as his royal city, and undertook its repair and embellishment in his second year. He collected a host of prisoners from Chaldæa and Syria on the one side, and from Armenia and Cilicia on the other, employing on the repairs of his palace alone as many as 360,000 men. Some made bricks, others cut timber in Chaldæa, and on Mount Hermon, and brought it to Nineve; others were employed in building. In two years Nineve was restored; the Tigris confined to its channel by an embankment of bricks, and the ancient aqueducts repaired. The great Koyunjik palace, which was excavated by Mr. Layard, was a later work of this monarch; the area of which exceeded eight acres!

Among other wars, this prince invaded Judea. “In the fourteenth year of King Ezechias, Sennacherib, king of the Assyrians, came up against the fenced cities of Juda, and took them.” (IV. Kings, xviii. 13.)

He claims, in the monuments, to have taken forty-six fenced cities, and made above 200,000 captives! He also laid siege to Jerusalem by means of mounds, which led to the submission of Ezechias, who paid a tribute of three hundred talents of silver, and thirty talents of gold. This expedition is not to be confounded with the second invasion of those countries by the same monarch, when, after writing a threatening letter to Ezechias, he seems to have been diverted by the arms of Tirhakah, king of Ethiopia; and it was during his march against Tirhakah and the Egyptians, probably, that "an angel of the Lord came and slew in the camp of the Assyrians a hundred and eighty-five thousand. And when he arose early in the morning, he saw all the bodies of the dead. And Sennacherib, king of the Assyrians, departing, went away, and he returned and abode in Ninive." (IV. Kings xix. 35, 36.) Herodotus (Euterpe 141) gives an Egyptian version of the miracle, as will be remembered, in an army of field mice, which devoured all the quivers and bow-strings of the Assyrians, and the thongs by which they managed their shields; so leading to their total discomfiture and destruction. Sennacherib was afterwards murdered by two of his sons, and succeeded by a third son Asarhaddon. His eldest son he had made his viceroy at Babylon previously.

Mr. Rawlinson, in making light of the statement made in Tobias, (i. 24,) that "after forty-five days, the king (Sennacherib) was killed by his own sons," seems to have overlooked the agreement of this account with IV. Kings, (xix. 37,) where probably the reason is contained why the eldest son did not succeed:—"And Sennacherib, king of the Assyrians, departing, went away, and he returned and abode (mansit) in Nineve. And as he was worshipping in the temple of Nesroch, his god, Adramelech and Sarasar his sons slew him with their swords, and *they fled into the land of the Armenians*, and Asarhaddon, his son, reigned in his stead." May not Sarasar be identified with the Asshur-nadin-adin of the monuments? This does not seem to be a harsh supposition: for it is argued by Mr. Rawlinson below (in p. 486 note 1), that the name Saracus is the same with Asshur-emitili: a case which is closely parallel. Among other conquests, Asarhaddon, by his captains, "took Manasses, and carried him, bound with chains and fetters, to Babylon." (II. Paralip. xxxiii. 11.) His buildings, as well as his feats in arms, equalled

or exceeded those of his predecessors. In one inscription he claims to have built, in Assyria and Mesopotamia, no fewer than thirty temples, "shining with silver and gold, as splendid as the sun."

The reigns of Ashur-bani-pal, his son, and his grandson, Ashur-emit-ili, (supposed to be the Saracus of Berossus, and Sardanapalus of the Greeks,) mark the decadence of Assyria. Ninive was, B.C. 626, [or rather B.C. 607] attacked by the Medes under Cyaxares, joined by the Babylonians, and after a tedious siege, according to Ctesias, was taken and delivered by the conqueror to the flames. So Nahum had prophesied (iii. 13.) Thus, the independent kingdom of Assyria covered a space of six centuries and a half (B.C. 1273—625), but the *Empire* cannot be considered to have lasted quite five centuries, commencing with Tiglath-Pileser I., about B.C. 1110, and terminating B.C. 640, with the reign of Ashur-bani-pal II., after whom the decline of Assyria seems to have been rapid, down to the fall of Ninive.

And as Herodotus pledged himself (Clio 106) in the words "They took Nineve—I will relate how in another history," it is right to record briefly what is known of its fall. Of Saracus, as a historical personage, all that we distinctly know is, that being attacked by the Medes under Cyaxares, he made Nabopolassar his general, and sent him to take the command at Babylon. Nabopolassar however revolted, concluded a treaty with Cyaxares, and in conjunction with the Medes, laid siege to Nineve. Saracus defended his capital for awhile, but at last despairing of saving it, retired to his palace, and firing it, perished with all belonging to him in the flames.

The circumstances of the siege, as detailed by Ctesias, are supposed probably correct. It lasted, according to his account, above two years, and was brought to an end by a flood of the Tigris, which swept away a portion of the city wall, according to the prophecy of Nahum (i. 8) "With a flood that passeth by, he will make an utter end of the place thereof." The conqueror entered, and delivered the whole city to the flames, razing the walls even to the ground. *Nineve ceased to exist*. Recent excavations show that fire was the chief agent in its destruction. Calcinated alabaster, masses of charred wood, colossal statues split through with the heat, are met with in all parts of the Ninevite mounds, at this day.

So much, by way of filling the gap in the world's history, caused by the loss of Herodotus' Assyrian researches, and throwing light on his allusions to the subject. The *chronology* of this period, which Mr. Rawlinson has founded on a scheme of Dr. Brandis, of Bonn, we must reserve for future consideration; as also the *Babylonian* researches, though the subject is in close connexion with the above, and is itself full of varied interest.

The essay on the ethnic affinities of the nations of Western Asia (vol. i. p. 643), points out the curious intermixture of races, Turanian, Semitic, and Indo-European, which in Herodotus' time lay confused and interspersed with each other, in this once the cradle of the human race. The trilingual inscriptions of the Persian monarchs are indications of this fact; those at Behistun, Persepolis, &c. consisting uniformly of an Indo-European, a Tâtar, and a Semitic column. And in fact to this day it is necessary in many places to employ three tongues, representatives of the above three families, the Persian, the Turkish, and the Arabic, in public proclamations. In the most ancient times, the Turanian (Dr. Prichard's Allophylian) type of language seems to have been generally prevalent in Western Asia; the primitive form of the tongue still spoken by the Finns and Lapps, the Turks and Hungarians, and by all the various races wandering over the vast steppes of Northern Asia, and Eastern Europe. The theory of the development from this primitive language, of the two more ancient linguistic types, and later of the Indo-European tongues themselves, can be best gathered from one or two extracts. Thus, we read that

"In certain favoured positions, in the great Mesopotamian plain, and in the valley of the Nile, where settled communities were early formed, and civilization naturally sprang up, the primitive or Turanian character of speech exhibited a power of development, becoming first Hamitic, and then after a considerable interval by a fresh effort, throwing out Semitism. It is impossible to say at what exact time the form of speech known as Hamitic originated. Probably its rise preceded the invention of letters, and there are reasons for assigning the origination of the change to Egypt." (Vol. i. p. 646.) "The origin of the Indo-European tongue is involved in complete obscurity. Whether it was from the first a form of language distinct from the Turanian, or whether, like Semitism, it was a development, we have no linguistic records left us to determine. It is perhaps most philosophical to suppose that one law produced

both the Semitic and Indo-European types : and as the former can it is thought be proved to have been developed from the primitive cast of speech, to assume the same of the latter. This too, would be more in accordance with Scripture, than the contrary supposition ; since we read of a time when the whole earth was of one language. The place where the development arose, was most probably Armenia, whence the several lines of Indo-European migration appear to have issued." (p. 647.)

The Pelasgic and Hellenic races used to cause the student much perplexity, in reading Herodotus. The view taken here is very simple. The Pelasgi appear to have been " the first wave in the flood of Indo-European emigration," which reached the islands of the *Ægean*, and the coasts of Greece. The language of a people is the most certain criterion of their ethnic affinity ; and the fact of the Greek or Hellenic race with its well-known language, having sprung from the Pelasgi, is conclusive as to their Indo-European character. Herodotus says (*Clio*. 58), " The Hellenic race branched off from the Pelasgic," and gradually absorbed the latter. Now, as this was done imperceptibly and *without conquest*, we may infer with Niebuhr and others, that the affinity between the language of the Hellenic and Pelasgic races was of the closest. The Pelasgic, in fact, seems to have been an archaic form of the Greek tongue. And Niebuhr argues that when Herodotus declared that certain Pelasgic tribes in his day " spoke a barbarous language," this probably was only because the Greek language had progressed, and the ancient tongue was obsolete. So Anglo-Saxon is a barbarous or foreign tongue to an Englishman of the present day, or Syriac to a modern Chaldee. Thus the Pelasgi had almost ceased to exist as a separate race in the days of Herodotus, having been absorbed in other nations, or else reduced to serfdom, as in Caria. The concentration, and stationary character of the Semitic race, in a comparatively small tract of Western Asia, and the diffusion of the Indo-European races stand forth in bold contrast. The latter, as Cymry, Gaels, Pelasgi, Lithuanians, Teutons, Arians, Slaves, &c., poured forth from their original country in three directions, northward, eastward, and westward. Thus whether Celtic or Teutonic, we claim one common origin ; and though we both are on the western verge of Europe, yet central Asia stands confessed our home ! And true to our traditions, we still press on westward, across

the Atlantic, till Celt and Saxon find a country large enough for their ideas, and distant enough to satisfy even their migratory spirit!

It suffices to glance at the second volume of Mr. Rawlinson, to see that the Euterpe has received as much illustration from hieroglyphic, as the Clio from the cuneiform researches. The early history of Egypt may be said to be involved in a darkness so truly *Egyptian*, that much must remain for ever dark. Still monuments abound, and nearly one hundred paintings and sculptures are employed in throwing light on the social life, arts, and religion of that people so early civilised, whose thirty-one *dynasties* of kings only bring us down to its conquest by Alexander! A full share of attention has been bestowed on this, the darkest portion of Herodotus, as every student knows to his cost.

The civilization of Egypt is no longer traced to Ethiopia, always an inferior country, but came probably with the people from Asia and the Caucasian race. Many of the earlier dynasties of Manetho are probably synchronous: but still the duration of Egypt as a dominant kingdom, without reckoning its revival as a state under the Ptolemies, was far greater than fell to the lot of most nations; and calculating its most glorious days only, from the reign of Thothmes III. (who immediately preceded Tethmosis or Amenoph II., the Pharaoh of the Exodus) to that of Neco, when it lost its possessions in Asia, it is supposed to have lasted as a powerful kingdom for 800 years.

The pyramid period, connected with the fourth dynasty, is ably descanted on by Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson, who has contributed largely to the illustrations, and who argues the astronomical object of these monuments from the exactness with which each of their fronts is presented to the four cardinal points of the compass, 'with the evident intent of ascertaining by the long line of one of the faces the return of a certain period of the year.' The mode in which they were constructed seems drawn with some probability from Herodotus' account of the Pyramid of Cheops. Imagine a series of cubes, diminishing in size, placed one on another, and then the triangular spaces filled in afterwards, to complete the form of the pyramid. The passage of Herodotus (ii. 125) is rendered by Mr. Rawlinson:—"The pyramid was built in steps, battlement-wise as it is called, or accord-

ing to others, altar-wise." The translation is a good specimen of the *dash* of Mr. Rawlinson's style, but in this instance it seems hardly close enough to the original. We would venture to suggest "This pyramid was built in the way of raised platforms, which some call κρόσσαι, and others βωμίδες," meaning that they rose perpendicularly like *battlements* from a wall, or like an *altar* from its base. The best explanation of "the upper portion of the pyramid being *finished* first, seems that which keeps closest to the word ἐξεποιήθη, viz., that the pyramidal apex was added, and the triangular spaces filled up, working downwards, and ending with the basement. The pyramid was thus *made out*, and completed in its form. The astronomical aspect of the pyramids is difficult to reconcile with the simple views of Herodotus, who sees in them nothing but the degradation and oppression of the people by the most vicious and selfish of their rulers, who desired to leave monuments of themselves among the Libyan hills, which were devoted to interments. Neither is it easy to see why more than one could be required, on the same hill. The early progress, however, of the Egyptians in mathematical science is fully attested by their mensuration and *maps*, according to Eustathius; and it was from them, probably, that the Israelites derived the method of surveying and dividing the land: from them, too, Pythagoras learned the theory of our planetary system being heliocentric, as recorded by Aristotle: and of the earth's revolution round its axis, as reported by Aristotle (*De Cœlo*) and Cicero. This is well drawn out in chap. 7, of the Appendix to the *Euterpe*. The *annus quadratus*, too, or complete year of $365\frac{1}{4}$ days seems to have been discovered as early as 1322 B. C., the commencement of the Sothic Cycle. In fact the Cycle seems to have been *invented* about 480 years *earlier* than that date. We must, however, hold over the rest of our notice of Egypt for a future article, in connexion with the important "Egyptian Chronicles" of Mr. William Palmer, very recently published, and which have just reached us.

The Scythia of Herodotus, though the features of the country are said to be truly depicted, betrays the hopelessness of his task. To write the history of a people without monuments is an impossibility. The illustration which Mr. Rawlinson has bestowed on the Melpomene, is chiefly ethnographical. An essay on the origin of the Scyths (vol. iii, p. 192) argues against the received opinions, that

the European Scythians were a Tâtar or Mongolian race. The fragments of the Scythian language are invoked, in aid of this new theory. Twelve words are all that are certainly known, as to their precise meaning; and when geographical and mythological terms have been mustered, to make up the corps, it is still a poor array. We confess the argument appears inconclusive: the "Graucasus," or "white with snow," the Scythian for the Caucasus according to Pliny: and the Arimaspi of Herodotus, from *arima* one, and *spu* the eye, fail to carry conviction to our minds of their Indo-germanic character, in the absence of evidence regarding the *structure* of the Scythic language: a point still more important than its *roots*. Moreover, we appeal to Mr. Rawlinson against himself; for in vol. i. pp. 648, 651, &c., the Scyths of Asia at least are spoken of as Turanian. Of the truthfulness of the description of the country, Mr. William Palmer, whose journeys recently took him pretty nearly over the entire extent of Herodotus' Scythia, is cited as a witness. The following particulars are instanced by him, as those which most strike a person on traversing the region.

"First, the size of the rivers, and their abundance in good fish. (cf. Herod iv. 53). Secondly, the general flatness of the country. Thirdly, the total absence of wood over the southern part of Herodotus' square; while as one gets beyond it, or near its borders there is wood. Fourthly, that the bare country or steppes, is still a corn-growing country, and the parts to the east of these still abound rather in cattle, so corresponding with the situation of the agricultural and nomade Scythians of Herodotus' time. Fifthly, the abundance of light carts moving in all directions, remind one of Herodotus' observation, that the nature of the country made the tribes inhabiting it what they were.....that in one part of this further country the people 'became wolves' for some days annually, that is, wore wolf's skins in winter, as they do still."

On the whole, the work before us is a pleasant contrast to the dry edition of the text of Herodotus by Dr. Gaisford, though it is in some sort built upon that, being a translation from it. To say that it is better than previous ones, would be poor praise. Judging from past failures, Herodotus is a difficult author to translate well. His language, though simple, is, in many passages, obscure. The matter too, is very various, which implies difficulty. Mr. Rawlinson acknowledges gracefully the assistance of many living scholars, as well as the labours of his predecessors. The

incorporation of so many monuments, like the inscription at Behistun, with the work gives it a permanent value. The maps and topographical plans, too, are many and excellent. In fact it represents fairly all that *had* been done for the author; and confronts his statements with the latest discoveries of modern travel. Such editions must enhance infinitely the advantages of classical studies; and this has been so judiciously cleansed of passages objectionable to Christian delicacy, that it is fit for a lady's library. And we would rank among the chief benefactors to classical learning those, who remove from it, with judgment, one of its greatest drawbacks.

We regret to observe here and there a bitterness of expression in regard to some of the deuterocanonical Books of the Old Testament, when any apparent discrepancy between them and the monuments occurs. This remark does not extend to the books quoted as the I. and II. Esdras; because these are in fact Esdras III. and IV. and are not included in the Canon of the Sacred Scriptures, by the Council of Trent. The Books of Tobias and Judith, in the Vulgate, are also widely different from their Protestant correlatives. To confine ourselves to one example. While Mr. Clinton (F. H. I. p. 269) reckons among the *certain* inferences from the Book of Tobias, that the young Tobias 'lived to the age of 127,' the Vulgate relates that he died at 99; and that his father died before him at the age of 102, whereas the Protestant version says (xiv. 11) "he gave up the ghost.....*being one hundred and eight and fifty years old!* On such *internal evidence* alone we may feel assured that St. Jerome's version represents the Chaldee original; and that the Greek has been interpolated.

In conclusion, we subjoin as a specimen, the translation of one of many difficult passages in Herodotus, describing the bridge of Xerxes over the Hellespont. (Polymnia 36.)

"While the sea was thus punished by his (Xerxes') orders, he likewise commanded that the overseers of the work should lose their heads.

"Then they, whose business it was, executed the unpleasant task laid upon them, and other master-builders were set over the work, who accomplished it in the way which I will now describe.

"They joined together triremes and penteconters, 360 to support the bridge on the side of the Euxine Sea, and 314 to sustain the

other, and these they placed at right angles to the (Euxine) Sea, and in the direction of the current of the Hellespont, relieving by these means the tension of the shore cables. * Having joined the vessels, they moored them with anchors of unusual size, that the vessels of the bridge towards the Euxine might resist the winds which blow from within the straits, and that those of the more western bridge facing the Egean, might withstand the winds which set in from the south, and from the south-east (ἐνρου τε καὶ νότον εἶνεκα). A gap was left in the penteconters in no fewer than three places, to afford a passage for such light craft as chose to enter or leave the Euxine. When all this was done, they made the cables taut from the shore by the help of wooden capstans. This time, moreover, instead of using the two materials separately, they assigned to each bridge six cables, two of which were of white flax, while four were of papyrus. Both cables were of the same size and quality; but the flaxen were the heavier, weighing not less than a talent the cubit. When the bridge across the channel was thus completed, trunks of trees were sawn into planks, which were cut to the width of the bridge, and then were laid side by side upon the tightened cables, and then fastened on the top. This done, brushwood was brought, and arranged upon the planks, after which earth was heaped upon the brushwood, and the whole trodden down into a solid mass. Lastly, a bulwark was set up on either side of this causeway, of such a height as to prevent the sumpter-beasts and the horses from seeing over it, and taking fright at the water.

“And now, when all was prepared, the bridges and the works at Athos, the breakwaters about the mouths of the cutting, which were made to hinder the surf from blocking up the entrance, and the cutting itself; and when the news came to Xerxes that this last was completely finished, then at length the host, having first wintered at Sardis, began its march towards Abydos, fully equipped, on the first approach of spring.”—Vol. iv. pp. 37, 38.

Besides the scholar-like accuracy of the above as a translation, it will be seen that the style is such as to adapt the work for general reading, and to secure it a place in every complete library, not only as suited for the reference and use of the scholar, but for the perusal and instruction of all classes of intelligent readers. With Mr. Rawlinson as a *translator*, his brother Sir Henry as an authority for the *Achæmenian* monuments, and Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson for those of *Egypt*, we congratulate future students of the “Father of History.”

ART. IV.—*Memoirs of the Courts and Cabinets of William IV. and Victoria.* By the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, K.G. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett, 1861.

THE Duke of Buckingham, who has given us in these volumes a continuation of his “*Courts and Cabinets of George IV.*,” has a good right to be heard upon the events of the late and present reign, as well as that of their immediate predecessor. Born just before the close of the last century, and entering upon public life at the general election consequent upon the accession of George IV.; brought up in the traditions of a family circle of which Lord Grenville, Lord Nugent, the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville, and the late Duke were members, and around whom flocked the Wynns, the Fremantles, and others, not poor but distant, relations, men who hung about the gates of high offices both at Court and in Downing Street; brought, by his aunt’s marriage with the late Lord Arundell of Wardour, into frequent contact with members of the English Catholic body; and lastly, having occupied a prominent position both as Marquis of Chandos in the House of Commons, and afterwards in the House of Peers, as holding a prominent position in Sir R. Peel’s administration;—the Duke of Buckingham is just one of those people whose personal career and political experience would give them a right, which would be generally recognised, to be heard upon such subjects as Catholic Emancipation, the Reform Bill of 1832, and the various matters which either led to those measures or followed in their wake. He, if any one, in writing upon such subjects, could truly say, in all the bitterness of his still vigorous Toryism,

“*Quæque ipse miserrima vidi,
“Et quorum pars magna fui.”*

Unfortunately, it often happens that those who have the best right to be heard, are not gifted with equal eloquence or power; and the best of all possible causes is occasionally apt to suffer damage from the feebleness or unskilfulness of its advocate. Something of this kind, it would seem, is the case with his Grace of Buckingham. It appears that the eldest son and heir and parliamentary supporter of one of the Duke of Wellington’s right hand men in office at

the accession of William IV.; the holder of a seat in the House of Commons during those twenty eventful years which witnessed the abolition of the Test and Corporation Acts, the carrying of Catholic Emancipation, and of the Reform Act, which disfranchised some scores of close boroughs, and created Manchester, Leeds, Sheffield, &c., into electoral constituencies; and lastly, a Privy Councillor and ex-cabinet minister of her present Most Gracious Majesty;—the Duke of Buckingham apparently has little more to tell the world at large about the inner movements and secret springs of the great events among which his public life has been cast, than any one of the well educated gentlemen from the Reporter's Gallery of the House of Commons could relate, if he would condescend to reperuse his parliamentary notes and files of newspapers, and to put a retrospect of them upon paper, with a view to publication.

We are sorry to be obliged to give such a character of this newest production of the Ducal pen; but with every wish to do justice to his Grace, honesty compels us to speak the plain truth about the work. We regret to say that after perusing it from beginning to end, we rise up from it with but a scanty impression of having met with anything over and above what we already knew well enough before. In fact, the book is of little or no account, if we make an exception in favour of some thirty or forty letters from the Duke of Wellington to the Duke of Buckingham, which are now for the first time brought before the public. The chief burden of these Letters consists in explaining why, after their retirement from office in the autumn of 1830, both the Duke and his thorough confidential man of business, Peel, felt it most inexpedient to take the initiative in any movement which might have for its object the ousting of Lord Grey from office and the restoration of his own party to power. On this subject the book is as full and explicit as could possibly be desired; and we are bound to say that the constancy with which the "Iron Duke" resisted all the tempting suggestions of his own more ambitious followers while "out of place" and persisted in biding his time, is placed upon record here in a manner which cannot fail to interest every student of contemporary history.

The first volume commences with the accession of William IV., and gives a tolerably clear and succinct view of the Continental events which were contemporary with the death of George IV., and which had so marked an

influence on the course which politics here took during the fall of that year. It was scarcely to be imagined that after the ten years of unpopularity during which his elder brother had sat upon the throne, the sympathy of the British public would not have been considerably enlisted on the side of the Orleanist party in France, who by the revolution of July, 1830, had driven Charles X. into exile from his throne which they had bestowed on Louis Philippe. Driven from his own shores, Charles X. took up his residence here, and was hospitably treated during his sojourn in this country, as was his successor some eighteen years later; but the sight of a banished and discrowned monarch failed to excite such an interest in the English people at large, as was at once roused by the report that their Parisian neighbours had elected a "Citizen King," and had bestowed a throne upon the man of their own free choice. As every one knows, one of the immediate consequences of the sovereign's death in England is the dissolution of the existing Parliament; and unfortunately for the Tory advisers of the new king, the appeal to the country, by means of a general election, was obliged to be made at the time when public opinion ran highest on this subject. The consequence was that, in spite of every effort on the part of the Duke of Wellington and his friends, the administration lost ground by the election to such an extent that when Parliament met in the following November, ministers found themselves left in a minority upon their Civil List, and immediately handed over their offices to Lord Grey and the Whigs. Among others who had to quit the golden treasures and the honeyed sweets of office was our author's father, the late Duke of Buckingham. He, though the owner of the magnificent palace of Stowe, and able to command a few votes in both Houses of Parliament, and still more as the centre of a firm and united family clique, embracing the Grenvilles, the Nugents, the Wynns, and the Fremantles, found it necessary to resign the wand of the Lord Steward's department and to retire to his princely country seat. Here he became the depository of many of the secrets of the Tory party, with the chiefs of which he maintained an unbroken and tolerably familiar correspondence. To some portion of this correspondence we shall find it worth our while to introduce our readers as we pass along.

It may, perhaps, be best, as the space at our command

is but limited, to pass on at once to those portions of his Grace's work which are of more interest than others to the Catholic reader, as touching in some way or other upon the interests of religion.

And first, as to the results which had flowed from the concession of Catholic Emancipation in the previous year, the Duke of Wellington writes as follows, Jan. 1, 1831:—

“We certainly dissatisfied our party by our Roman Catholic concessions, and that dissatisfaction ended by breaking us down. I don't think that the dissatisfaction is removed. But whether it is the effect of the times, or the apprehension which men feel in consequence of the state of political opinion, or of the temper of the lower orders, I think that they are disposed to let things take their course—to allow this administration to try what it can do, rather than risk the consequences of breaking it up to form another.”

And again under date of April 5th, to the Duke of Buckingham:

“It is curious enough that I should be the only loser by the Roman Catholic question. I never come into the country, or go into society in the country, that some gentleman or other does not approach me to thank me for the good it has done him personally. There is no doubt that it has done some good in Ireland, though not all that might have been expected from it; it has relieved many from a burden which overpowered them, and has enabled them to enter the public service. It has relieved the empire at large from the impending danger of a civil contest on a question on which the majority of one House of Parliament, an increasing minority in the other, the greatest part of the intelligence of Great Britain, and nearly all the population of Ireland, were of opinion that concession ought to be made. I alone have suffered. But I console myself with the reflection that I did my duty; that I have satisfied myself; and I must leave the rest to chance.”

No doubt the Duke of Wellington, though he had the satisfaction of feeling that he had not only done his duty towards the state, but a simple act of political justice to an oppressed and injured body of loyal citizens, did suffer considerably on account of the concessions which he carried in 1829; they broke up his party in the next year, much as the changes in the Corn Law of 1845 broke up Peel's followers in 1846: so also Lord J. Russell's Ecclesiastical Titles Bill had scarcely been carried through the two Houses and received the Royal assent, when its author found himself displaced by his great political anta-

gonist. But it is clear from the above letters that, after the Catholic Relief Bill became law, the Duke of Wellington not only accepted it as a fact and acknowledged it as a part of the constitution, but began to see its abstract justice in its true colours and to estimate it accordingly. Not so the present Duke of Buckingham, who thus expresses himself.

"Ireland had long been the great ministerial difficulty. A chronic state of disaffection was carefully maintained, to break out with violence on the first favourable opportunity. The 'healing measure' for the removal of Catholic disabilities had failed in producing any of the beneficial effects that had been so confidently anticipated, while it established a mischievous precedent for agitation. There existed no real political grievance in Ireland, and the people laboured under no disadvantage for which they were not themselves responsible. Elsewhere they were industrious, thrifty, and obedient to the laws; but among the purely Catholic population, beggary, idleness, and treason appeared to be the regular production of the soil."

And again, in a criticism upon the Duke of Wellington's conscientious retrospect, of his conduct towards the Catholics.

"The duke mentions the advantages which, as he believed, resulted from the passing of the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, but is silent respecting the fruitful crop of evils it produced. He could not, however, be ignorant that the extraordinary influence of O'Connell, and the difficulties and embarrassments of the English Government arising out of it, as well as the dreadful condition of the Protestant portion of the population of Ireland, could clearly be traced to that measure. It is quite true that the country was in a state of disaffection; but this seems to have been the case as far back as there are records of English domination: and it is doubtful whether at any period this disaffection was more general or less hostile than it became after the great act of reconciliation, as it was represented, had been granted."

It is clear then that whether or no the late Duke of Buckingham was inclined to take the more sensible and sober view of the justice of the Catholic Relief Bill, at all events we cannot reckon the present Duke of Buckingham among our friends. We can however well afford to spare his advocacy, for Stowe is Stowe no longer; the fallen Duke no longer returns to parliament his nominees for obedient Buckingham, or dictates their choice to complaisant Aylesbury; no longer indeed do the family hold a

single seat for 'the county'; as for the Dukedom we may consider it as fairly in abeyance as long as the present Duke's life is prolonged; and we have reason to believe that with a new Duke more liberal and enlightened notions will be found to prevail among the magnates of Buckinghamshire.

The next point of interest to us, as we glance along the pathway of history, is the estimate that was formed by the leading statesmen of the time, of the probable effect of the political changes which would be effected by the Reform Act. To Lord Eldon, who prophesied that whenever the Test and Corporation Acts were repealed, 'the sun of England would have set,' no wonder that the prospect of Reform in 1831 must have seemed equivalent to the political annihilation of England,—the hurrying of another planet into the regions of space; no wonder that a man like Ernest, King of Hanover—a red-hot Orange bigot and destined within a few short years to be brought under something more than suspicion of treasonable practices—should have voted that Reform of any kind whatever was only anarchy and revolution under another shape. Considering the events which had recently occurred in the French capital, and that he was "in his eighth decade and paralytic too;" and that, to use his own words, 'as no one ever was less of a Reformer in principle than himself,' (p. 46) it is, perhaps, little wonder that the courtly and sagacious Grenville among his swans and his gardens at Dropmore, should have 'prognosticated from it nothing but evil,' and expressed a half-real half-imaginary fear that 'revolution had not begun but was already far advanced in England.' But that the sagacious Duke of Wellington in a letter to the Duke of Buckingham, March 24, 1831, should avow his opinion that the 'principle' of Reform was 'a measure of Revolution,' and declare that he 'certainly never would enter the House of Lords from the time that the bill became law'—this strikes us now as we read the history of 1831 by the light of 1861, as 'passing strange' indeed. After this, if we take into account the enormous disproportion between the development of ideas in one duke and the other, as we should in different men of ordinary mould and common clay, we may feel disposed to moderate our censures upon the ex-"Farmer's Friend," when he launches out into one of his occasional tirades against the leaders of the Reform movement. They have "at-

tempted to set the middle classes against the aristocracy, and to stir up the industrious portion of the community to active hostility towards the Conservative leaders, by representing the latter as interested in making bread dear, and labour cheap." (p. 7.) This sentiment, however, the author would seem to have discarded before long, as we find the following on the 29th of March in the following year.

"The Marquis of Chandos declared himself in favour of a moderate reform, that would secure the rights of the people and preserve the constitution." And indeed Lord Grey, when he introduced the Reform Bill in the upper House, declared that he "had never supported and never would support such extensive changes as universal suffrage and annual parliaments," and gave the most positive assurance that he was "not disposed to meddle with the settled institutions of the country, and would have nothing to do with fanciful alterations, whose only effect would be to cause a collision between the various orders of the state." In this view of the case it is our belief that the Reform Act was not a democratic but a conservative and even aristocratic measure, (in which light it is well known that Lord Grey himself regarded it,) and that Lord Chandos and the authors and advisers of that measure, were not so very far divided in their opinion but that a conference of an hour or two might have sufficed to remove all the political barriers which separated the owner of Howick from the future owner of Stowe, just as now-a-days it is only a traditionary and bygone point of estrangement which prevents the moderate liberals and the moderate conservatives from acting together, since in principle they approach within an infinitesimally small distance of each other.

We have already observed that the Duke of Wellington, from the time that he was driven from office in November 1830, resolutely declined to take any active part against his successors, preferring to "serve His Majesty" in his capacity as a resident nobleman in Hampshire, of which he was Lord Lieutenant. That some friends did their best to persuade him to act far otherwise is clear from the following letter addressed by him to the Duke of Buckingham before the new ministry was even formed.

“London, Nov. 21, 1830.

“My dear Duke,

“The government is scarcely yet at an end, and the gentlemen to whom its dissolution is to be attributed in a great degree propose that I should think of forming another upon a broader basis!

“Would this be fair to the King? would it be consistent in myself? Could such a scheme succeed, if I was capable of thinking of it?

“I have been defeated in my attempt to serve the public. I will not say that I will not serve again, as I am going into Hants to serve the king in another capacity, as soon as I shall be relieved from the Government. But this I will say; I will not now join a scheme for getting together another administration.

“Believe me, ever yours most sincerely,

“WELLINGTON.

His Grace the Duke of Buckingham, &c. &c.”

The sentiments expressed in this letter are fully borne out by another of ten days later date, to the same individual, in which he says that he “has no relation whatever with the ultra Tories;” and it is well known that for a long period about this date there was an estrangement between himself and the Duke of Cumberland, and the Marquis of Londonderry, which, though explained, was never satisfactorily healed.

“Male sarta

Gratia nequidquam coit et rescinditur.”

The real fact is that, as our author remarks,

“The Duke’s disclaimer of any connexion with his old political friends shows that his feelings against them had undergone no alteration. Indeed, there is reason to believe that the party remained as a kind of political briar that kept unpleasantly reminding him of their vicinity, despite of his constant attempts to keep at a safe distance. He insisted on his complete independence; he proclaimed his entire isolation; nevertheless they were a constant thorn in his side, and do what he would, he continued to experience their uncomfortable influence. It was some time before he grew in the slightest degree reconciled to their association, and then submitted with the spirit of an enforced penitent to an unpleasant penance.”—p. 159.

Such being the Duke’s sentiments as to the inexpediency of attempting to set aside the verdict of the nation, there is nothing surprising in the fact that Sir R. Peel was of the same opinion, and declined to lend a helping

hand in the task of overturning the existing arrangements. They both felt that whatever divisions may have existed among their own body, there were something more than mere shades of opinion discernible in the ranks of their opponents, differences which time would be sure to develop into causes of strife and contention, and so ultimately hand over the reins of power again to those whom Lord Grey and his party had so recently displaced. Such, at least, is the inference which we should be disposed to draw from the following "private and confidential" letter from Sir R. Peel to His Grace of Stowe.

"Whitehall Gardens, March 28, 1831.

"My dear Lord Duke,

"I have to make many apologies to your Grace for not having returned an immediate answer to the communication with which you favoured me respecting the present critical position of public affairs. Your consideration and kindness will probably have suggested the true reason for the delay—the incessant demands on every moment of my time for the despatch of parliamentary or official business.

"I beg to assure your Grace that I am the last person to misinterpret or to undervalue the motives which dictated the communication with which you have favoured me.

"I have not, I assure you, countenanced the rumours respecting the intended, or possible, resignation, to which your Grace alludes.

"I am deeply impressed with the impolicy of declaring, and even of forming beforehand, positive resolutions as to the course to be pursued by a public man upon contingencies, the precise character and bearing of which must materially depend upon many accompanying circumstances which it is difficult to foresee. I will not act, in any event, upon any personal feeling of pique or mortification. I will give that full consideration, to which they are so justly entitled, to the suggestions which your Grace has offered; and, whatever course I may resolve to take, I shall do full justice to the feelings and motives which have influenced your Grace in addressing me at this important crisis.

"I have the honour to be,

"My dear Lord Duke,

"Your very faithful and obedient servant,

"ROBERT PEEL.

"His Grace the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, K.G."

No doubt this letter, as our author observes, is "diplomatically vague and cautious," and that, in fact, it is

scarcely as explicit as the Duke of Wellington's answer to a like application ; and it is certain that Peel's policy at this time was simply that of his great colleague, though he couched his sentiments in somewhat more conciliatory terms. "His intention was to watch and wait attack, whenever a favourable opportunity presented itself, but to have nothing to do with alliances which would leave him without the support of the Duke of Wellington, whose fame among his countrymen he expected must sooner or later restore him to that large measure of political influence of which he had been temporarily deprived through the recent agitation." It is clear, however, that the Duke of Buckingham, though foiled in this quarter, tried his chances elsewhere, and, among other persons, applied for aid to Lords Beresford, Falmouth, Jersey, Sidmouth, and Eldon. The latter of these he persuaded into an attempt to assist him so far as to solicit an audience with the king, with a view of inducing him to dismiss his new advisers. It is not clear from "Twiss's Life of Lord Eldon," how far this negotiation proceeded, and the Duke's "Memoirs of the Cabinets of William IV." must be pronounced defective, as throwing no fresh light upon one of those dark turning points in the political race which are hidden from the sight of the ordinary spectators. Apparently, the Duke has not turned his favoured position on the grand stand to as good account as he might have done.

The Marquis of Londonderry, as usual, foremost in attack, was one of the most zealous and active concoctors of these negotiations. He writes to the Duke of Buckingham as follows :—

"It appears to me that if there were means of bringing about a complete reconciliation between the ultras and Peel's party—a reconciliation founded on the necessity of a loyal and constitutional party adhering together—to which (by the bye) Grey might come, if forced by the liberals—it would be the best *puissance conservatrice* for the next session.

"Both the Duke and Lord Grey are rather advancing ; and I am really of opinion that, with your assistance, we might make a *rassemblement* that would claim some attention."—p. 190.

And, again, in terms which would almost seem to be prophetic of the future Peelite party of 1846—52.

"I can see nothing so advantageous for the country as the formation of a combined moderate Tory party, where loyal and consti-

tutional interests should be upheld, and without following either the mandate of the Duke or Peel. I could not help thinking good active working men should grow out of such a reunion, if young men of family in the House of Commons could be brought together. There has been no attempt of late years of this nature. It has often been called factious, and neither the ultras nor the malcontents of the Duke of Wellington's government ever congregated to uphold an *esprit du corps*. At this period, with the exception of Peel, there does (*sic*) not appear to be in the Lower House those commanding talents that should arrest young men's parts of speech. I may be wrong, but I cannot see why Lord ——— and others in the House of Commons, and your Grace and myself, might not bring a very tolerable phalanx together, if it should be so thought desirable; a phalanx that might, in the event of Lord Grey being overruled by the Liberals, and wanting a reinforcement upon a dismissal, come into communication with his lordship; or otherwise, if the new objects are persevered in by him, be of great importance as an opposing force."

The only difficulty in the way of such a plan was a very obvious one—the want of any leading intellect to animate the whole. A cabinet is not a fortuitous concourse of political atoms, but a system and machine of a very complex kind; and for the perfection of a system it is above all things necessary that it should have a unity of its own. However, be this as it may, one thing is clear from the correspondence printed in these volumes. It appears that, with his characteristic shrewdness, the Duke anticipated the intentions of the noble schemers and plotters, and declined the proffered alliance, resolving not to be driven from the course which he had determined to pursue. "Every day," he writes, "may produce alteration; but I will not sanction the least compromise of principle: I will oppose every measure that I may think revolutionary; but I cannot think that it would be right to commence a regular factious opposition."

The year 1832 opened with great anxiety as to the possibility of Lord Grey's Cabinet being able to stand, or to survive the first rude shock which it might receive after the opening of the Parliamentary campaign; and on the 2nd of January the Duke of Wellington addressed to His Grace of Buckingham a long and confidential letter upon the then crisis, which we have chosen to transfer to our own columns in its entirety, as it shows the precise position of the Duke alone towards the King and his Ministry, and towards his correspondent and the Tory party.

“ London, Jan. 2, 1832.

“ My dear Duke,

“ I received last night your note by your messenger. I could not follow your advice, even if I concurred with you in thinking that the course which you propose is advisable.

“ I have not yet left the apartment in which I had the pleasure of receiving you last. If I was to go to Brighton, I should probably be unable to attend the King, or to converse with him.

“ But is the course which you propose advisable ?

“ When I wrote to the King in November, on the armament of the political associations, I had in hand a case on which I was certain that nineteen-twentieths of the whole country would concur with me. I did it likewise at a period of the year at which I knew that if the King wished to get rid of the bonds in which he is held, I could assist him in doing so. There was time to call a new Parliament, and the sense of the country would have been taken on a question on which there would be no doubt.

“ What did the King do ? He concurred in (I may say without exaggeration) every opinion which I gave him. His Ministers saw their scrape, and prevailed upon the press and the political associations to alter their course ; they issued a mock proclamation, and promised the King a Bill to repress the associations, which promise they never performed, and the King is quite satisfied and goes on with them as well as ever. This happened on a really good and understood case, and at a peculiarly favourable season of the year. Let us see how we stand on this point of the Peerage. I don't deny that the independence of the House of Lords is a very important object to the country, nor that the country would respond favourably to an appeal on that point. But mind ! it would be represented and understood as an appeal on the question of reform or no reform. But is there time for an appeal or to call a new Parliament, even if you were to dissolve on this day till the 8th of March at sunset ? The Mutiny bill expires on the 25th March. Observe what is to be done. I am to see the King, to advise him to refuse to create peers, to tell him that I will form a government and protect him from that demand ; to convince him that I can so protect him. I must then form this Government and dissolve the Parliament, which, with all haste, could not be effected in ten days ; which would bring the opening of the new Parliament to the 18th March. But it may be supposed that we can do without a new Parliament. That appears to me to be absolutely impossible. This House of Commons is formed purposely to carry Parliamentary reform. It is part of the conspiracy against the House of Lords ; it would not hear of a minister who should found his authority on the basis of protection of the independence of the House of Lords. If I should go to the King, therefore, I must answer the first question which he would put to me, by telling him that I could

not look for the support of the present House of Commons to any Ministry formed on the principle of supporting the independence of the House of Lords, and that I could not at this moment advise him to dissolve his Parliament.

"But would the king embark with me in a new course? He would just talk enough to discover whether I had myself any confidence in the course which I should recommend to him. If he should find that I saw the risks and dangers which as an honest and experienced man I could not avoid seeing, he would shake me off, and would found his compliance upon the recommendations of his Ministers, even upon what should have passed with me.

"Believe me, my dear Duke, that no man feels more strongly than I do the dangers of our situation. The great mischief of all is the weakness of our poor king, who cannot or will not see his danger, or the road out of it when pointed out to him; and he allows himself to be deceived and trifled with by his ministers.

"I know that the times are approaching if not come, when men must consider themselves as on a field of battle, and must sacrifice themselves for the public interest. But it behoves a man like me to look around him and consider the consequences, not to himself alone, but, what is more important, to the public interests, of every step he takes; and I must say that in that view of this case I differ in opinion with you, and am convinced that I should do harm rather than good by interfering. Ever, my dear Duke,

"Yours most sincerely,

"Wellington.

"His Grace the Duke of Buckingham, K.G."

We do not intend to occupy our readers with the long and somewhat tedious account of the coronation of William IV. given by the Duke of Buckingham, or with his history of the passing of the Reform Bill through the House of Lords in April—May, 1832, under the threat on the part of Lord Grey that any further resistance on the part of their Lordships should be crushed by an extensive creation of new Peers, for the purpose of securing the Bill a safe passage through the Lords. Under the operation of this menace, as is known to every reader of the daily papers, the Peers gave way; or rather a sufficient number of them voluntarily absented themselves from the division on the second reading of the Bill to give it a bare majority, after which the rest of its course was plain sailing.

Our readers are all aware of the subsequent history of the Whig administration of Lord Grey, and afterwards of Lord Melbourne; how growingly unpopular it became with the country and with the king; how His Majesty availed

himself of the death of Earl Spencer and the consequent removal of Lord Althorp to the upper house, as an opportunity for getting rid of his advisers at one swoop, and of calling back Wellington and Peel to his councils in November 1834. All this is narrated, and with some detail, by the Duke of Buckingham; but his Grace's narrative adds little or nothing to what we already knew about the secret springs of action which were at work beneath the surface of political events. He gives, however, a letter from the Duke of Wellington to the Duke of Buckingham, dated November 21, 1834, which places upon permanent record the entire history of that episode in the annals of the Whig administration, and lays bare the personal motives and public grounds of the whole transaction.

After relating how the death of Earl Spencer threw public business into great embarrassment by transferring from the House of Commons the personal influence and weight of Lord Althorp, and how strong were the objections felt by the king to many of the measures proposed by his ministers, "particularly some relating to the Church of England in Ireland," the Duke adds:—

"His Majesty had, besides, had reason to believe that he did not object more strongly to the measures in contemplation than [to] certain of the noblemen and gentlemen composing the cabinet. He had reason to expect, therefore, that the measures proposed, which were to enable his ministers to conduct his affairs, would have had the effect of inducing those members of the Government to retire, probably at a more critical moment than exists at present.

"The king might likewise have been exposed to the necessity of taking into his councils men to whom neither His Majesty nor the public could give their confidence. Under these circumstances the king thought proper to send for me, and to desire me to form a government for him.

"I pointed out to His Majesty the great difficulties of the task, particularly in the House of Commons, resulting from the late changes, and I earnestly recommended that His Majesty should choose a member in the House of Commons, and that Sir Robert Peel should be that person.

"The King would have adopted that course if Sir Robert Peel had been in England, but His Majesty said that as he was absent, and it was necessary to act immediately, he had sent for me.

"I submitted to His Majesty that I was ready to do anything for his service; that it was unreasonable to expect that Sir Robert Peel would undertake to conduct the measures of an administration,

of which the arrangements should have been formed by another person; and that such a course would be equally injurious to Sir Robert and to His Majesty's service; that, under these circumstances, I recommended to His Majesty that he should appoint me First Lord of the Treasury, and Secretary of State for the Home Department, which offices I would hold till Sir Robert Peel should return home, when he might submit to His Majesty such arrangements as he might think proper; that Lord Lyndhurst might hold the Great Seal temporarily by commission or otherwise, as might be expedient, and that no other arrangement should be made not absolutely necessary for the conduct of the public business."—pp. 143-5.

The result, as everybody knows, was that the King sent for Sir Robert Peel, who as soon as he could return to England, constructed by the help of the Duke of Wellington his short-lived cabinet, which, after suffering sundry defeats more or less serious on minor matters, resigned in the following April upon being left in a minority of twenty-seven upon the Irish Church question. Sir Robert Peel, as our author records, charmed even the opposition by 'his graceful valedictory address;' and so ended the brief career of an administration "characterized by remarkable talent and high principle, as well as by an earnest desire to merit public confidence by bringing forward measures of practical utility and sound policy; and whose only false step"—if we may believe the Duke of Buckingham—was their refusal to remove the oppressive malt tax, a refusal which "lost them for a time the confidence of a large and influential body of their supporters, and excited a general suspicion that their promises to lessen the public burdens were not quite sincere."

We regret that it is not in our power to follow the Duke of Buckingham through the remainder of his Memoirs; but the regret of our readers will be much softened when they hear that, as below London the pleasant Thames ceases to be inviting and attractive to the tourist who has followed its course from Reading to Henley, from Marlow to Maidenhead, and from Windsor to Richmond, just so the nearer we get down to the ocean of the present day, the stream of the Duke of Buckingham's History becomes more dull and uninviting in its features, or at all events passes through scenery which, if it is beautiful at all, is so wrapped in fogs and mists that it ceases to please. There are probably many reasons in operation which are calcu-

lated to render the Duke's chronicle of the last twenty years far less interesting than those of the previous decade ; and if these reasons do exist, we can bear witness that they certainly have been allowed to operate to their full extent. Her Majesty's accession to the throne of these realms of course is duly chronicled, as also are the solemn but happy events of her coronation and her marriage. Yet these are matters with which we are all of us already familiar, and the ducal narrative can add nothing to their interest, or take anything from it. It is unfortunate that on such subjects as the share taken by Lord Lyndhurst in the crisis of 1834, the non-reappointment of Lord Brougham to the woolsack in 1835,—the ministerial crisis of May, 1839, and almost all the other most important points of the late reign, and of the "Victorian era," these *Memoirs of the Duke of Buckingham* add nothing to the stock of knowledge already in our hands ; but His Grace must not be too severely blamed for this defect, as we cannot tell how far he was, and still is, tongue-tied by circumstances in writing upon the leading events of the time since he succeeded to the Dukedom, and held the high post of a member of the Cabinet as Lord Privy Seal under Sir R. Peel's second administration.

ART. V.—1. *Carthage and her Remains ; being an Account of the Excavations and Researches on the Site of the Phœnician Metropolis in Africa and the adjacent Places.* By Dr. N. Davis, F.R.G.S., 8vo. London : Bentley, 1861.

2. *Proceedings of the Society of Antiquarians.* Vol. IV. London. 1860.

3. *Wanderungen durch die Küstenländer des Mittelmeeres*, von F. H. Barth, Berlin, 1849.

THE historical fortunes of Carthage are in some respects more remarkable than those of any other nation of antiquity. With an empire, if not more extensive, or embracing a more numerous population, at least possessing wider ramifications and exercising more extended

influence, than any other ancient kingdom, she has, nevertheless, been left almost without a record. Her native annals have utterly perished. It is difficult, of course, to form an estimate of the character or the value of the native literature of a people so utterly blotted out from history; but even the few allusions to it which occur in ancient writers, suffice to show that it cannot have been contemptible. So late as Sallust's time there were still extant "Punic Books," from which, by the aid of interpreters, he compiled his summary of early African history;* and from Pliny's statement, that, at the time of the conquest, the Romans distributed among the princes of Africa the contents of the captured libraries of Carthage, it may be inferred that the number, at least, of the books found in the spoils of the city must have been very considerable.† And, although Pliny adds, that the only work out of the entire collection of Carthaginian literature which they reserved for translation into their own language, was that of Mago On Agriculture, this fact may be explained, partly by the rude and primitive condition of literary taste in Rome at that early period, partly by the haughty disregard with which then, and down to a still later date, they were accustomed to treat the nations which fell before their victorious arms, and by the pitying contempt which they expressed for the arts in which those nations had excelled, but which had failed to secure for them what was the only real object of the admiration of the Romans of these days; national independence and military glory.

It is idle, however, to speculate what may have been the actual value of the native materials of Carthaginian history. Not a trace of them is now discoverable, beyond the few documents which have been preserved by the foreign historians who took the history of Carthage as their theme. And in this respect the condition of Carthage is far less favoured than that of other ancient nations, the wreck of whose native literature would seem at first sight to have been equally signal and equally complete. Until the happy discovery of the key to the hieroglyphic language, and of that to the cuneiform character, the ancient kingdoms of Egypt and Assyria were believed to be

* Sallust. *Jugurtha*, cap. xvii.

† Pliny Hist. Natur. Lib. xviii. cap. iii.

equally destitute of written records. But for Egypt and Assyria, even while this dearth of native records was supposed to exist, the defect was in great measure supplied by foreign historians, and especially by the Father of History himself. For both, too, the many allusions in the Scriptural narrative, although they did not supply a continuous record, nevertheless served as nuclei around which isolated facts ranged themselves, although in a disconnected form. But for the history of Carthage there is no such extrinsic aid. This great maritime power, strangely enough, is overlooked by Herodotus, or, at least, is not formally comprehended in the plan of his history; and although he occasionally alludes to the Carthaginians,* in connexion with the other nations whose history he directly relates, the allusions are of the most casual and unsatisfying character. This is still more true of the Scriptural narrative; and although it would seem that the Jewish historian, Josephus, had some knowledge of Carthaginian records preserved at Tyre, the mother-city of the Phœnician colony of Carthage, he has left us in utter ignorance of their character and contents.

The later historical writers, and especially Polybius, Diodorus, Livy, and Appian, have treated more directly of Carthaginian history; but, besides that a great portion of their works has been lost, their narratives are for the most part confined to the external history of Carthage—to its wars with foreign nations—Diodorus to the Syracusan wars, Polybius and Livy to the contest with Rome. Of the historians of the Punic wars, the latter is notoriously a bigoted and unscrupulous partisan of the Romans; and the hope of a set-off against his blind partizanship which we should have had in the able and impartial history of Polybius, is unfortunately baffled by the miserably mutilated condition in which his work has reached our time.

For many years, therefore, the reconstruction of Carthaginian history has been a favourite problem with speculative historians of the school of Niebuhr. He himself, in his *Lectures on Roman History*,† had laid the foundation of the data for its solution, and to some extent had prepared the way for the actual work. Mövers, Münter, Böt-

* I. 156, II. 19. III. 196, VII. 165.

† Vol. II. chap. II.

tiger, Becker, Heeren, Barth, and other more fragmentary writers, had applied themselves to various departments of the inquiry, with greater or less success. But even in the happiest portions of their various essays, the want of sufficient and satisfactory data is but too painfully apparent; and the universal feeling of the learned seemed to be that it was vain, with the existing materials, to expect anything approaching to a consistent or connected view of the religion, the political constitution, the laws, the commerce, or the social condition of Carthage.

In the very midst of the consequent stagnation in the inquiry, the hopes of the learned were unexpectedly raised by the news of the extraordinary success of Mr. Layard and Colonel Rawlinson in what had hitherto seemed the almost equally hopeless field of Assyrian history. The recovered monuments of Nineveh proved equally valuable as materials of history and as specimens of art. The inscriptions which they presented in a measure sufficed to supply means for the reconstruction of the history, not merely of individual kings, but even of entire periods. Why might not the same result be hoped for in Carthage also?

The idea was not entirely new. It had long been known that extensive remains of the ancient city lay buried beneath the neglected soil upon which Carthage had once stood; but little was known in detail of their character or condition. The atrocities by which the pirates of Algiers and Morocco had made for themselves a name of terror throughout the shores of the Mediterranean, proved an effectual check to the spirit of exploration. Far from the country itself being open to travellers, the whole of the adjacent seas, and even the less protected shores of the countries which bordered the Mediterranean, continued up to a very recent date exposed to these piratical incursions. It is true that in the end of the seventeenth century, France and England severally compelled the Dey of Algiers to enter into treaties by which their subjects were protected from these piratical outrages; and in the following century, the increasing naval power of the other great European states tended to secure for them a similar immunity. But the weaker maritime states of the Mediterranean, especially Naples, Sicily, and Sardinia, were still exposed not only to attacks upon their vessels at sea, but even to descents upon their shores, in which persons of

every age and sex were carried off and sold into slavery. The long wars of the Revolution secured a sort of impunity for these outrages, which at length reached such a height, that when, in 1816, the combined English and Dutch squadron under Lord Exmouth destroyed the arsenal and fleet of Algiers, the number of Christian captives set at liberty was no less than ten hundred and eighty-three. Nevertheless, even still the evil was not entirely abated; nor can the secure navigation of the Mediterranean be said to have been completely established till the final capture of Algiers by the French under Duperre and Bourmont, in 1830.

In circumstances so unfavourable to exploration there were but very few to whom it was permitted to visit a spot which had long been regarded by scholars with an interest lively in proportion to the very difficulties by which it was surrounded; and it was only one or two favoured individuals, such as was Shaw, for many years chaplain of the English factory at Algiers, who could enjoy the opportunity of minute and systematic investigation.* A still more characteristic occasion was supplied at a much later date to an Italian scholar, the Abbate Caronni, by his being actually seized by corsairs as a slave, together with the whole crew of the ship in which he was a passenger. His captivity, owing to the interposition of the French consul, was but a short one; but he took advantage of the delay which occurred in obtaining a ship in which to return to Italy, for the purpose of exploring all the interesting sites in the vicinity of Tunis. His work consists of two volumes,† the latter of which is devoted almost exclusively to antiquarian disquisitions and to an account of his personal observations of the remains, whether Roman or Carthaginian, which came under his notice. Later travellers, especially since the occupation of Algiers by the French has made the experiment comparatively secure, have re-examined the various localities. The works of M. Falbe, of Dureau de la Maille, and Sir Grenville Temple, all of

* Travels in Barbary, 1757.

† Ragguaglio del Viaggio compendioso d'un Dilettante antiquario sorpreso da' Corsari, condotto in Barberia, e felicemente ripatriato, Milano, 1805—6. An account of this curious work will be found in Russell's *Life of Cardinal Mezzofanti*, p. 168.

which appeared in the very same year, 1835, attest the interest with which the subject was regarded. The still more recent publication of Barth* enters with greater minuteness and with superior critical ability into the difficult questions of topography which are involved in the inquiry ; and Ritter, in his great repertory of geographical science, whether ancient or modern, has condensed and digested all the most valuable results of the investigations conducted under those able explorers.

All these explorations, however, were so to speak superficial ; nor was it until after the astounding discoveries at Niniveh that the idea of extensive and systematic excavations at Carthage began to be seriously entertained ; and it is to the zeal and enthusiasm of the author of *Carthage and its Remains*, that the learned world is indebted for the execution of a project which involves so many interests. Dr. Davis had had the good fortune, some years since, during a journey through the Regency of Tunis, to secure the good graces of the reigning Bey of Tunis, at that time heir apparent to the throne. The influence which he thus possessed enabled him to overcome the adverse intrigues of more than one powerful personage at court, and the opposition of the bigoted party, which, in all Mussulman Governments, regards with jealous eyes every concession to foreigners, and indeed every movement of progress, whether in literature or in social affairs. Having obtained and officially secured the Bey's permission to prosecute his intended researches, and having enlisted on his return to England, the support of Sir Gardner Wilkinson, Admiral Smyth, Mr. Layard, and other eminent literary men, as well as the concurrence of the trustees of the British Museum, Dr. Davis addressed a memorial to the Earl of Clarendon, then her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, in which he gave a summary of the steps he had taken, and of the plan he proposed to pursue, with a view to secure from the Government the requisite aid to enable him to carry out his enterprise. He stated to his lordship that the attention of the scientific world had, at different times, been directed to the ruins of Carthage ; but religious and political prejudices had till then been 'a barrier, and therefore every application to

* Wanderungen durch die Küstenländer des Mittelmeeres, Berlin, 1849.

obtain permission for systematic excavation on the site of that city, had been met, either by a positive, or by an evasive, refusal. Hence no European museum could boast of any important remains, either of art or of science, belonging to the once famous North African republic. But having succeeded in obtaining the permission to excavate from the Basha of Tunis, his desire was to employ it for the public benefit, and to hand over the antiquities, that might be discovered to the trustees of the British Museum.

A few days only elapsed, and he had the honour to receive a communication from the Foreign Office, informing him that her Majesty's Government entertained his proposal. Ample means were placed at his disposal, and he now set cheerfully to work in making the necessary preparations for his departure to the scene of his future operations.

On the voyage to Tunis, touching at Cagliari, Dr. Davis was encouraged by the assurance of success which he received from the venerable Canon Spano, himself a most accomplished master of Punic antiquities, and possessor of a valuable museum chiefly formed by his own exertions at Pula, Thiarros, and other ancient places formerly occupied by the Carthaginians. He accompanied Dr. Davis to the museum principally to show him *la lapide di Nora*, the Punic inscription found at Nora, and desired Dr. Davis to favour him with his translation of the same. On viewing the monument, which is about two feet by fifteen inches, he found some difficulty in deciphering several letters, and felt therefore reluctant to hazard a translation. But his friend's importunity overcame his scruples, and he was forced to comply with his request. It reads thus:—

“AT TARSHISH WAS EXPELLED THE FATHER OF SARDINIA : PEACE, O! PEACE, TO HIM THAT CAME [EVEN] SHALATHAN, THE SON OF RASHBON THE PRINCE OF CONQUEST.”

On his arrival at Tunis he proceeded to make his arrangements for the prosecution of the necessary researches, in which he hoped to be satisfactorily directed by a variety of ground-plans of ancient Carthage, with which he had provided himself previously to entering on this expedition. He was grievously disappointed in this

hope. Neither Falbe, nor Dedreux, nor Dureau de la Maille, however ingenious their conjectures, proved of any real assistance in the search. He was compelled to work entirely upon his own calculations.

At first he established his head-quarters at Tunis; but as this involved a daily ride of twenty miles in going to the scene of operations and returning therefrom, he soon found it necessary to take up his residence at Dowar Eshutt, one of two villages which stand within the precincts of ancient Carthage, and the hovels of which are in great part constructed of materials derived from the ruins of the city. It was among the inhabitants of these villages that he had to organise his band of excavators, a delicate proceeding in which he appears to have exercised much tact and ingenuity. A great difficulty presented itself, too, in the fact that the proprietor of the soil, the chief secretary of the late Bey, was a bigoted and fanatical Moslem, in whose eyes the works of art which formed the chief objects of search were an abomination, as being regarded solely in the light of graven things formed for the purpose of being adored. Fortunately for science, however, the secretary had let this piece of land to a less scrupulous peasant of Dowar Eshutt, whose bigotry was not proof against the charms of the gratuity with which his consent to the excavations was rewarded.

“We commenced digging on the 11th of November, and by the 16th my number of labourers had increased to twenty-five. I found the Arabs very docile, and though not very active, yet steady workmen. But though partially satisfied with my men I was far from being so with the result of the work. Every day I was in hopes of finding something, but day after day passed away without bringing anything to light. I was likewise subjected to great mortifications from a certain portion of the European population of Tunis, who every evening, on my return to the city, made it a point to ask me what discoveries I had made. This question was not put from motives of curiosity, or from any particular interest that they took in antiquarian researches; it was simply to ascertain whether their prediction that nothing could be discovered at Carthage was correct. These individuals regarded my undertaking as perfectly chimerical, and looked upon me as a deluded being. There were others also who were actuated by pure malice, to whom my want of success appeared to give no ordinary degree of satisfaction.”—p. 54.

While Dr. Davis continued to reside at Tunis, the work proceeded but slowly. The transference of his head-

quarters to the actual scene of operations, gave a strong impulse to the zeal of his party.

“Now I could devote all my time to the work. I increased my number of labourers, and opened a series of experimental trenches, having still the above-named plans for my guide. In following up one of these trenches I came upon solid masonry, and in a few days cleared three arched or vaulted chambers, but with the exception of a marble band, and a few terra cotta lamps, of no particular beauty, which I found in them, I considered my labour as entirely lost. These chambers measured about twenty-two feet by ten, and communicated with each other by lofty doors. The arch was the plain semi-circular, and was constructed of irregular stones, whilst the wall, up to the curve (about fourteen feet in height), was of massive square stones. At one period the existence of the arch would have been sufficient evidence to fix the date of this building, but this opinion is now exploded, since Sir Gardner Wilkinson informs us, that ‘innumerable vaults and arches exist in Thebes, of early date,’ and Mr. Layard found the same construction at Nineveh also. Arched gateways are, moreover, often represented in the bas reliefs from that place. There was, therefore, nothing to guide me in assigning an origin to this building, except that experience has since taught me that wherever ruins are visible above ground they are, with few exceptions, to be ascribed to the Roman Carthage. Here a slight portion of the masonry was above ground.”—p. 55.

An accident, nearly attended with very serious loss of life, which occurred through the workmen’s neglecting Dr. Davis’s instructions, had the effect of establishing his reputation for skill and forethought, and naturally added to the influence which he possessed over them. For a long time, however, his success was little more than sufficient to tantalize by the rare glimpses of better fortune which were permitted to appear.

“Having given this spot a fair trial, I abandoned it, and shifted to a ruin at the foot of St. Louis’ hill, upon the summit of which, it is generally believed, stood the famous temple of Æsculapius. With the exception of a few fragments of wall, two of which are towering some thirty feet above ground, the whole is a ponderous mass of shapless masonry embedded in earth. Here I marked out several trenches, and set my men to work. The first day’s labour brought to light the leg and thigh of a statue in dark marble, and I naturally entertained great hopes of finding the remaining portions. To form an estimate of the nature of this structure was an absolute impossibility, nor could I form any opinion as to the manner of its destruction. It possessed sufficient solidity to have withstood the ravages of time up to the present day ; and after Rome, I know of no enemy

who would have wasted time and labour to effect its destruction intentionally. Has an earthquake contributed towards the dismemberment of the ruins of this city, of which we have no record? But, granting that there are grounds for such an opinion, I can easily conceive the terrible consequences of such a terranean convulsion, but I cannot comprehend the entire disappearance of parts of mutilated and fractured statuary. I have found heads, hands, and feet of statues, and though I have made the most persevering search in the vicinity, surpassing even the bounds of probability within the range of which the other parts could have fallen, I have never been successful in joining two fragments of the same statue. There was a time, we know, when Italian vessels came over for the sole purpose of exporting marble and sculpture from Carthage; and many a statue, which once graced a pagan temple, now, undoubtedly, adorns a Christian church; but those traders would not have left indispensable portions behind them. If the ruins of Carthage have therefore suffered from an earthquake, it must have been prior to that period, the eleventh century, and the iconoclasm must be ascribed to the emissaries of the prophet of Mecca. Yes—

“ ‘When the smooth chisel all its force had shown,
And softened into flesh the rugged stone,’

the ruthless barbarian, actuated by a false zeal for the Deity, considered it his sacred duty to cause havoc and devastation in the forum and in the temples of the *Gihala* idolators. Portions of the finest works of art have been used by them in rearing their miserable hovels, in the place of brick and stone. But the whole culpability must not be laid to the charge of the Moslem conquerors; Romans and Vandals have established a precedent, and have been quite as criminal as the rude followers of the missionary-generals of Mohammed. In a Roman ruin, near the Cothon, I found exquisite pieces of statuary embedded in cement, and placed beside the roughest building materials; and even Punic inscriptions I have discovered on several occasions so disposed of.

“Notwithstanding, we discovered nothing of an encouraging nature, we persevered digging at this spot for nearly two weeks, my object being, to a great extent, to test the character of the soil, and to ascertain to what depth there is reasonable hope for successful research, or rather, to learn what depth of earth has, during a succession of centuries, accumulated upon the ruins. The result of this, and of similar subsequent experiments was, that I came to the conclusion that Phœnician ruins, prior to the last Punic War, have a depth of nearly twenty feet of soil upon them, allowing an average increase of one foot per century where no preventive cause exists. On elevated, and exposed localities, the drifting soil will not so readily settle as it naturally will in low, or in sheltered places. Within this ruin we sank one shaft as deep as thirty feet, and in

the trenches, close to it, we found several marble and granite columns, and one very beautiful capital, of the Corinthian order, at a depth of twelve feet."—p. 58-60.

This, however, was slow and unsatisfactory work. The difficulties of the excavations may be estimated from the fact that he toiled, most assiduously, with from forty to fifty men, for nearly three months, without realizing anything worth the labour of a single day. "It is vain to continue," some of the men often said, "for, unless you are satisfied with the fragments we dig up, there is no chance of coming upon something better." A gratuitous comment upon the saying of wiser men, that *the very ruins of Carthage have disappeared*.

At length the patience of the toilers was rewarded.

"On one occasion I happened to ride alone over the site of the temple of Cœlestis, the Astarte of the Phœnicians, destroyed from antagonistic religious motives, and, since then, rent and torn into all sorts of forms and shapes by the present barbarous inhabitants, to whom its remains have proved a rich quarry. A piece of a wall attracted my attention, and I dismounted to examine it. The poverty of its materials had evidently saved it from the ravages of the *khajara* (stone-searchers), by whom it was permitted to stand, like an obliterated tombstone, simply marking the wreck of a once magnificent structure.

"I lingered about this spot some considerable time, following up trenches which had been caused by the removal of the stones, endeavouring, at the same time, to trace in my own mind something like a ground plan of the edifice. But the fearful scene of havoc and devastation by which I was surrounded made the accomplishment of such a conception utterly impossible. A deep pit close by, some 300 feet in diameter, and numerous others of different dimensions, amply demonstrated that the locality had been diligently searched, and that a work of spoliation had been here carried on for centuries. The only chance of discovering anything, it was evident, was in the vicinity of the undisturbed fragment of wall.

"But my movements were always closely watched; for the universal belief amongst the Arabs was, that the prime object of my search was treasure, and that my 'talk' of antiquities was a mere pretext. Several localities examined by me were therefore speedily taken up by the *khajara*, and excavations abandoned, or even suspended, were readily appropriated. In the latter they were generally more successful, for the numerous walls we laid bare proved a profitable source of gain to them. In the course of time their quarrels as to which party had a prior claim to the abandoned diggings resulted in my being recognised as a kind of judge, of which I was glad, for I was able, by the exercise of my functions, to retain such excava-

tions uninjured which were only temporarily suspended. I could easily have checked them before, by an application to the local authorities; but, in such a case, hostility would certainly have ensued, and I preferred being respected to being dreaded. My decision was considered final, and, generally speaking, all parties were invariably satisfied."—p. 172-3.

But the first actual fruit was not destined to be gathered by Dr. Davis. His movements had been observed by the *custode** of the French chapel, and on the Doctor's arrival at the spot on the following morning, he was horror-struck to find this personage with two companions busily engaged in digging at the foot of the very piece of wall which he had fixed upon as the point at which to commence his own operations. To complete his mortification he found that they had just lighted upon a beautiful piece of mosaic pavement—the long-expected but vainly sought reward of his own three months unrequited labour. It is impossible not to sympathise with the indignation and jealousy which the baffled explorer pours out over his disappointment; and the most indifferent reader will rejoice to know that at least a partial requital was in store for him. Dr. Davis, with the true sagacity of a lover of his craft, at once conjectured that the fragment of mosaic thus discovered was but a portion of a larger pavement; that the wall was a subsequent structure which had intersected the *floor* of a great area or hole; and that a careful examination of the space beyond the modern wall could not fail to bring to light the remainder of the design.

"A mound to the right of the trench, about fourteen feet high, particularly attracted my attention, and a very few minutes' deliberation sufficed for my coming to a decision. The whole was in a hollow, about six feet below the surface of the adjoining fields.

"In less than an hour's time my men were actively engaged in cutting through the mound, and this in spite of the *custode's* repeated admonitions of *sono denari perdute*, 'it is money wasted,' the force of which was considerably increased by very significant gestures. We persevered, and before the evening closed in upon us, we had the gratification of seeing our labours amply rewarded. Here we had before our eyes a large portion of the magnificent pavement of

* Repeatedly written in the text "*custodo*." We must add that the French orthography of the volume also exhibits many strange errors. If these errors be typographical, they betray exceeding carelessness in the corrector.

which the *custode* of St. Louis had only a fragment. It measured about fifteen feet by nine, and contained, besides the elegant and chaste designs, a colossal female bust, and two priestesses, full length and robed. The heads of the latter were rather damaged; but there can be but one opinion as to the artistic talent displayed in the execution of this mosaic, whether as regards grace, attitude, or colouring. It is an exquisite specimen of ancient art, to recover which, and before we came upon it, we had to break through two distinct pavements. This, undoubtedly, proves that those who built upon it, during different periods, were entirely ignorant of its existence."—p. 175.

The success of this conjecture emboldened Dr. Davis to follow still further the same inspiration. Early on the following morning, whilst some of the men were busily engaged in washing the cleared portion of pavement, it suddenly struck him that there must be more of it under the opposite mound (F), to the left of the trench. The reason which led him to this conclusion was a very natural one. The female colossal bust was in the angle (D); it therefore did not require much ingenuity to find out that there must have been similar ones in the other three corners. From the size of the design, the position of the priestesses, and particularly from the fragment (H) found by the *custode*, it was clear that the mosaic extended in that direction.

The expression upon Kareema's face when Dr. Davis requested him to arrange the men to dig for the remainder of the pavement was quite ludicrous. "We have uncovered it all, master," he replied, "even to the very border;" and then he enumerated the trench and the pits as "plain proofs" that nothing more of it could possibly be discovered.

The work was, however, commenced, and ere many hours elapsed, one of the men came running up to the Doctor with the welcome intelligence that they had found what he was in search after. But they had only reached the mosaic by a narrow trench, cut through the mound, and it required another day's hard toil to clear it from the accumulation of earth, as well as from the pavements of mortar mixed with small stones, which lay over it, at one and two feet from its surface.

This success had exceeded his highest expectations.

"When the earth was cleared away, my Arabs were particularly amazed that my conjecture, that another colossal bust would be found under the very spot (I) I had indicated, was actually realised.

It was the head of Ceres, and is, I feel sure, the most magnificent of the kind in existence. Besides this, we also found another priestess and the corresponding designs.

“When the remains of this gorgeous pavement were washed, the colours stood out as fresh, and bright, as if the artist’s hand had only just been removed. Then the skill which is so strikingly manifested in the exquisite designs, as well as the perfection of art exhibited in the light and shade of the figures, called forth the unbounded admiration of every one who had the advantage of visiting them on the spot.”—p. 183.

But even success was not without its dangers. The fame of the discovery was quickly spread abroad, and an officious newsmonger informed the Bey himself (who had been a frequent visitor of the scene of the excavations,) that the value of the colossal head, which was supposed to represent Dido, was at least a million Tunis piastres, that is equivalent to £25,000! The result was a visit from the Bey to the spot in person, and a peremptory order to the workmen (Dr. Davis himself being absent) to discontinue their operations forthwith. It needed the utmost tact and firmness on the part of Dr. Davis to procure the withdrawal of this order; but he succeeded, mainly through the good feeling of the Bey himself.

The mosaic fragments thus brought to light originally formed the pavement of a large hall or court, in a temple which Dr. Davis supposes to have been a temple of Astarte, and are portions of a design once complete, of the actual condition of which Dr. Davis has given an engraved facsimile. About one-half of the entire is now lost, and even what remains has sustained considerable injury. It is, nevertheless, of the highest interest. The four angles of the mosaic originally contained four colossal female busts, only two of which have been recovered. One of them evidently represents the goddess Ceres, the other probably Astarte or Juno, or perhaps Dido. From these angles the design converges to the centre of the hall, some of the triangular tablets being occupied by scroll and spiral tracery, others and these far more interesting, by figures of females, probably priestesses, in the act of performing various religious evolutions or other ceremonies. Three of those figures remain in a high state of preservation, although none of them is without a flaw; and the costume, attitude, and action of all are most striking and characteristic.

An animated controversy has arisen as to the date and origin of this interesting relic. Some of those who have written regarding it, and especially M. Beulé, a French antiquarian who has been engaged in researches at Carthage, Mr. Gregory, M.P. for Galway, and Mr. Franks, regard it as of Roman origin, and of comparatively recent date. Dr. Davis examines their opinions and arguments at considerable length. He himself strongly contends for the Carthaginian origin of the mosaic, and he adopts as his own the statement of an American writer, Mr. Ditson, who maintains the same view. As the argument of this writer, cited by Dr. Davis, contains almost the only thing in the way of description of the design of the mosaic to be found in Dr. Davis's book, we shall transcribe a portion of it here to serve the double purpose of description and of argument:—

“In the first place, and very fortunately for the establishing of a basis for the solution of the difficulty, three mosaic floors have been discovered, just so nearly one above the other as to allow a portion of each to be uncovered without removing either of them. I have seen them twice, and can therefore substantiate the fact. The lowest one was found in cutting away a hillside, at the depth of about five feet; on its right, as you stand facing the north, and about three inches above it, there is another flooring of mosaic; three or four feet above the latter, and on its eastern side, there is still another, and at about the same elevation on the other hand is the ‘Figure of Victory.’ Now, if the latter is Roman—and there can be no doubt of it—is it not more probable that the others, *several feet below*, and under earth that has the appearance of being the accumulation of ages, are Phœnician? There is another thing worthy of particular note: the mosaic of the upper ones are imbedded in a cement about an inch thick that is excessively hard, and has to be taken up with the figures one is desirous of removing in a perfect state; whereas the lower ones (after having had a piece of cotton cloth glued down upon their surfaces) can be obtained without the cement, as it is easily cut away by any sharp instrument. Mr. Davis also says that the cement which unites the stones of the latter is much firmer than that which is used on the former. Furthermore, the costume of the two priestesses is unlike anything I remember to have seen from the hands of Greek or Roman artists. It is, indeed, more in keeping with that of the Hebrews of the present day than those worn by the immediate descendants of Romulus and Remus, or of the fair Helen. It consists of an inner gown that has long, tight sleeves, fastens up closely around the neck, and falls down over the feet. It has no sash, or belt, or plaits, but is cut so as to fit well the body without encumbering it in its movements;

is made to yield to the most graceful 'lines of beauty' a human form could develop in the most studied of artistic attitudes. Over this there is an open robe that has the same contour as the other, but its sleeves (bishop) are large, like those worn a few years since, and are shown to good advantage, as the arm is raised to place, as before stated, an offering upon the altar. Around the neck of this robe and down its front, an inch or so from its edges, around the sleeve, a little distance also from the edge of its broadest part, it is ornamented with a dark band or ribbon, exactly like scores of garments one may meet with on Broadway, Chestnut Street, or the Boulevards of Paris. The whole is extremely modest, chaste, and simple; but the artist was master of his materials, and made the most of them. He had no silken girdles, or tassels, or folds of drapery to dispose of, and his figures, if upright and actionless, would have been stiff and unattractive; he therefore had resort to a 'pose.' His subject, in one instance, has partially crossed her feet, and is leaning against some object that gives her entire support and confidence; Nature then aids him with her beautiful curves—the arm is put into use so as not to hide them; the delicate hand is placing the offering upon the altar; and indeed so perfect is it all, one fancies he can almost see the wavings of the sacred tree that throws its mysterious shadows around her.

"We are more or less accustomed to, or acquainted with, Grecian taste; we remember the rounded, naked limbs of Grecian goddesses, and have fancied that he who chiselled them felt that it would be a profanation of his art to envelope them in senseless robes that had no warmth, no pulse, no life, no breathing lines all instinct with divinity. We remember, too, the long and ample tunics of the Roman matrons, but their arms were bare, and they were more like heroines of the tribune or the camp than the daughters of a mild, pure, and unadulterated faith, as these now before me impress me that they are: the modesty, the calmness, the saintly repose, in fact, of these gentle worshippers evoke in the heart such humble, hallowed, halcyon aspirations, that one is prepared to invest them with a magnetic and living principle."—p. 202-4.

Dr. Davis adds a further argument from the position in which the mosaic was found, and from the depth at which it lay below the floor of the building, the foundations of which were cut through it, and had in part destroyed it. "It is no wonder," he says, "that the Romans, on restoring the city, and digging for the foundations of their buildings, often cut right through the most splendid mosaic pavements, of whose existence they were naturally ignorant. Such was the case with the one we have just discovered, as is more clearly shown from the ground plan. The two layers of pavement, which we had to break up

before we came upon this mosaic, plainly indicate successive reconstructions, and consequently its remoter antiquity; and a thin stratum of charcoal, which lay upon it, sufficiently proves the manner in which the original structure was destroyed, viz. by fire. The presence of charcoal or the action of the fire in some other way, was always clearly traced upon those mosaics to which we assign a Punic origin. The bed upon which Punic mosaics were placed we found to be much thicker than that of the Roman, but its adhesive power had entirely perished. The stones peeled off with perfect ease, whilst the cement which joins the marbles is much stronger than those which are undoubtedly of the Roman period. The latter we were obliged to remove with the cement in which it was imbedded, varying in thickness from two inches to one foot, and is generally composed of lime, pounded bricks, and a sprinkling of ashes, whereas the only apparent ingredient in the Punic is lime. The cement in the remains of walls we found in connexion with the Roman mosaics was as firm as the stone itself, whereas in those of the Punic era the stones could be severed from it with the most perfect ease. Generally speaking, too, we found Roman pavements at a depth varying from two to five or six feet, but Punic ones never under ten feet."

The task of raising and removing the mosaic involved no little difficulty. It was entrusted at first to a Maltese resident of Tunis, who was believed to possess great skill in antiquarian affairs, but the attempt in his hands proved a total failure. In the end, however, by the simple expedient of glueing a piece of canvas to the face of the mosaic, Dr. Davis not only succeeded in removing the successive portions uninjured, but even improved the beauty and the regularity of the surface.

"We now set to work to divide the mosaic into sizes convenient for embarkation, having due regard to each piece not to interfere with the designs, or in any way to damage the figures. We simply removed one or two lines of the marbles, and then slightly deepened the division with a chisel. The canvas was then glued on, and allowed to remain about eight hours. When perfectly dry we worked our way immediately beneath the layer of marbles until it was quite free from the cement. We then placed a board (slightly larger than the piece of mosaic) upon it, and nailed the canvas, on one side only, to one of its edges. It was now ready for 'reversion.' A number of Arabs (varying according to the size and weight of the

piece) were placed on the side where the canvas was fastened to the board, with instructions to raise it steadily at a given signal. Opposite to them another number of men were in readiness to receive it, and to let it gently down.

"The piece of mosaic—now, of course, with its face downwards—was conveyed to the shed, where all the particles of ancient cement, still adhering to it, were carefully removed. The carpenter then fastened a cornice round the board, about one inch in depth, thus converting it into a flat case. We now poured the gypsum of the country into it, and screwed a lid tightly down upon it. In about twelve hours' time we reversed the case, and unscrewed the board which had hitherto served as a bottom. The canvas was well saturated with water until the glue was quite softened, which enabled us to remove it. The mosaic was now again before us in all its freshness and beauty: indeed, by this process of removal many of its imperfections were rectified. The face of Ceres, for instance, had a rather deep hollow in one of the cheeks, which was now restored to its original evenness.

"Twenty days were employed in removing the whole mosaic, and upwards of three months in encasing it. Most of the hard work fell to my own share. Some of my Arabs were digging; but those whose assistance I occasionally required had a happy time of it—a time to their own satisfaction and heart's content—a time of perfect indolence. Whilst I was on my knees glueing on the canvas, or loosening a figure from the cement, they were, for hours, basking in the sun, either perfectly mute—their *dolce far niente*—or they were amusing themselves by narrating the most extravagant and wild legends—a kind of entertainment the charms of which, according to their mode of thinking, cannot be surpassed."—p, 224-6.

Whatever may be thought of the force of Dr. Davis's arguments in favour of the Carthaginian origin of this interesting mosaic, there is another class of monuments regarding which no doubt can be entertained. We refer to the tablets with inscriptions in the Punic language, in some instances accompanied by emblems and symbolical or illustrative representations. For the learned reader it is hardly necessary that we should advert to the present state of our knowledge of this long-lost language. Every one recollects the ingenious process by which Joseph Scaliger demonstrated that the well-known passage in the *Pœnulus* of Plautus was a fragment of genuine Phœnician. This fact once recognised, the rest has been but a question of time. As early as the days of Bochart, the problem may be considered to have been practically solved. Gesenius

but systematized and added to the extent of the vocabulary; and the use of the few bilingual inscriptions which have been discovered has placed the question of the general accuracy of the received system of interpretation practically beyond all doubt.

It was to the probable discovery of important historical inscriptions, therefore, that men looked with most interest, in speculating as to the fruit to be derived from the labours of Dr. Davis. Nor has he been without considerable success, although it falls far short of the sanguine anticipations to which the triumphs of Mr. Layard and Colonel Rawlinson had given birth. Up to the commencement of his excavations the number of Punic inscriptions scattered throughout the various museums was extremely small—scarcely a score in the entire. His collection amounts to above one hundred, and several of them are very interesting. A considerable proportion of them was found in an obscure and hardly noticeable locality, imbedded in a wall which lay buried deep beneath the surface. Curiously enough, the structure of the wall in which these tablets were inserted was clearly of the Roman times and of Roman origin. The space in which the inscriptions were found was confined to an area of not more than two hundred feet, and the tablets were discovered at depths varying from six to fifteen feet below the surface. These tablets, which are, with one exception, generally composed either of a fine sandstone or of a compact limestone, appertain mostly, according to the opinion of the best scholars, to a very early period of Punic Carthage. Some are, no doubt, of a more recent date, but all belong to an era prior to the destruction of the city. Several are engraved with the greatest neatness and precision, and to others the artist has evidently paid less attention. The front, which bears the inscription, has a smooth surface, while the sides and backs are only hammer-dressed: and the upper part either terminates in an acute angle, or in a pedimental form, with elevations at the corners, resembling *acroteria*.

A few specimens of these inscriptions are printed by Dr. Davis.

“Among them there is one which relates to

‘HANNO, THE SON OF HANNIBAL, A SON OF BAALMELEK, SON OF
HIMLICAT.’

“Another mentions—

‘HANNO, SON OF BARCARETH, SON OF MAGON.’

“One is a votive

‘IN THE NAME OF ASHTARTE RY A VOTARY OF THE LORD BAAL, BY THE SON OF THE LORD THE SUFET BOSHRATH.’

“Next—

‘A MAN VOWED ON BEHALF OF THE SON OF HIMLICAT SON OF HANNIBAL.’

“We have then the name of—

‘MAHARBAAL SON OF HANNIBAL.’

“And then a tablet of a—

‘SUFETS ON ASHTANBAN.’

“The next is a votive of—

‘HIMLICAT, SON OF HANNO, SON OF KADA.’

“And then—

‘HIMLICAT SON OF BARMILCAR.’”—p. 446.

The inscriptions are generally accompanied by symbols ; some of them astronomical, as the sun, moon, stars, Venus, Taurus, Aries, Pisces. Some present the emblem of an uplifted hand, the symbol of prayer, which naturally enough accompanies the petition with which many of them terminate. Others, in fine, would appear to be purely artistic, and to have no purpose beyond that of ornament.

There is one class of these inscriptions, however, which, as they throw some little light on an extremely obscure and unsatisfactory subject, the Punic mythology, deserves to be noticed more at length.

“On the various Punic votive tablets I have discovered in the course of my excavations, the names of different divinities occur. The name of one deity is invariably found on all, and that is *Baal Hammon*, whilst that of the protecting deity of the devotee, as well as his own name, generally comes after. The names of the gods thus placed in secondary position, and, in all probability, as a kind of intercessors, are *Melcareth*, *Ashtaroth*, *Ashmon*, &c. There are instances where tablets are dedicated to Baal Hammon exclusively, without mention being made of any other deity, whilst, out of upwards of a hundred inscriptions that I have dug up, there is not one so dedicated to the other divinities.

“Here is an example of one of the first class (with symbol of the hand, and marked No. 1), wherein both the names of Ashtarte and Ashmon occur, which may be thus rendered :—

' TO THE GODDESS TO TANATH THE COUNTENANCE OF BAAL [FEM.] ; TO THE LORD TO BAAL HAMMON, A MAN VOWED, EVEN ARSHAMBAN, A VOTARY OF ASHTARTE AND A FILIAL DEVOTEE OF ASHMUN: AS THOU HEAREST THE SUPPLICATION, DO THOU BLESS !'

"In this inscription four deities are named, the first is Tanah, Tanat, Tanith, or Tanas. By this appellation Sanchoniathon mentions no divinity, and yet this name flourishes upon every inscription in the same pompous terms it does upon this. *Quid vero est Tanas ?* is a question for the solution of which we shall look in vain to the other monuments discovered at Carthage. With a slight variation in orthography we find this to be a deity among the Persians and Armenians, who patronised slaves. Tanais (so the name of the Persian divinity is written) is supposed to be the same as Venus. Artaxerxes, the son of Darius, was the first who raised statues to her. The same licentiousness prevailed in the celebration of her festivals as did at those of the goddess of love."—p. 256-7.

The second of the deities named in the Tablet is Baal Hammon—the Sun Baal, into whose worship the Israelites were so often seduced. It is to him under the name of Moloch (king) that the human sacrifices were offered, and it is against the abominations of his worship that so many of the prophetic denunciations are levelled.

The third sacred name upon the tablet is Ashtarte—the Aphrodite of the Greeks, and the Ashtaroth of the sacred Scripture. Dr. Davis, resting upon the fact that no obscene inscriptions or representations have been discovered at Carthage, concludes that the worship of this goddess, as it was practised in the African colony of Phœnicians, was far from that licentiousness which characterized it in the mother country, as well as among the Greeks and Romans.

"Our excavations have brought nothing to light which can tend either to establish, or to confirm, a charge, that the Carthaginians were guilty of any of those obscene and indecent practices which were sanctioned by the Greeks and Romans in connexion with the celebration of their religious rites. Our inscriptions indicate nothing of the kind, and the bas-reliefs only represent the deities as the source of every earthly blessing. The charges, therefore, which the Christian fathers bring against the worshippers of this goddess as Juno Cœlestis, or Cœlestis Virgo, Vesta, Mater Deorum, &c., have no reference to Phœnician, but to Roman Carthage. The religion of the country assumed a demoralizing tendency when the people (including Phœnicians) became Romanised; so that when St. Augustin speaks of *turpidissimis ludis, qui virgini Cœlesti exhibebantur*,

we must bear in mind that he speaks of the time when Roman emperors legislated for Carthage. Rome, therefore, and not Phœnician Carthage, is responsible for the iniquitous practices which are justly abhorred, and condemned by the Christian apologists. The culpability rests with the priests of Latin Paganism, who, having adopted Punic divinities, engrafted upon their worship the most horrible vices."—p. 263.

We must confess, however, that we are by no means satisfied of the justice of this conclusion. We by no means believe that the licentious worship of Venus which prevailed in Africa in Roman times was exclusively of Roman origin. On the contrary, it would be easy, we think, to show that some of the rites at least were of Eastern origin, and followed the Oriental type. The subject, however, is one into which it would be preposterous to enter here. We shall content ourselves with observing that the hateful rites which were observed, even in Roman times, at Sicca Venerea, are precisely those which Herodotus describes as practised at Babylon; nor should we have alluded to the subject at all, were it not that we believe the view advocated by Dr. Davis to be doctrinally, as well as historically, unsound.

The last of the deities named in the tablet is Ashmon, the Æsculapius of the Greek and Roman mythology. It is observable that a large proportion of these tablets are votive, and include a recommendation of the writer to some particular deity. Dr. Davis regards the title of "filial devotee of Ashmon," which occurs in the present tablet, as an evidence that Arshamban, who is so described, was a follower of the healing art.

In others of the inscriptions the form of prayer is slightly varied. In one we read

"TO THE GODDESS, TO TANATH, THE COUNTENANCE OF BAAL,
TO THE LORD, TO BAAL HAMMON,
A MAN EXPIATED, AND HE DEVOTEE OF ASHMON [ÆSCULAPIUS].
THAT HE MAY BE PROSPEROUS, AND THE SUPPLICATION ACCEPTABLE."

In another—

"TO THE DEITY, TO TANATH, THE COUNTENANCE OF BAAL,
TO THE LORD, TO BAAL HAMMON, A MAN
VOWED, EVEN A DEVOTEE OF MELCARETH,
A SON OF BARMELCARETH, SON OF
A DEVOTEE OF MELCARETH, THAT HIS SUPPLICATION MAY BE
ACCEPTABLE."

There is one, however, which, in the name of the individual whose vow it records, possesses a charm, to which no student can be insensible.

“ TO THE LORD, TO BAAL HAMMON,
A MAN VOWED BY ASTARTE, [EVEN]
THE SON OF HANNIBAL.”

We should be very glad to be able to accept Dr. Davis's confident assurance, that the Hannibal of this tablet is no other than the great general. He not only seems satisfied that this is *the* Hannibal of the inscription, but he even enters into speculations as to what may have been the occasion on which the tablet was dedicated. But we must candidly confess that we see no real grounds for the belief. Dr. Davis certainly alleges none; nor can we find, whether in the inscription itself or in any of its known adjuncts, the slightest foundation for the notion, beyond the mere coincidence of name. Now if the name of Hannibal were singular in Carthaginian annals, or even of rare occurrence, that circumstance might weigh in the discussion. But, on the contrary, Hannibal is a name of very frequent occurrence, and is common to several individuals, scanty as are the extant records of Carthage. Nay, it is perfectly possible, we may add, that the word Hannibal may have been used in this tablet rather as an epithet than as a nominal appellative. Its original signification, according to Gesenius,* is “the grace or favour of Baal;” and nothing could be more appropriate than such an appellation in a votive tablet like that in which we find it here. Still we feel that at best it is a hard and ungracious criticism which would seek to disturb a theory so full of interest as that in which Dr. Davis indulges; and if any of our readers can satisfy themselves with the evidences on which he grounds it, we shall gladly leave them to the enjoyment of the pleasure which the idea cannot fail to bring with it.

The same sympathy, no doubt, will be felt with Dr. Davis's enthusiastic hope that his excavations have discovered the site of the actual dwelling-place of the great hero of Carthaginian history. It is impossible for us to enter into the particulars of these excavations, the scene of

* *Linguae Phœnic. Monumentu.* p. 407.

which is outside of the ancient walls. We can only refer to the plan which accompanies the work ; and the following extract will show how confident the author feels of the reality of his discovery. He does not go so far as to fix upon the particular ruin which was once Hannibal's house ; but he thinks he has at least identified the group.

“ Without entering again into the particulars and monotony of an excavation, we shall simply mention that the result of our researches in the vicinity where we suppose the land and sea defences joined (marked on our plan 24 and 25), was, that habitations extended thus far. We found the remains of several, built either upon arches, or upon pilasters through which the sea could beat freely. These were undoubtedly summer residences, and a more delightful, or a more retired, spot the wealthy Carthaginians could not have selected.

“ One pavement we discovered here (24) was similar in design and execution, to that upon which we found two distinct mosaics, discovered near the sea wall, and this establishes its remoter antiquity—it takes us back to Phœnician Carthage, and permits us to assign this residence to some of those illustrious men with whose names history acquaints us. But we are reluctant to fix upon a random owner, particularly as there is a great probability that history itself aids us in pointing out the real and veritable personage to whom this marine villa belonged.

“ We are informed that the Romans, notwithstanding their victory at Zama, were still apprehensive of the designs of the Carthaginian general, and that the dread of the name of Hannibal, in spite of the defeat of his army had not ceased. It was reported that he had formed an alliance with Antiochus, with whom the Romans were then at war, and the anticipated consequences of such an alliance were pregnant with the most terrible forebodings. This consternation was so general that the Senate even partook of it ; and, in order to prevent the dreaded calamities, that venerable body resolved upon sending Cnæus Servilius to Africa, with the ostensible object of inquiring into the truth of the report, but with secret instructions to assassinate the great warrior. Their minds were filled with the heroic deeds of the son of Barca, as well as with the miseries he brought upon them in Spain and in Italy, in an uninterrupted campaign of sixteen years, during which he had sacked four hundred cities, and no less than three hundred thousand men fell in their conflicts with him. They moreover remembered the terror caused by his appearance before mighty Rome. So long then as Hannibal was in existence, Rome considered her condition precarious, and upon this the *honourable* Conscript Fathers grounded their base instructions to their infamous emissary.

“ Cnæus Servilius arrived at Carthage. But scarcely had he time to shape his plot when Hannibal, as Justin says, *nec minus in secundis*

adversa, quam in adversis secunda cogitantem, 'a man accustomed to foreseeing adversity in prosperity, and prosperity in adversity,' had guessed the real object of his mission. He remained the whole day in the forum, with the principal men of the country, and with the Roman ambassador, as if apprehensive of no treachery. But so soon as night came on, he mounted his horse, and rode off to *rus urbanum, quod prope littus maris habebat*, 'to a villa which he had near the seashore.' Justin adds, *Habebat ibi naves cum remigibus occulto sinu littoris absconditas*, 'He had there ships with rowers hid in a private bay of the coast,' and being supplied with a good sum of money he effected his escape. The report of this event caused great commotions on the following morning, but the one who felt it most was Servilius, who, embarking privately for Rome, *trepidumque nuntium refert*, 'carries the fearful news with him.' *

"Now it appears to me that an unbiassed reader, who peruses this account, and then looks at our plan, will, of his own accord, point to the indicated locality, and say—*One of these must be the ruins of the marine villa of the famous Carthaginian general*. The fact of the existence of several snug little bays very close by (and the nearest the very one we pointed out as the harbour of refuge for Æneas's flotilla), tends greatly to confirm this supposition."—p. 467.

There is a more stern, and we fear a less questionably painful interest in another of the tablets recovered by Dr. Davis. It was found in the corner of his excavations in the site of the Temple of Saturn. We had better, in the first place, however, transcribe his account of the remains of the building itself. An attempt to uncover this once celebrated edifice had been made in the year 1837, by Sir Grenville Temple and M. Falbe; but it proved entirely fruitless. Dr. Davis, nevertheless, felt that something might yet be done.

"We sank a shaft in the centre, at least fifteen feet deeper than those who excavated here before, and came first upon a great deal of loose masonry from the fallen vaulted roof. Having cleared this away, a thick layer of burnt earth, mixed with bones, presented itself to our view, through which we dug in the hope of reaching the pavement. But our labours were fruitless, for instead of coming in contact with artificial constructions we came upon the natural rock.

"Having given the middle portion a fair trial, I opened several trenches in the galleries, particularly in the first and second. As for the centre, I am satisfied in my own mind that here stood the

* Justin, lib. xxxi. c. 1, 2.

brazen image of the terrible Baal, whom Diodorus of Sicily* describes as having had outstretched arms, inclined to the earth, so that the child that was placed on them rolled down and fell into a pit below, filled with fire. The layer of burnt earth, or rather ashes and bones which we found, were therefore the remains of the victims immolated to this divinity.

"A few days' labour served fully to convince me that it was vain to hope for success in this place; but the locality was painfully interesting, so that I lingered about it longer than I otherwise would have done. My object, however, was not to lay bare the remains of the architecture of Carthage for the inspection of the lovers of antiquity, nor was I justified in gratifying my own curiosity. Satisfied that the results would not be adequate to the expenditure, I limited the period of the experiment, and went in search of a more profitable field.

"All we recovered from this temple is a specimen of its mosaic pavement, upon which we came in the first gallery. Amidst these ruins we discovered traces of a more ancient building, belonging, undoubtedly, to the proud period of Punic Carthage. It would appear that the temple was originally decorated with fluted columns. The portion of the one found must have been three and a half feet in diameter, and was perfect up to five feet above the level of the mosaic pavement. It was imbedded in the masonry of a damaged pilaster, and, I have no doubt, that near the base within all the pilasters, the remains of the original columns are contained. The manner in which these columns were disposed, and how many stood in the place of each pilaster, it is difficult to say; the probability, however, is, as the temple was restored for the worship of Baal Hammon, that the primitive symbolical architecture was retained.

"Masses of columns, gracefully disposed, have undoubtedly, an exquisite effect. But we are scarcely in a position to say, with certainty, that the edifice, of which we have now the ruins, was less elegant. The quantities of fragments of precious marbles we found in digging here prove that it was richly, and even gorgeously, decorated. The pilasters must have been coated with various kinds of marble up to a certain height, the remainder was probably embellished by fresco paintings, and the top crowned with elegant capitals. The domes may also have been ornamented by legendary paintings; and the pavement, of which we only found a design, may have been intersected by representations, either of deities, or of some scenes connected with Phœnician mythology. The exterior was, no doubt, in keeping with the interior; and if the twelve openings in our ground-plan justify our belief that there were as many entrances to the temple, then we may reasonably conclude that the edifice was surrounded by a circular flight of stairs. An able archi-

* Lib. xx. c. 14.

tect might, with ease, produce a sketch of this edifice, without any extraordinary tax upon imagination, but by simply adhering to the materials before him, which would be pronounced, even in the present day, a beautiful structure.”—p. 287-9.

By far the most important result of his labours, however, was the discovery of an inscription, which although imperfect, nevertheless, contains internal evidence of the practice of human sacrifice, and even of the ritual by which it was ordered and prescribed.

“Our excavations have brought to light one inscription of this kind, discovered in the vicinity of the temple of Saturn. Its incompleteness is greatly to be regretted; but the minuteness, and precision, with which the letters have been cut cannot be too much admired. Of the numerous specimens of Punic inscriptions which have come under my notice, this surpasses them all for the proportion and exquisiteness of the characters, as well as for the perfection of their preservation. I regard it as the gem of Punic epigraphy hitherto discovered.

“Willingly would I leave this inscription to speak for itself, or suffer the learned reader to put his own construction upon it. It presents difficulties which the Punic scholar will readily perceive, but, I fear, he will not so readily make the requisite allowances in case of a difference of opinion respecting the import of some words, or the recognition of some letters. But, notwithstanding my reluctance on the subject, I must venture the following translation:*

1. “In the time of Hamshathath [Pentarchy?] of supreme eminence

2. “Decreed for the guidance of the priest a rule relative to matters appertaining to death and covenantal offerings to Baal

3. “A rule for the priest relative to matters appertaining to death and covenantal offerings to Baal.† The immolation of man

4. “Is ordered by precepts, and there exists likewise a rule respecting annual victims. To the priest is to be presented the man

5. “To be immolated to God [*i.e.* Baal Hammon, or Saturn], completely fortified, and in an opportune time

6. “And there is likewise prepared for the priest a direction

7. “The abolition of the place for mourners. Provision is made for the priest’s portion

8. “Bazaz of colonial silver, 11. One

* The inscription contains twelve lines, every one of which is separately rendered.

† This repetition is either the engraver’s mistake, or it is intentional to add to the importance of what follows.

9. "Who transgresses against the daughter of the gods [Astarte?] shall forfeit to the priest his harvest
10. "Carthaginian and Tyrian sacrifices, whether of oil,
11. "Or of milk, or offerings of a free-will nature, or
12. "Offerings relating to mourning is recorded in the said directory, and let it be complied with."—p. 296-7.

This brief analysis leaves no room for doubt as to the nature of the inscription. We shall look anxiously for the actual wording of it in the forthcoming publication of the Trustees of the British Museum. Meanwhile, we shall only observe that it appears plain from Dr. Davis' account, that the inscription is, if not of a remote antiquity, certainly anterior to the Roman times.

Besides the excavations at Carthage and its immediate environs, Dr. Davis engaged in a very extensive exploration of the site of the ancient Utica. This part of his labours was somewhat diversified by a visit from the devoted Lady Franklin, who had just completed the organization of the last expedition in search for her gallant husband, and was then seeking in foreign travel a respite from the wearying anxiety and suspense of the interval of its absence. The site of ancient Utica has but little to distinguish it from the kindred localities of the Roman colony in Africa.

"Towards the north, we can trace the remains of the harbour of Utica, with the island (Cothon) in the centre, upon which are the ruins of what may have been the admiral's palace. These ruins are very massive, and look well when viewed from the plain, or from the Bizesta road. The harbour has, towards the land side, a semi-circular form, which appears to have been supplied with seats, and may have served for the recreation of the citizens, or as a convenient locality from whence they could view the embarkation of troops, or welcome the arrival of victorious generals.

"Higher up, we have the amphitheatre. It is excavated in the hill, and measures, on the summit, 320 feet in diameter. Its position was very favourable for the representation of naval fights; for the aqueduct is just above it, so that the water could easily be discharged into the harbour below. The cisterns are likewise near the amphitheatre, and their contents, in all probability, also contributed towards the *naumachia*. A double object was thus attained: the people were gratified by an attractive exhibition, and the public reservoirs were regularly cleansed. We discovered, between the amphitheatre and the harbour, a subterranean passage, upon which the Arabs look with great awe. They believe that it leads to the secreted treasure of 'the former inhabitants;' but they dare not venture to possess themselves of it, on account of its being guarded

by hostile spirits, and by a perpetually revolving gate, armed with sharp swords. This is, of course, the passage through which the waters from the theatre above were discharged into the harbour below.

"The aqueduct, judging from its remains, appears to have been a solid structure; but only very little of it is left, for it is soon lost in the hills which it perforates. It runs in a westerly direction, and, in all probability, conveyed the waters from the *Sisora lacus*, the modern lake of Bizesta, to Utica.

"The cisterns, into which the aqueduct discharged its waters, are in better preservation than those of Carthage. Six only are remaining, and these measure 135 feet in length, and about 20 feet in breadth. Their height we could not ascertain, on account of an accumulation of earth which has washed into them. They are all arched, and communicate with each other by arched openings.

"At a short distance from the cisterns, and to the westward of them, appears to have been the necropolis. I say *appears to have been*, and I do this advisedly, for the report of the Arabs is my sole authority for this statement, there being nothing above ground to justify such a conclusion. They say they have repeatedly discovered graves in digging for their *matmora* 'grain-pits;' and they likewise describe, what seem to be, urns and sepulchral lamps which they found in those graves."—p. 506-8.

The results of the Utican excavations were very much the same in their general character with those at Carthage. The only objects of importance found were mosaics. One of these, although imperfect, is very interesting.

"Our marines were not only active excavators, but they became greatly interested in the work itself—particularly so when they saw the fruit of their labour gradually develop itself. They came upon an elegant mosaic pavement, consisting of quadrangular panels, enclosed in, and interlaced by, a very elegant twisted border. The central ornament of each square was different. It was, however, very much damaged, so that we only selected a few of the panels for removal. The room measured twenty-seven feet by twenty-four. As the remaining portions of the wall were very low, we nearly overlooked the finest piece we discovered at Utica. On close inspection of this ruin, I decided on sinking a shaft, at a spot which I believed was beyond the wall. A few hours of careful digging brought to light another mosaic, placed upon a raised semicircular alcove, appertaining to the same chamber. It represents a water-scene, and contains eleven different sorts of animals, among which, I may mention, are the boar, the leopard, the ostrich, the stag, &c. Parallel with the curved sides is a net with floats. This is being hauled in by two men, in curiously-shaped canoes. From the projection of some stems and a tree from the water, it would

appear that the artist intended to represent an inundation, by which the animals were surprised, and of which the fishermen took advantage.

"It is extraordinary that we should have found at Utica two mosaics, and upon each a water-scene. To my own mind, this is an additional proof that this was anciently a maritime city."—p. 518.

Soon after this discovery, the exploring party was surprised by a visit from Prince Alfred of England, who, in the ship *Euryalus*, had arrived on the African coast. His visit was rendered memorable by another still more valuable discovery.

"The day after the departure of the *Euryalus*, I resumed my regular occupation. On approaching my workmen, Ali Kareema ran to meet me, and, grinning from ear to ear, exclaimed :—

" 'Master, come and see the good luck the son of your Queen has brought us.'"

"I found that our men had succeeded in clearing nearly half of the chamber at which they had been left working. The lower portion, a distinct panel, measuring twenty-eight feet wide, represented a hunting-scene.

" 'I can understand this,' said Ali Kareema, 'for here are horses, and men, and animals ; but the other one, which we discovered the first day the Prince came here, I certainly do not understand. Who has ever heard of women with wings, and with feet similar to those of the ostrich ? That animals, in olden times, could talk, I have always heard, and this every one of us believes ; I am, therefore, not surprised at what you say, that the fish are listening to the music : but women with wings and birds' claws ! This is wonderful indeed.'"

"The proverb says, 'The legs of the lame are not equal.' In a moral point of view, the force of it can nowhere find better, or more numerous, illustrations than in Moslem countries. The things these 'faithful' could understand were, to me, always far more incomprehensible than those which their dormant capacities could not perceive. But, in the present instance, the belief to which Kareema gave utterance finds its counterpart, in this enlightened age, in civilised Europe."

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"The subject of the mosaic just discovered is highly interesting. We have here the costume of Carthaginian huntsmen and the trappings of the horses ; the kind of animals which were found in the vicinity of the city, and the means employed to secure them in the chase, are all faithfully represented. This tableau, it would seem, is commemorative of an event recorded by Virgil. The reader will, no doubt, remember the poet's glowing description of the splendid hunt the Queen of Carthage prepared for her Trojan guests. Before

the arrival of the royal pageant, we are informed, the more sturdy sportsmen were already collected at the gate. Virgil's words are :—

“Oceanum interea surgens Aurora relinquit :
It portis jubare exorto delecta juvenus,
Retia rara, plagæ, lato venabula ferro,
Massylique ruunt equites, et odora canum vis.” *

Which lines Dryden has thus rendered :—

“The rosy morn was risen from the main,
And horns and hounds awake the princely train :
They issue early through the city gate,
Where the more wakeful huntsmen ready wait,
With nets, and toils, † and darts beside the force
Of Spartan dogs, and swift Massylian horse.” ‡

“The building to the left in this tableau appears to be a ‘gate,’ and, for aught we can tell, there may have been another chamber in this edifice, with representations of the more important personages who took part in this *chasse*.

“The costumes of the riders are certainly not Roman, but the mosaic itself is of a Roman date. The Phœnicians at the time Carthage was restored must have been so thoroughly Romanised, that it is not very probable that they would have retained the costume of a Punic age. The artist's aim must therefore have been to perpetuate what was either regarded as an historic fact, or what was viewed as a traditional myth. In either case, it must have been a popular subject both among Romans and Phœnicians ; and such works of art were well calculated not only to cause party prejudice to vanish, but they had a tendency to cement the union which then subsisted between the descendants of the two nations.

“This mosaic was found within the precincts of the Astarte district, and at a very short distance from the site of the temple of the famous goddess herself. Now, bearing in mind the fact, already stated, that chapels of female deities were found near her temple, I may not be far wrong in the conjecture that this mosaic appertained to the chapel of Diana. The chamber itself measured forty feet by twenty-eight. Other chambers have existed here, upon tracks of which we have come, whose remains, had they been perfect, might have proved this to a certainty, but our researches have only verified their previous destruction.”

* *Æn.* lib. iv. 130.

† *Plagæ*, rendered “toils,” is applicable to the lasso.

‡ Book iv. 182.

At this point of the work Dr. Davis had the mortification to receive an intimation from the Foreign Secretary, that it was not considered expedient for the present to pursue further the explorations in which he had been engaged. He was compelled, reluctantly, to acquiesce in the resolution, and, with many regrets, broke up his party and abandoned the work. He is not without hope, nevertheless, that it may be again resumed at no very distant period; and already his thoughts appear to turn towards a new region, that of the Pentapolis and the whole of the ancient Cyreniaca.

In reviewing the history of the Carthaginian excavations, the first impression, we fear, will be of disappointment at the slightness of the results. Nor is it unnatural that it should be so. A very false estimate was formed by the public of the nature of the work to be done; and a still more false estimate was suggested of the fruits to which it might be expected to lead. It was undertaken at a time when the world was ringing with the triumphs of Mr. Layard at Nineveh; and Punic scholars looked forward to nothing less signal in what they justly considered the equally virgin soil of the ancient Cathaginian cities. No wonder, therefore, that the public, comparing the few and unimpressing relics which have been recovered at Carthage with the vast and varied monuments of the Assyrian capital, should regard the former with a feeling of disappointment almost approaching to actual disregard. And yet this feeling could arise only from not adverting to the very different condition of the Carthaginian cities, and especially of Carthage itself, from that of the cities of Assyria. The latter perished, not by a sudden catastrophe, but by slow and almost unobserved decay. Like those delicate microscopic shells which naturalists tell us are found in the lowest beds of ocean, completely uninjured, notwithstanding their extreme tenuity, in the still and currentless depths in which they lie, these mysterious cities of the East have been preserved by that very stillness and deathlike solitude to which their slow decay must be mainly ascribed. They were forgotten rather than destroyed; they perished by inanition, rather than by violence. But the ruin of Carthage was a work of violence, and of violence the most blind and ruthless of which history can furnish an example. Its monuments were pursued by the bloody and vindictive con-

querors with a blindness of savagery which can hardly be realized in modern warfare. Its works of art were ruthlessly and wantonly spoiled—the smaller and more portable objects pillaged, the more permanent deliberately destroyed. Its buildings were consumed with fire, the pillars and marbles recklessly shattered, the walls levelled with the ground. In truth, the scene of that little harvest of the remains of Carthage which Dr. Davis has recovered, can only be said to commence when every vestige of the city had been made level with the surface. Not an arch; not a pillar; not a cornice or entablature; not a fresco or arabesque upon a wall;—hardly even a single tablet of the ancient city;—for the tablets with Punic inscriptions which he has recovered, have been found not in their ancient place, but in Roman structures to which, for some unknown reason, they had been transferred from the ruin into which they fell when dislodged from their original position. Had it not been that a portion of the story of the old city was written upon its pavement, every trace of the monuments of its religion, its usages, and even of its art, would have been lost hopelessly and for ever.

Painful, therefore, as may be the disappointment with which the catalogue of Dr. Davis's discoveries will be read, it must be confessed that this disappointment is an unreasonable one. His success has been fully equal to what could have fairly been reckoned upon. The wonder, indeed, might rather be that so much had escaped a destruction so complete, so systematical, and dating back from so remote a period. All the architectural remains of any notable extent are exclusively of the Roman or Byzantine period. The only vestiges of purely Carthaginian traces are found in the mosaics of the pavement, or the mural tablets already described.

On the whole, however, it must be confessed that the fruits which have accrued to our knowledge of ancient Carthage and of the extraordinary race which colonized it, is very inconsiderable, and that even those relics of Carthaginian art which are preserved, are not of a very instructive character. It will be seen from what has been said in the course of this paper, that they are almost exclusively confined to the figures and designs of the mosaics which have been disinterred in the several ruins that have been explored.

It is not here as in Herculaneum or Pompeii, or as in

the stupendous remains of Nineveh, or the sculptured temples and rocks of Egypt, or even as in the tombs and sepulchres of Etruria. No objects of art have been discovered; no domestic utensils; no books or papyri; no sculptured or painted groups of figures. Still less have we any of those wonderfully minute and detailed scenes and sketches of religious, public, or domestic life, which have made us in some sense as familiar with the every day life of Egypt, of Assyria, and even of ancient Etruria, as though we had had the opportunity of personal observation of the scenes there depicted. Neither will Dr. Davis's book do much to satisfy those who are interested in the contests about the topography of the ancient city. Some of the sites he has settled satisfactorily; but others remain, and we fancy, must still remain, in uncertainty. A brief reference to any of the earlier writers, or even a glance at the rival plans of Ritter and of Mannert, will satisfy every student that Dr. Davis's excavations have left most of the questionable points still unsettled.

But, in truth, this volume is not to be taken as the real measure of the work done by Dr. Davis. He has merely issued this as a popular exposition. The new materials for the student of Ancient Carthage must be waited for in the forthcoming publication which Dr. Davis is preparing under the auspices of the Trustees of the British Museum. To this work we shall look anxiously forward. To the students of Punic epigraphy especially, it will, we are sure, prove a most acceptable acquisition.

ART. VI.—*The Temporal Sovereignty of the Pope.* London: Dolman. Baltimore: Ottawa, 1860.

FUTURE historians will be sadly puzzled to unravel the meaning of the foreign policy of England in 1860—61. They will find at the head of affairs the greatest aristocrats in this country, consisting of Dukes, Earls, Viscounts, Lords, &c., all of such an exclusive class, so fearful of any mixture of ignoble blood, that scarcely a man

is allowed to enter the cabinet who is not noble by birth or closely allied to some noble family. Yet it will be found that this party, in their foreign policy, adopt the most revolutionary party in Europe, men who have trampled under foot all constituted authorities, all law, all order, all treaties, all principles of justice and of property.

It is true that a symptom of remorse and of common sense appeared to dawn on the secretary for foreign affairs in his despatch of 31st of August, wherein he condemns the aggressive policy of the King of Sardinia, hints that his conduct is dishonourable, and reminds him that his word is pledged to the treaties of Villafranca and Zurich. But this despatch was written at a moment when Victor Emanuel was in difficulties, when Count Cavour's intrigues were likely to fail, and, above all, when the Emperor of the French was likely to withdraw his minister from Turin, and abandon Victor Emanuel. On the 27th of October the aspect of affairs was quite changed, and another despatch was sent to Turin, approving of the conduct of the King of Sardinia and of the Italian revolutions. Let us examine, first of all, the grounds of this approval, and, second, the opinions of the leading states of Europe on these two questions.

In 1848 Pius IX. voluntarily, before any revolutionary symptoms displayed themselves in Italy, gave his subjects a free constitution, founded on the British model. He called to his aid Monsieur Rossi, a distinguished liberal, a layman, and made him prime minister. Great excitement followed. The greatest enthusiasm was displayed in favour of the Pope. The revolutionary party, who did not want reform, but revolution, a public anarchy, and the upsetting of all property, took advantage of the freedom granted by the Pope, to disseminate the most violent doctrines subversive of all law and order. They formed secret societies and public clubs under various names. By these means, and by public harangues, fêtes, and inflammatory writings, the humbler classes were wound up to a state of frenzy. The new Roman parliament was elected, and the prime minister, Rossi, mounting the steps of the senate house, was assassinated. This was the signal for the red republicans to raise their standard. They paraded the streets, overawed the authorities, threatened the fate of Rossi to all who did not join them. Timid men fled.

The more ardent joined the revolution, some, anxious to stem the torrent, some anxious to court distinction or popularity. But all were hurried on by the more violent, the real conspirators. A republic was proclaimed. Mazzini, Garibaldi, and others of that class, became the rulers at Rome.

During the first symptoms of Revolution in 1848, the Whigs sent a nobleman on a kind of roving commission to instigate and encourage insurrections in Italy, but particularly at Rome, which he made his head quarters. He notoriously patronised the lowest mob leaders, such as Cicerovacchio, a man without education, or station, or talent, a retailer of forage, and keeper of a wineshop. This man was the daily visitor at this nobleman's house, and he had his picture hung up in his reception room. He went to the revolutionary club, and to the office of the revolutionary newspaper. Rome was a weak state, that on principle never kept a larger army than was sufficient for the preservation of order under ordinary circumstances, but totally insufficient to master a revolution got up under clever and unprincipled leaders who were practised in the art of insurrection. Of course the revolution was successful, and was ultimately extinguished by French intervention. The insurrection was completely put down in Rome by the French, in Naples and Sicily by the Neapolitan army, in Florence by the good sense of the leading men there, and in Milan by the Austrian army, though the rebels were aided by the late King of Sardinia and his son, the present king. The leaders of the insurrection still kept up their secret societies, and made two or three abortive attempts to create rebellion, which signally failed.

It is unnecessary to remind the reader that whilst all these different revolutions were taking place in Italy, France had expelled her king, Austria, Prussia, all Germany, Hungary, and even a portion of this United Kingdom had broke out into revolution, and the infection had spread like an epidemic all over Europe. It is painful to think that the English government identified themselves with the Italian and Hungarian revolutions by their representatives, their consuls, their agents, in various capacities and on various occasions. Assassination was openly avowed as the principal means for changing the order of things and reforming the state. Nor was this an idle threat. The secret societies organized clubs for the purpose of pointing

out persons to be assassinated, and carried out their threats in various instances throughout Italy. Many men of the highest integrity, honour, and character, were murdered by these organised clubs. These were the men—this the party patronized by British statesmen in 1848—49.

Lord John Russell, in his despatch of the 27th of October, says, "The people of the Neapolitan and Roman States joined willingly in the subversion of these governments for two reasons. 'The first of these was, that the government of the Pope and the King of the two Sicilies provided so ill for the administration of justice, the protection of personal liberty, and the general welfare of the people, that their subjects looked forward to the overthrow of their ruler as a necessary preliminary to all improvement in their condition.' " These are very sweeping charges. But they are simply the charges brought forward by all demagogues in all countries under the sun, and frequently charged against British rule in Ireland, in Canada, in India. But how will Lord John Russell account for the fact that not one out of one hundred of the nobility, the bankers, the men of property, or of the learned professions, has joined in this revolution? Out of a very numerous nobility, amounting to some thousands, not twenty have joined the revolutionary party. With these undoubted facts before us, we must believe that the rank, the education, the wealth of the country are opposed to the revolution. As for the farce of universal suffrage, with the ballot-box in the sole custody of the revolutionary party, with their armed bands, disciplined and undisciplined, in complete possession of the public departments, a mob in possession of the towns, and a foreign army (commanded by the man to be chosen) in possession of the country, how could any dispassionate unprejudiced man believe that there is the slightest weight to be given to such a mockery of election?

We have stated that at Rome a most liberal constitution was granted to the people by the Pope, which the revolutionists upset. If good government was the object of the revolution, here was a glorious opportunity wickedly, wantonly destroyed. The same may be said of Naples, where precisely the same folly or wickedness was perpetrated. The members of the parliament were chosen—an oath of allegiance founded on the English oath—not a single objectionable phrase in it—was tendered to the members. A

portion of the members of the red republicans refused to be sworn. They left the assembly. They headed a mob, erected barricades, and were, after hard fighting and sacrifice of life, subdued. The leaders fled to Sicily, and there fermented a fresh insurrection. In the mean time the king called a new parliament. The oath was taken. But the same party adopted new tactics. They obstructed every measure by the most violent harangues and by endless divisions, to such an extent that all business was brought to a stand still, whilst an insurrection was going on in Sicily. The parliament was prorogued, and the constitution was virtually destroyed by the men loudest in demanding free institutions, but who proved themselves totally unqualified for the blessings of liberty. This disgusting use made of their newly acquired privileges deterred the governments of Italy from following up reforms and granting further liberties to their people. It must be allowed that this decision was natural, and the reasons stated in Lord John Russell's despatch, as justifying the revolution, fall to the ground. If these complaints had any solid foundation, the people had the power of reform in their own hands, which they abandoned, by choosing as their representatives, men totally unfitted for such a responsible position.

We shall not enter into a detailed refutation of the "two motives" laid down by Lord John Russell, in stating the case of the revolutionary party. We believe them to be gross exaggerations. But there is one of these motives so directly contrary to ascertained facts resting on the highest authority, the Count de Rayneval, who resided ten years in Italy, a long time at Rome as French ambassador, a man of the most impartial character, very pains-taking, and highly intelligent, that we think it right to give his testimony in his own words. His testimony is worth whole volumes by revolutionary partizans, by men who never, by chance, tell the truth, but exaggerate faults and misrepresent or suppress the truth. Count de Rayneval says: "From the very day that Pius IX. mounted the throne, he made continuous efforts to sweep away all legitimate cause of complaint against the public administration of affairs." "Already had civil and criminal law been the object of complete revision. Different codes of procedure, in civil and criminal cases, as well as a code relating to commerce, all founded on our own, enriched by lessons derived from

experience, had been promulgated. They are *above criticism*. The code des hypotheques has been examined by French juriconsults, and has been cited by them as a model document." "We must do him the justice to allow, that despite the unfortunate termination of his attempt at reform, he, the Pope, never abandoned his projects of amelioration, and has been unceasingly occupied with endeavours to put them in practice. On his return from Gaeta, Pope Pius IX. proclaimed the principle of the right of admission of the laity to all offices save one." Count de Rayneval goes on to enumerate a great number of salutary reforms introduced by the Pope, and says, justly, "Abroad, these essential changes introduced into the older order of things, remain unnoticed. People have had ears only for the declamations of the discontented, and the calumnies of the Belgian and Piedmontese press."

He continues—"All the measures taken by the Pontifical government have the mark of wisdom, reason, and progress. There is not a single detail of interest to the well being, either moral or material, of the population which has escaped the attention of the government, or which has not been treated in a favourable manner." "The imperfections of the judiciary system have often been cited. I have examined the system and have found it impossible to discover any serious cause of complaint. Most of the important civil cases are decided in the tribunal of the Rota. Now, despite the habitual license of Italian criticism, no one has dared to express a doubt of the profound knowledge and exalted integrity of the tribunal of the Rota." "Civil law is well administered; I do not know of a single instance, the justice of which would not be acknowledged by the best tribunal in Europe." "Criminal justice is administered in a manner equally unassailable. I have watched some trials throughout their whole details. I was obliged to confess that all necessary precautions for the verification of facts, all possible guarantees for the defence of the accused, including the publication of the proceedings, were taken." "If agitation be still kept up the cause will be found in the character of the nation itself, and its ambitious views directed to unattainable objects." Such are the facts and opinions of one of the most eminent diplomatists of his day, a man who saw with his own eyes, and enquired on the spot into the matters he treated on.

What increases the value of this important state paper is that it was written confidentially to the French government by their ambassador at the court of Rome. It obtained publicity only by an English newspaper having clandestinely procured a copy from the archives of the foreign office in Paris. We think these few extracts completely refute the mere assertion of the English foreign secretary of state. We think that the authority of the Count de Rayneval, an unbiassed witness, is of far greater weight than the popularity-hunting opinion of Lord John Russell.

Now let us take a hasty glance at the opinions entertained by the different states of Europe on the conduct of the King of Sardinia on his entering with a hostile army through states of neighbouring sovereigns with whom he was at peace, attacking their forces, besieging their towns, upsetting the lawful authorities, and joining the insurrectionary bands of different nations gathered there to promote revolution.

The Emperor of the French withdrew his minister from Turin, and the *Constitutionnel*, the semi-official organ of the Foreign Office in Paris, says, on the 12th of October,

“The Piedmontese invasion has quite a different character ; it constitutes a direct interference of a regular state with an independent one. It is consequently an attack against the sovereignty of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies by the King of Sardinia. And, as if everything must be strange and abnormal in this state of things, the Piedmontese invasion takes place without any declaration of war, and even when the representative of the King of Naples was still at Turin. But the conduct of Piedmont is not only in opposition to the law of nations, it is moreover in contradiction with all the principles which she has herself invoked, and which she now sets at nought. In fact, when the Roman Government appeared to have an idea to appeal to Neapolitan intervention to protect it against the menaces of revolution, the Cabinet of Turin did not hesitate to declare that it should consider the entrance of the army of the King of Naples into the States of the Church as a violation of the neutrality. Very recently the Piedmontese Government disputed the right of the Pope to organise a force for himself composed of foreign elements, and it is because the Sovereign Pontiff refused to obey a call made on him to disband that force that his states were invaded. By what strange inconsistency does Piedmont, who in so threatening a manner called for the observance of the principles of neutrality on the part of governments who were anxious to protect themselves, now so daringly violate that principle against the same governments, in order to dispossess them.

"There is more still; when Count Cavour sought to justify in his *memorandum* the invasion of the states of the Church he distinctly declared that Piedmont wished to prevent a revolutionary outbreak there, and that serious step on her part was a sort of military *coup d'état* directed principally against the influence of Garibaldi.

"Is Piedmont, then, now, by intervening in the Neapolitan States, going to combat Garibaldi? Evidently not; she is going to aid him. It is not at Naples, but at Gaeta, that the efforts of the Piedmontese army will be tried.

"In whatever point of view we place the question it is impossible not to deplore the conduct of Piedmont. The invasion of the Papal and of the Neapolitan States creates for her a degree of responsibility which it is impossible to extenuate; the act characterises itself. We have neither to exaggerate or to lessen it, we have only to point it out. Piedmont is responsible before Europe for the initiative which it has just taken. Europe constitutes a jurisdiction which naturally takes into consideration such great perturbations as those of which Italy is now the scene. We think that it is to her, and to her alone, that it belongs to redress this despised right, and to call to order those governments who depart from respect of the laws which are obligatory on all states, because they are founded on justice, civilisation, and the interests of nations."

The Russian Government has expressed its opinion in the following terms, addressed to its minister at Turin.

"St. Petersburg, Sept. 28 (Oct. 10).

"Mon Prince,—Since the preliminaries of Villafranca put an end to the war in Italy, a series of acts contrary to right have been accomplished in the Peninsula, and created there the abominable situation of which we now see the extreme consequences developing themselves. The imperial government, from the commencement of this situation, considered it a duty to call the attention of the Sardinian Government to the responsibility which it would take upon itself if it gave in to the dangerous impulses (*dangereux entraînemens*). We directed our friendly representations to it at the time when the revolution of Sicily began to receive from Piedmont that moral and material support from which alone that movement could have taken the proportions it attained. In our estimation the question exceeded the sphere of local complications. It directly touched upon the principles admitted as a rule of international relations, and had a tendency to shake the very basis upon which rests the authority of established governments. We accepted with deep regret the motives alleged by Count Cavour, which did not allow him to oppose more efficient obstacles to these intrigues (*menees*), and we took note of his disavowal of them. By this its attitude the imperial government feels convinced that it gave the Court of Turin a sincere pledge of its desire to keep up good relations with the said

court—but it also thinks it has given sufficient hints of the resolutions which would be forced upon his majesty the emperor on the day in which the Sardinian Government could allow itself to be influenced by those impulses which the feeling of its international duties had till then induced it to repudiate. I regret to say that these resolutions could now no longer be adjourned. The Sardinian Government directed its troops, in the midst of a profound peace, without any declaration of war, without any provocation, to cross the frontiers of the Roman States—it openly came to an understanding (a bargain or compact—*il a pacifié*) with the revolution established at Naples—it has sanctioned its acts by the presence of Piedmontese troops, and that of high Sardinian functionaries who were placed at the head of the insurgent forces without ceasing to be in the service of King Victor Emanuel. Finally, it has just crowned this series of violations of right by announcing, in the face of Europe, its intention to accept the annexation to the kingdom of Piedmont of territories belonging to sovereigns who are yet in their own states, and who there defend their authority against the violent attacks of the revolution. By these acts the Sardinian Government no longer allows us to consider it as a stranger to the movement which has upset the Peninsula. It takes upon itself all their responsibility, and puts itself into flagrant contradiction with the right of nations. The necessity it alleges of combating anarchy could not justify it, since it only throws itself on the path of the revolution to gather its heritage, not to arrest its progress and repair its iniquities. Pretexts of this nature are not admissible. This is no question merely of Italian interests but of a general interest common to all governments. It is a question of those eternal laws without which no social order, no peace, no security could exist in Europe. His Majesty the Emperor deems it impossible that his legation should any longer reside where it may have to witness acts which his conscience and convictions reprove. His Imperial Majesty is compelled to put an end to the functions which you fulfil at the court of Sardinia. It is the will of our august master, consequently, that upon seeing these instructions you should ask for your passports, and instantly quit Turin, with all the *personnel* of the legation.

“You will inform Count Cavour of the motives of this supreme decision, and read to him the present dispatch, leaving with him a copy of it.

“Receive, mon Prince, &c.,

“GORTSCHAKOFF.”

“M. le Prince Gagarin, &c.”

The Austrian Government has manifested in the most unmistakeable terms its opinion of the violation of all international law and treaties by the King of Sardinia.

The Protestant State of Prussia has, in like manner, protested against the violation of the Pope's territory and

the kingdom of Naples, in a long despatch, from which we take the following :—

“October 13, 1860.

“And far from stopping in the course it is pursuing in contempt of international right, the Sardinian Government has just given orders to its army to cross the frontiers of the kingdom of Naples at different points, with the avowed object of going to the assistance of the insurrection and to effect a military occupation of the country.

“It is in this way that the Sardinian Government while invoking the principle of non-intervention in favour of Italy, does not abstain from the most flagrant infraction of the same principle in its relations with the rest of the Italian provinces.

“We believe that we are strictly performing our duty in expressing in the most explicit and formal manner our disapprobation both of these principles and the application of them.”

Spain has withdrawn her minister from Turin, protesting against the conduct of the King of Sardinia. Thus we see that many leading states of Europe, France, Russia, Austria, Prussia, and Spain have protested and denounced the flagrant intervention of the open invasion of states without any *casus belli*. In the most barbarous ages no such open violation of all law and order was ever heard of. It far surpasses in all its details and antecedents the unlawful invasion of William the Third, alluded to by Lord John Russell. It is in vain that Lord John shelters himself under the supposed case of Vattel. In the first place, he adroitly evades the question of “good reasons” stated by Vattel. Every man who enters into a rebellion believes that he has “good reasons.” Lord John Russell leaves the decision to the people who take up arms. This is clearly not Vattel’s meaning. Otherwise, the Indian rebellion, the Canadian rebellion, the Ionian rebellion, the Irish rebellion, might all be justified in the same manner, and their leaders or emissaries might on the same grounds claim the support of foreign states. There is not one state in Europe or in the civilised world which agrees with the English minister in his interpretation of Vattel. Nor is Vattel’s opinion the law of Europe or the civilised world. Even the *Times*, the supporter of Italian revolution, says, on November 9th :

“He (Victor Emanuel) who had disregarded so many rights, who had evaded international law and thrown to the winds international courtesy, who had bearded an Emperor and a Pope, who had ma-

nœuvred brother sovereigns out of their thrones, who is banded with revolutionists, and is at this moment virtually excommunicated, need hardly be deterred from calling himself King because his dis-crowned rival is still on Italian soil."

The fact is, England has isolated herself from every state in Europe, even from Prussia. France has succeeded in the policy of isolating us. We have long been estranged from Russia. We have made Austria a deadly enemy only waiting to be revenged on us for our conduct in Italy. She was for more than seventy years our most steadfast ally. By our foreign policy in 1860 we have destroyed that alliance. Prussia is alarmed at our revolutionary patronage, at the doctrines laid down by our minister. She sees clearly that no throne in Europe is safe if such doctrines are to be adopted. She is driven by our policy into the arms of Russia and Austria. Spain follows the impulse given by France. Our policy towards her has thrown her into the hands of France. At this moment Spain is as completely French as Nice or Savoy.

Now let us examine briefly how the King of Sardinia has conducted this invasion of neighbouring states—this covetous appropriation of his neighbour's goods. On entering the Papal States the first act of his general, Cialdini, was to issue a most blood-thirsty order, exciting his soldiers to give no quarter to the Papal army. He knew full well that in every encounter his forces more than trebled those opposed to him, yet his orders were to slaughter every man. The next piece of atrocity that he committed was to bombard Ancona for twelve hours, after all firing ceased from the town, and at a time when he knew that conditions of surrender were under discussion between the Sardinian admiral and the besieged. On entering the Neapolitan territory he issued another order to shoot all persons found with arms in their hands defending their lawful sovereign. Three such outrageous acts are unparalleled in modern warfare. They will hand down the name of Victor Emanuel to posterity as the cruellest of monsters. In perfect keeping with this cruelty is the treatment of the Irish prisoners at Genoa, given on official authority, which we subjoin with the names and dates :—

" Mr. Coatandon, a staff officer in his Holiness's service, has just returned from a special mission to Genoa. He had been specially

sent by his Holiness with means to relieve the more pressing wants of the prisoners of the Catholic army. We have seen the report of this officer in which he says that he found the poor prisoners in a condition which baffles description. The very pigs might be proud of their position compared with the loathsomeness of the prisons where the poor prisoners were huddled together. [*Les animaux les plus immondes ont droit de s'enorgueillir de leur condition auprès de celle qui a été faite aux malheureux prisonniers.*]

"The saddest part of the story of these poor fellows is that every obstacle was put in the way of the parties who came on purpose to relieve them. The stock of shoes, shirts, and other clothing of which they stood so much in need, and which had been sent by his Holiness, were brutally refused to be delivered to them. [*Les souliers, les chemises et d'autres effets d'habillements que le Pape leur envoyait ont été brutalement refusés.*'] It was after considerable difficulty and delay that the Papal officer was able to transmit a small sum of money to each of the prisoners. The report says that they got merely food enough to keep life in them, that they were packed together like beasts, and that their beds were made of straw, half rotten, and of course full of vermin. It specially mentions the Irish as being the worst off, owing to the course of conduct pursued towards them by the English Government. '*L'Angleterre les repoussait et il en résulte qu'ils étaient plus misérables que les autres.*' The Irish will have as good memories as the French!"

Let Mr. Edwin James, Mr. Gladstone, and Lord Llanover read this account of the treatment of prisoners of war by their model government by the "*re galantuomo*," and let them add this information to their account of Italian prisons. The truth is the prisons in Sardinia are quite as bad as any in Europe, quite as bad as our own prisons fifty years ago, until Mrs. Fry and others forced on the Government their amelioration.

Having touched on the Irish Brigade, we think it but justice to these brave men whom a portion of the press foully maligned, to give the following testimony to their bravery:—

"6th October, 1860.

"At the moment in which, in consequence of the present sad state of affairs, the brave soldiers of the Battalion of St. Patrick, who had hastened hither for the defence of the States of Holy Church, are about to leave the Pontifical army, the undersigned Minister of Arms experiences the liveliest satisfaction in being able to express to those soldiers his entire satisfaction, and to bestow on them the highest praise for their conduct.

"Nothing more could be expected from them. The Battalion of St. Patrick, at Spoleto, at Perugia, at Castelfidardo, and in Ancona,

has shown the power of Faith united to the sentiment of honour, in the treacherous and unequal contest, in which a small number of brave soldiers resisted, to the last, an entire army of sacrilegious invaders.

“May this recollection never perish from their hearts. God, who defends His Church, will bless what they have done.

“It is not Irishmen who required to be reminded that we must suffer and persevere in the good fight.

“Minister of Arms,

“SAVIER DE MERODE.”

We have taken a rapid glance at the foreign policy of the British Government. We have seen France aggrandised by it, England isolated, and at daggers drawn with her oldest ally. Let us ask a discerning public, to encounter what country in Europe is it that France prepares her enormous naval armaments? Austria, Prussia, Spain, Sardinia have no naval force worth a moment's consideration. Russia's navy is far inferior to that of France. Whom then does France threaten? Whom but England? Who has provoked the arming of that magnificent force, our Volunteers? France, and France alone. Is it wise, then, left as we are, without one steadfast friend amongst the nations of Europe, to cause divisions and animosities amongst ourselves at home by our foreign policy? We would ask a British minister, Do you not see that the language used by your Government in and out of Parliament, the acts of your foreign minister and his agents, and the insulting tone of your Government semi-official organs; all unite in alienating the large Catholic body in these kingdoms from the Government of the day? Does it become statesmen to follow this course? You preach peace and conciliation towards their subjects to foreign princes. You were very profuse of your advice to Naples, to Austria, &c. You see the mote in your neighbour's eye. Remove the beam in your own. *Mutatis mutandis* adopt the advice you gave to Austria and Naples. Forget your ultra-Protestantism; and recollect that in this kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland there are many millions of your fellow subjects who conscientiously differ from you on points of religion. Do not add to your external weakness internal division by your foreign policy or otherwise. Conceal it from yourselves as you will, at the bottom of this excessive zeal for Italian liberty (as it is termed) there lurks a strong desire to upset the Pope and Catholicity. This wish you may be

well assured is mixed up with all this love of liberty. You labour under a great delusion in supposing that the Catholic religion is unfavourable to liberty. Belgium, the most Catholic country in Europe, is also the freest. Count de Montalembert's valuable work has settled that question. In his more recent letter to Count Cavour, he concludes with these words: "You can annex to Piedmont kingdoms and empires, but I defy you to rally to your acts the conscience of one honest man. The happy and necessary accord of religion with liberty will have its time; but if that hour be alas delayed long, it will be your fault and your eternal dishonour." As for upsetting the religion of two hundred millions of Christians by your Italian policy the idea is too absurd for serious argument. Supposing the Pope to-morrow a mere tool in the hands of France, or a subject of the Queen of Spain, is there one dispassionate, sensible man in Europe that thinks England would be benefited by the change, or the Catholic religion lose one single member? Not one.

Now let us examine what we have gained. We have increased as far as in us lay the power of Sardinia. But Sardinia is the humble slave of France. With twenty thousand men at Rome, and one hundred thousand men ready to be poured in on Genoa and Turin, the passes of the Alps open to her, and a magnificent fleet in the Mediterranean, Sardinia must be her humble servant. The truth is, that by aggrandizing Sardinia, we have greatly augmented the power of France. The policy that dictated our diplomatic conduct in Italy was the most monstrous mistake ever made by a statesman. We have thrown the whole south of Europe into the power of France. She is now mistress of the Mediterranean. Her old ambition is gratified by making that sea a "French lake." France has Italy under her heel. Spain is her humble servant by our blundering and offensive conduct to the Spanish Government in connection with the Morocco war, and other minor matters. We have been outwitted by French intrigue and French diplomacy at every court in Europe. We have not one friend to depend on, not one ally. Even our French treaty has been a gross failure. That great boon "cheap wine," has been a delusion and a snare. Our Coventry manufactures are ruined. Even Mr. Ellice, the old consistent supporter of the Whigs, condemns the treaty, and adds, "I know no means and see no way by which I

can bring either reason or influence to bear on Mr. Gladstone." The French have managed to get our coals without any equivalent, whilst heavy duties almost amounting to prohibitions, are levied on our manufactures.

Now let us for one moment apply Lord John Russell's argument. The People of Naples (Delhi?) have chosen a king by universal suffrage. They vote the expulsion of Bourbons and Austrians (English?). Thus in the words of Lord John Russell,—“Upon this grave matter, her majesty's government hold that the people in question (of Delhi) are themselves the best judges of their own affairs. Her majesty's government do not feel justified in declaring that the people of southern Italy (Delhi) had not good reasons for throwing off their former (British) government.” The parallel is perfect. Is the British government to hold two separate sets of principles, one for India and another for Italy? If the argument is sound for Italy it is equally sound for India. But it is not sound in either case. It goes to the root of all government. It would upset all institutions. It would produce anarchy all over the world. The main object of the argument is not to promote liberty in Italy. It is to create a miserable, contemptible, temporary popularity for the party in office. At the present moment, the press of this country, aided by the ministers of the day, and instigated by a fanatical anti-Catholic party in this kingdom, have raised an ignorant cry in favour of revolution; and the foreign minister, according to his invariable policy, wishes to take advantage of that cry to court popularity. His Reform Bill was a failure. The French treaty was worse than a failure. The Budget was a failure. But, above all, his foreign policy was a miserable failure; and now he wishes to make capital out of the popular ephemeral cry of the moment—Garibaldi and Victor Emanuel. How melancholy to think, that the destinies of a great nation are to be committed to such hands! This is the same policy, or rather the same low cunning that dictated the “Durham Letter,” the celebrated “Edinburgh Letter” on the Corn Laws, and the base desertion of his party on the Sebastopol enquiry.

By our Italian policy we have exchanged Austrian influence in Italy for French influence. We have weakened an old ally. We have strengthened the power and influence of a man already too powerful, a man mistrusted by all, a man, who, with peace on his lips, has already been a prin-

cial in two most sanguinary wars within seven years. We have irritated and injured Austria, whose power and position in Europe were the chief barriers to the dangerous ambition of Louis Napoleon. In fine, we have made an enemy. We have not gained a friend.

Now let us for a moment examine one short extract from Lord John Russell's despatch, dated August 31, 1860.

"For they (the English government) conceived that in substance that note (Count Cavour's Note) disavowed any intention of attacking the domains of the Emperor of Austria or the king of Naples." But the king of Sardinia has attacked the domains of the king of Naples. Then it is quite clear that the "substance" of the note has been violated. How will honest plain spoken Englishmen, or future historians, reconcile this violation of a solemn pledge, by a king, given through his prime minister, with the no less solemn approval of Lord John Russell, given in these words, (dispatch. October 27,)—"Her majesty's government cannot therefore blame the king of Sardinia for assisting them," (the revolutionary party) by violating the territory of the king of Naples, at the head of his army. In other words, Lord John Russell can see no reason for blaming the king of Sardinia, for forfeiting his honour or breaking his pledged word!!! This is a new *principle* in diplomacy. Whether this principle is more disgraceful to Victor Emanuel, to Count Cavour, or the British minister, who approves of it, we cannot but leave to the judgment of civilized Europe. But is this all? No, most certainly not. Victor Emanuel has invaded the territories of two neighbouring states, to assist rebels against their lawful sovereigns, without having any cause of quarrel with either of these princes, and contrary to all law recognized by the whole civilized world. Yet Lord John Russell approves this piracy. Victor Emanuel has taken forcible possession of the property of several bishoprics in Italy—has banished and imprisoned archbishops and bishops—has taken possession by force and violence of the property of numerous ecclesiastical bodies, and banished or turned out penniless large numbers of religious men who never interfered in politics. Yet Lord John Russell approves. Victor Emanuel has lent his sanction to the infamous act of spoliation committed by Garibaldi, in taking the private property of several members of the Bourbon royal family,

vested in the public funds of Naples. Thus are violated two principles recognized in all civilized states, first, the principle of the inviolability of private property, and, secondly, the sacred character of all property vested in the public securities of the nation. Yet Lord John Russell gives his unqualified approbation. Broken promises, pledged honour violated, the international law of Europe trampled under-foot, public property taken forcible possession of—private property plundered, appropriated, and confiscated—all, all approved of. All done in the name of liberty!! Religion, too, is appealed to in Victor Emanuel's proclamation, and he openly proclaims himself a Catholic! Base hypocrisy! There is not one leader of the revolutionary party that is not an infidel, an open avowed infidel. They are the same men in principle, in acts, in conduct, in private and in public life, who led and guided the numerous revolutions that desolated France for the last seventy years, that broke out at various periods in Belgium Austria, Spain, Prussia, &c., &c. Revolutions such as were instigated by Paine, Voltaire, Rousseau;—revolutions founded on infidelity and guided by men whose only talent was destruction, who quickly pulled down but were totally incapable of building up any solid fabric on the ruins they had created. The wild anarchy that desolated Europe with the blood of her most virtuous citizens, and led ultimately to a despotism in France, far more galling than any former grievance complained of, should be a warning to all sober men against embarking on such troubled waters. All history tells us that Italy is now only in the beginning of her troubles, and that no man can foresee where these troubles may cease, or whether they may not end in a new master whose tyranny and despotism will make her rue the loss of her former sovereigns.

He must be a very short-sighted man that does not see the certainty of the further progress of revolutions. It is in the very nature of revolution to progress, to advance. It is like a fire—it may smoulder for a time—but it is sure to break out again particularly when such fuel is thrown on the ashes as is daily added by the English press and the red republican portion of the foreign press. Any doubt which might remain on men's minds has been cleared away by the conduct of Garibaldi;—by his threatened campaign in March, and his rifled cannon at Liege. The organ of the red republican party in Paris has openly

declared that the Italian revolution is only the first step. There can be no doubt that this revolution will spread like former revolutions; that Austria, the Rhine, Hungary, Poland, Russia, France, and perhaps not last, the British isles will be infected. England has helped to pull down the oldest sovereignty in Europe—a sovereignty the least warlike, the most inoffensive, confirmed by various treaties, and existing for ages. It is a dangerous example to all the hot-headed theorists of Europe. We have had our chartists, our united Irishmen, our demagogues, both in and out of Parliament. There is no solid reason that we may not have them again. Does not the dispatch of 27th October hold out every inducement, and the highest English authority to all traitors to raise the standard of revolt against their Queen and country, should we again fall on days of like distress and difficulty?

To conclude; the foreign policy of the present minister has alienated Austria, has alarmed Prussia, has met with the most emphatic disapproval and condemnation of Russia, has thrown Spain into the arms of France, has added power to Sardinia, though she is the slave of France, has very materially increased the power of France, by increasing her influence in Italy—by throwing Spain into her arms—by permitting her to acquire Nice and Savoy and the passes of the Alps, and by giving her the complete command over Switzerland; has left us without one single steadfast ally, and has given great cause of offence and annoyance to a large portion of the British nation. It would be difficult to point out one practical good that has resulted from such unaccountable ignorance of the true interests of this great nation. We have placed at the head of this article a pamphlet which has just reached us from the other side of the Atlantic, and which in the very cheapest form, and from the pen of a well known Catholic priest, contains a summary of Italian affairs drawn out with admirable precision, and supported by a most valuable appendix of documents, which we most strongly recommend to our readers.

ART. VII.—*Les Moines D'Occident Depuis Saint Benoit Jusqu' à Saint Bernard*, Par de Comte De Montalembert L'un Des Quarante De L'Académie Française. Paris, Lecoffre et Cie, 1860.

THERE are many things in history, which give colour to a common theory, that history is in some sense an exact science, or that under given circumstances events will recur. If this were universally, or even generally true, it might be possible to calculate the appearance of a Napoleon or of a Cromwell with almost the same certainty as the return of a comet. It will always be true to say that ambition will aspire, that schemers will intrigue, and that dishonesty will not be nice; but the induction is too small, for the foundation of a very exact science. Perhaps it may be safely assumed, that in the absence of disturbing influences, a community, civilized or uncivilized, will either remain pretty stationary, or move on pretty uniformly; and it will be extremely safe to say, that disturbing influences, whenever they come, will unsettle a community, and perhaps drive it from its course. But in order to calculate those influences, or the conditions which generate them, we are unfortunately compelled to take into account the influences which affect the men by whom they are recorded; and those influences are often consistent with the most entire good faith on the part of the historian. To any one who is candid enough to admit it to himself, the most surprising thing in connexion with his historical information, whether taken from original sources or at second hand, is its smallness. He cannot look at a bookseller's list, or turn over a page of the *Athenæum*, without noticing whole regions of history, which not only he had never explored, but had never thought of exploring. Here lies a popular idol mutilated and dismounted, there stands a condemned character reinstated and admired. Here busy hands are clearing away rubbish, and there hands no less busy and skilful build fancy structures from the same material. One labourer struggles to unpack and disengage a portion of history from cramps and restraints, while another, with equal industry, and more ingenuity, has fitted his particular portion into a mould of his own contrivance. And yet, uninformed, or misinformed, as men are, with a knowledge of but half the facts, and

often without the explanation that will change that same, shut out from the light of circumstances, or darkened by their own prejudices, men will be found to insist upon reducing history to the limits of an exact science, and upon dealing with their fellow men as algebraical expressions, that can be parcelled off into formulæ, out of which it is the easiest matter in the world to construct a theory.

The more experienced philosophical historian would undertake to build up a whole epoch from one fragment of a fact, with as much certainty as Cuvier might construct a Mastodon from a single tooth. Hence it is that a place in history has been assigned to the Papacy or to the monastic orders, by philosophical historians, who rough hew or trim those institutions according to the requirements of the place. The Papacy is set down as an institution of the dark ages, one of the properties which could not be omitted with any regard to stage effect, and without which the dark ages would not, in fact, be dark. Its functions, propriety, fitness, and reason of existence, were all in those ages. In its useful aspect it was good for laying a heavy hand upon wild barons and kings, and for swearing roundly at them when they dealt altogether too hardly with their subjects. It also concerned itself more or less with keeping the family of Christian nations together, and giving them a rough sort of education until they were ready to break up and shift for themselves. The monks, too, and more especially the western monks, were an essential part of the dark ages, and a principal reason of their darkness. But then, they also were good for something, as fair-minded inquirers should admit, just as the scavenger beetle and the red ant, although unsightly and hurtful, have their good qualities in certain conditions of climate and sewerage. The monks, with a view, no doubt, of keeping the light in, had a mania for book collecting, and for copying books. Hence the possibility of dispersing the books and of diffusing knowledge later. They also, with an enlightened view to their own comfort, took advantage of the then newest discoveries in agriculture, and farmed upon a most extensive scale. Hence the clearing of forest and reclaiming of moor-land at a time when capital was scarce and labour not organized. No one thinks it worth while to deny this to the monks. Some will even go the length of granting, that the monasteries drew to themselves not a few uneasy spirits who

otherwise might have been troublesome to the republic. Their charities, although they shock the first principles of social economy, are allowed to have averted bread riots, and it is not disputed that the monks were the first relieving officers, and did their business without pay. That was, to be sure, uncommonly simple upon their part, and quite enough of itself to earn for the Middle Ages the character of dark. But the monasteries were something more. They might well stand, more especially in England, as hospitals for incurables afflicted with the spleen. Baulked in ambition, crossed in love, stung by pique, or broken-hearted from bereavement, men had a choice between suicide and the convent, which is not open to all men now. This is the popular notion of the office of monasteries in the Middle Ages; and the notion is equally popular that they have no business whatever in the present age. M. de Montalembert has written a book to set people right upon these matters, or to give them an opportunity of setting themselves right if they think it worth while to read the book; and he does himself the injustice to assume that his readers will be few. The subject has not many attractions for what is called the public; and no grace of style or praise of learning would make it circulate very far as coming from the hand of a religious writer merely. The present business of the world is to slander the monks, and it will not read any vindication of them, as a vindication. There is a time for all things, and even Marquis Pepoli will be happy to hear anything that can be urged on behalf of monks after he shall have dissolved their monasteries and sold their lands. But the author's name, in this instance, will frank his book to many a circle which it could not have reached with another introduction; and it will be read, not for the sake of the apology which it embodies, but for the sake of something else which it contains, by no means in the nature of an apology. M. de Montalembert is the only French politician of the constitutional period whose voice is heard in France or in Europe; and, for the simple reason, that he is the only one of them who continues to speak out. The orators and party leaders of the parliamentary epoch do literally favour him with their tongues, by the total inaction of that organ; and his voice, which was never thin nor indistinct amid a tumult of voices, is all the better heard for universal silence. M. Thiers writes history without

offence, M. Guizot attends meetings of the French Bible Society, or exchanges compliments with new members of the French Academy, M. Odillon Barrot does nothing in particular, and M. Dupin's own tongue is as mute as that of his once lively presidential bell. Lamartine is probably engaged in a continuation of the *Paradise Lost*, or a supplement to the *Divina Commedia*, as he once attempted a continuation of *Childe Harold*, but he never so much as hints at politics; Victor Hugo, we may take it, is secreting venom somewhere, but in quietness; while Ledru Rollin is so intent upon the study of England's decline, that he altogether forgets the politics of France. Not so, De Montalembert. He cannot choose but write politics, upon whatever subject comes to hand; and it is doubtful whether he could restrain himself from lashing the imperial government in the course of a treatise on the differential calculus. The *History of the Western Monks* would appear, at first sight, as innocent a subject as any which the Emperor himself could suggest to amuse the leisure of a dangerous writer; but, for the most stringent criticism upon French imperialism that has yet appeared, see the *History of the Monks of the West*, by M. de Montalembert, *passim*.

Let it not be supposed, however, that the remarks of the Author, upon this matter, do not hang on to the general subject, or rather do not grow out of it in the most natural way. It would be impossible to introduce the history of the Monks of the West, in any degree fairly, without a sketch of the period to which their origin is referred, and through which the youth and infancy of their institution lasted. The period in question, that, namely, of the decline of the Roman Empire from the persecution of Decius pretty nearly, to its final break up by the barbarians, embraces the entire line of Christian Emperors. It is a familiar truth that, although the emperors became Christians, although the Church became endowed and powerful, although even before persecution ceased, Christianity had filled the empire, and afterwards grew to be what is called the dominant religion, the empire in spirit, in feeling, in habits of thought and of life, was as completely pagan as at any period of its existence. The Empire was fast declining before the conversion of Constantine, and thenceforward its dissolution was quickened by the event which should have stayed it. It would be a simple untruth to charge upon the paganism of the Empire the

whole blame of its decline. Paganism had within it, to be sure, the germs of corruption, quick and active ; but the Roman State had grown and thriven, notwithstanding its paganism, up to a certain period, until it embraced the world ; when at length another agent of dissolution, more powerful than the former, and a kind of idolatry more corrupting than the worship of false gods, came in aid of the old paganism to hasten the destruction of the Empire. More stupid than the worship of stones, less rational than the worship of demons or fetishes, not less degrading than the worship of cats, ibises, or monkeys, and far less elevated than the worship of a dead hero, is the worship of a living Cæsar ; the last and lowest species of idolatry into which the Romans sank, and of which French Imperialism is as close a copy as the circumstances of the world will allow.

Imperialism was not many years old when the second pagan Cæsar conceived that plan of changing the seat of Empire to the East, which was carried out by the first Christian Cæsar, and is admitted to have been the most fatal step that could have been taken by any of the lunatics who wielded irresponsible power in Rome. Public spirit, however, had not been sufficiently humbled throughout the Empire to make it possible for Augustus Cæsar to carry his project into effect. It required more than one century of Imperialism to destroy all power of resistance, and to extinguish all opinion in the world. Rome had not had her complete course of senatorial slavishness, and prætorian insolence : she had not been sufficiently amused by fêtes, or debauched by largesses. Her recollections of constitutional right, were too clear, and she was herself too fresh from public life to admit, without challenge, the exercise of that imperial omnipotence which she was forward enough to venerate with incense and a salt cake. She still retained those infirmities of temper which are common in free states, and which did not yield to the imperial treatment, scientific as it was, for three centuries. It was in the fourth century that Constantine found it safe to remove his government from Rome, and to hasten, by some hundreds of years, the fall of the Empire. Constantine, the only freeman in the Roman State, was free to do what he thought fit with Rome. Her liberties were a remote tradition ; the constitutional forms which had been retained to humour her republican fancies, by the first

Cæsar, awakened no recollection, and had no meaning. Had there been a "Moniteur" in Rome, it would have recorded the extinction of the "old factions," and congratulated the Republic upon the absence of party spirit, while notifying to the dutiful Romans, no longer astonished at anything, that their city was to be degraded from the supremacy of the world. With a people so tractable, Constantine did not make any sacrifice of power when he gave up the incense and apotheosis enjoyed by his predecessors. Indeed the Christians might be said to have improved upon the servility of the pagans, and to have admitted to the full the pagan theory, not only of the Emperor's omnipotence, but of his piety, clemency, and sanctity. Imperialism destroyed the Empire of Romulus, and would have destroyed the Empire of Christ, had that been destructible. Never did the Church, throughout her history, present a spectacle so melancholy as during the decline of the Roman Empire. True she possessed great saints and teachers, but they were every one the object of persecution under Valens, Constantius, or Leo, as much as under Domitian or Decius; and they every one bear witness against the corruption of the Christian world. It is the genius of Imperialism, orthodox or heterodox, to meddle, to dogmatize, to persecute. Constantine banished Athanasius; Charles the Fifth played with Protestantism. More than half the Byzantine Emperors were Arians, and finally they consummated their own destruction, and that of the Empire, by the Photian Schism. In the East, St. Athanasius, St. John Chrysostom, St. Basil the Great, the Gregories of Nyssa and Nazianzum, seem to have been born not to reform their age, for it continued unreformed and unregenerate, but to denounce it, and to set it at defiance. In the West, St. Jerome, St. Augustin, Salvian, St. Vincent of Lerins, St. Eucherius, St. Leo the Great, and St. Gregory the Great, deplore in their writings, a state of moral and political dissolution, such as the world has never presented since. Throughout the whole period of the Byzantine Empire, while it preserved its integrity, society was under the threefold influence of paganism, of heresy, and of Cæsarism. Before the boundaries of the Empire had been fairly pushed back, before a single province had been lost, and while the frontier was still kept by the military colonies which the sagacious policy of old Rome had planted, the orthodox

Christians were not unfrequently in the minority. If you compare their numbers with those of the heretics and pagans, taken together, they were even a small minority. In the year 374, under Valens, the Catholics had not a single church in Constantinople, and were few enough to meet in a private house, which, on the restoration of the Nicene Creed, was called the Church of the Anastasis, or Resurrection; nor did the return of an Emperor to orthodoxy by any means draw with it the return of the crowds whom his predecessors had forced into apostasy, and whom his successor would take pains to confirm in it.

During all this time the theatre had undergone no change, nor had the Amphitheatre. Virtue was debauched in the one, and blood flowed in the other exactly as under Nero and Domitian. Tragedy still delighted in Jocasta, Thyestes, and Medea; and Comedy had nothing other or better than the obscenities of Aristophanes, Terence, or Plautus. Constantine, in the year after his conversion, regaled the Christians of Treves with the spectacle of a thousand prisoners torn by wild beasts in the Amphitheatre; and St. Augustine records the downright madness with which his friend Alypius, the type of so many others, followed the gladiatorial shows.* After actual paganism had almost quite disappeared, and notwithstanding the prevalence of misbelief, one would have thought that invading armies, not in distant provinces, but in Spain, Italy, Gaul, and Africa, amid devastated fields and beleaguered cities, might dull the eagerness of the Christian Romans for the circus and the stage. But who could have believed that the first thought of a Christian city, which had been four times stormed and sacked, while smouldering embers and fresh-spilled blood smoked in the streets, should be to petition for a circus, those "pious, clement, and invincible Cæsars," who could not send a legion to protect the walls? It seemed as if nothing but extinction or absorption could destroy the taint of imperialism in the Roman blood. Religion could not purify, affliction could not chasten it. All flesh had corrupted its way, and it needed this second deluge to renew the Roman world. The Roman might abandon to Arius the divinity of Christ, but could never give up his belief in the Omnipotence of Cæsar. Wherever the Roman name prevailed, it was the same. Rome had

* Salvian. *De Providentiâ Divinâ*. Lib. vi. c. 12.

been stormed and sacked without correction. While the enemy blockaded Cirta and Carthage, there was not a spare seat in the Amphitheatre.* At almost the other extremity of the Empire the magnificent capital of Gaul, with which modern Paris would suffer by comparison, was four times stormed by the barbarians, and after the fourth sack, crime was more luxuriant than before the first. In a neighbouring city, men of senatorial rank gorged with food, and swilled with wine, almost too weak to live, and yet robust for drinking, tottering in their gait, but frisky to dance, were slaughtered in their meat and in their cups; and the blood gurgled from their throats mixed with blasphemy, for they denied Christ in the fury of their wine. While the dead were rotting, and the wounded were dying in the streets, while death was breathing death, and pestilence desolated the few houses that remained standing, the survivors had one only wish to lay before the Emperor; the restoration of the circus.† Up to this period, the West in general, had been but slightly tainted with Arianism. Many, however, of the invading nations including the Goths, Vandals, and Lombards, had exchanged their idolatry for the supposed Christianity of Arius, and carried it with them into Africa, Spain, and Lombardy, where they persecuted all who dared to resist them. Gaul, it is true, was never Arian; the Franks, soon after they had completed the conquest of Gaul, adopted Christianity, but they were not a whit more moral in their orthodoxy than the Spaniards in their Arianism. Constantinople had always been the teeming mother of heresies. Her Emperors had been their nursing fathers. Amongst the great Church historians of the East, it is impossible to tell who were tainted and who sound. Eusebius and Sozomen are suspected of Arianism, Socrates of Novatianism, and Theodoret, if not a Nestorian, abetted Nestorius and concurred in the deposition of St. Cyril. But it was something new and alarming that the West, the seat and citadel of orthodoxy, should be assailed. Here you had the spiritual Attila at the very gates of Rome; for, in the time of Gregory the Great, the Lombards were savage and zealous propagandists of Arianism equally with the Spaniards, and with all the nations of the Goths. This alone seemed wanting to complete the ruin of the Roman world, that

* Salvian. *De Providentiâ Divinâ*, Lib. vi. c. 12.

† Ibid.

boasted *Οἰκουμένη* of which a Patriarch of Constantinople declared himself Bishop during the lifetime of Gregory the Great. The patrimony of St. Peter, and the territory of France, were as yet untouched; but a single success of the Gothic arms would soon change the face of things, if human calculations, grounded on the latest experience, could guide to a result; for, although the greatest of all the Popes filled the Roman See at the time, he seemed to be the one erect and conspicuous figure in a world where every one else was prostrate and despairing.

Just about the age of Gregory the Great, the Christian world seemed affected with an almost universal leprosy, while Imperialism, the genius of desolation and decay, exaggerated its pretensions, increased the magnificence of its titles, demanded additional knee-service in proportion to its vileness, and consolidated its fiscal laws for the purpose of better exhausting what provinces remained to it, until the entire of the West had been rescued from its decrepit tyranny, and the family of European nations began to be nursed and fashioned by the feudal monarchy of the middle Ages. But during all those ages of decay and corruption, an institution had been growing, which was destined to take a principal part in the formation of modern society.

Retirement from the crowd of man, and a solitary course of life for the purpose of religious or philosophical study, were not unknown before the Christian times. It is easy to understand how Christianity should encourage a system which had examples of the highest authority in the New Testament. The persecutions immediately preceding the conversion of Constantine, gave a great impulse to this tendency amongst Christians, and it is to this period that the origin of the Monastic State may be referred. This was the age of Paul, Anthony, Pacomius, and Origen. The number of Christians who sought refuge and a solitary life in the Thebaid and other desert regions, gradually assumed the proportions of an emigration which had not reached its height until long after the Empire had become Christian. It was not to be supposed that provision could be made by miracle for multitudes of solitaries who peopled the desert. These were the monks proper, the *μοναχοί*, or dwellers in solitude. But it soon became necessary for them to establish some sort of commerce with each other for the purpose of mutual support and counsel. Some of the solitaries

were men of eminent gifts, and qualified to help their brethren by instruction and advice. For ease of communication, the solitaries grouped themselves around a favourite adviser; and although every solitary had his own retreat or hermitage, and was supposed to provide for his own wants, yet the members of each gathering soon came to be regarded as forming a community, and the individuals were styled cenobites, or livers in common, to distinguish them from the monks who maintained the solitary life in all its strictness. By and by, circumstances prompted rules to govern the intercourse of the Cenobites with each other, and with their adviser or superior. It is quite possible he may have been entrusted with the framing of the rules, or at all events, they were submitted to him for approval and confirmation. Gradually the constitution of the Cenobium or monastery, took a more decided character. The father, as he was called, formerly the counsellor merely, of those who resorted to him, was clothed, in course of time, with a governing authority, and he afterwards deputed a share in the government to subordinates, called "decani" or "deans," the name and tradition of whom is preserved in our cathedral chapters.* The rules variously framed for different communities, and under the sanction of different names, had several features in common, but they seem to have been liberally interpreted, and to have been much more in the nature of counsel than of precept, for very many years; while at the same time communities of men and women, living under similar rules, began to be formed in the cities throughout the Empire, but more especially in the East. There is hardly one great Bishop in the East, from the time of Athanasius, who did not graduate, so to speak, in the desert; and one of the greatest amongst them all, St. Basil, was the legislator of the Eastern monks. He collected and codified the scattered rules which had been followed throughout the East up to that period. The code so formed, bears the name of Basil, and is undoubtedly the foundation of every monastic rule that has been formed up to the present time. Although some of the irregularities and disorders to which every human institution is liable, were to be found amongst the Eastern monks, their order was, notwithstanding, a

* Augustin. De Moribus Ecclesiæ Catholicæ.

pattern of virtue and orthodoxy, until they shared the fate of the Eastern Church herself, and gradually declining first in fervour, and at length in faith, had ceased to be of any account, not long before the conventual system had begun to strike root in the West. And when it did so begin, the prospects of the Church and of the Empire, were dark indeed. While the Exarchs plundered the Romans in the name of country and legitimacy, the Barbarians plundered in their own name, and established tyrannies wherever they gained a footing; tyrannies which perhaps would have been more bearable than the tyranny of Constantinople, had they not established Arianism side by side with their government. The North of Italy, together with Spain and Portugal, were all Arian; middle and Southern Italy, with France, were Catholic; but nothing could be more alarming than the immorality of the French monarchy. The clergy, with few exceptions, offered no resistance to the spread of vice; for they themselves were the creatures and abettors of simony. The Franks, although they still held by the German traditions of their fathers, and kept their kings within the limits of the constitutional monarchy which those princes owed to the election of their peers, were forward, nevertheless, to learn the art of taxation from the Gallo-Roman Patricians, who, on their side, were not slow to borrow from the Franks whatever was vicious in the feudal institutions. The history of the Merovingian princes is a dry catalogue of fratricidal wars. Polygamy and incest, amongst the Franks as amongst the Pharaohs, belonged to the vices more peculiarly royal. Dynasties are changed and kingdoms are annexed by the extermination of the entire royal line; and at rare intervals indeed, does a name occur on which the eye can rest with pleasure. But just at this crisis the monks appear in the West. They sometimes meet with patronage, more often with stripes; but whether under favour or under persecution, they take root and flourish. Lerins becomes the parent of numerous colonies, and the Solitudes of the Apennine become a second Thebaid. In course of time the Western monks find a legislator in the person of the Patrician Benedict, who henceforward takes his place beside Basil; and before many years elapse, a monk for the first time takes his seat upon the chair of Rome, and that monk is Gregory the Great.

Imperialism was not yet at an end, and the greatest of

Popes had to cope with every difficulty from within and from without. He had on hand at the same time the Emperors, the Lombards, the Patriarch of Constantinople, the Arian Goths, the degenerate Romans, and the unmanageable, though orthodox Franks. As Chrysostom said of Paul, "like to a single soldier, who, having the entire world warring against him, should move in the enemies' ranks, and should suffer no hurt, even so appearing alone amid barbarians and Greeks, every where on land, every where on sea, did he remain unconquered. And, as a spark falling upon strubble, changes into its own nature what it burns, thus he invading all overcame all, and drew over all to the truth, rushing upon all things like a torrent, and overcoming every obstacle. * * *

He ran to these—he advanced to those—he passed over to more—he sprung across to others, and, guiding the world like a single boat, drawing out the sunken, steadying the dizzy, giving orders to the sailors, sitting at the poop, looking round the prow, tightening the ropes, handling the oar, rearing the mast, consulting the stars, being all these things in himself, sailor and steers-man, and look-out man, and sail, and ship; he suffered all things in order that he might cure evils of others." The incessant activity of this great Pope was seconded by the now rapidly spreading organization of the monastic order. The missionary duty of Christendom was discharged by the monks. Nation after nation was drawn by them into the Christian community, although not within the lifetime of Gregory himself. The Goths and Vandals of Spain, and the Lombards of North Italy were redeemed from Arianism. What remained of idolatry amongst the Franks was banished by their efforts. Germany, Switzerland, and Scandinavia, were won to Christianity by Irish monks, and the Anglo-Saxons had for their apostle the Roman monk, Gregory. Imperialism was at its last gasp in Europe; but even with its dying breath it extorted and obtained a kind of homage from Gregory the Great, which shocks the honest sensibility of De Montalembert, although he knows it to be only a manner of speaking, a rounding of phrases, an empty and conventional form.* St. Hilarius

* "Benignifica natura tua, Domine Beatissime Auguste, cum benignâ voluntate concordat, et quoniam de fonte paternæ pietatis tuæ misericordia largiter profluit," etc. Hil. ad Constant.

had addressed in his own day the notorious Arian Constantius, in terms such as these,—“Thy beneficent nature, O most blessed Lord Augustus, agrees with thy benignant inclination. And since mercy abundantly flows from the spring of thy paternal piety, we are confident that we shall obtain whatever we ask.” Further on, the saint appeals to the “singular and admirable wisdom” of the same Constantius;* and again he suggests a proposal to the “sanctity”† of the “best and most religious of emperors.”‡ Yet the same letter is filled with blunt truths, written in an open and advised way. St. Gregory is to the full as lavish of epithets to a monster who had cut off the entire imperial family; and he greets the succession of that monster to the throne in language of the most overcharged compliment, at a moment, too, when the Emperor had far less influence or power in Italy than the Pope. Rightly weighed, however, that style of thing is more offensive to taste than to conscience. It means nothing, and is understood to mean nothing. It may have had its origin in imperialism, but it outlived its parent, and did not need to be revived by the Neo-Cæsarism of France which has so much to answer for besides. If we were to judge of Louis XIV., or even of Louis XV., by what we learn of them from Bossuet and Massillon, we should form an erroneous judgment of those princes, to say the very least; and to take an orator of a different stamp, Lord Plunkett has drawn in his best style a portrait of George IV., for which Alfred the Great or Antoninus Pius might have sat. But however this may be, Gregory was the first monk and the greatest Pontiff after Peter, who sat upon the Roman chair. The authority of the Emperors was at an end in the West, and the Monastic Institute began to work with extraordinary activity at the formation of mediæval society. The Anglo-Saxons had not been as yet converted, but the Irish monks bore a conspicuous part in the spread of the institution over the Continent.

“While the Missionaries of Mont Cassin,” says M. de Montalembert, “were slowly planting in the new kingdom of the Franks, the order whose observances Gregory the Great was every where

* “Intelligit singularis et admirabilis sapientia tua.” *Ib.*

† *Æquum videri debet Sanctitati tuæ.*

‡ *Optime ac religiosissime Imperator.*

spreading and regularizing by means of his example, and of his followers, a man had made his appearance in the Church, and in Gaul, as the type of a distinct race and character. A monk and a legislator for monks like Benedict; he threatened for a time to eclipse and to replace the Benedictine Institute in the Catholic world. This man was Columbanus.

"He came from the North as St. Maurus had come from the South. Ireland was his birth-place. He brought with him a colony of Irish monks, and he compels us to glance back at that race and country of which he was the most illustrious representative amongst ourselves.

"Ireland, that virgin island, where proconsul had never set foot; which had no experience either of the exactions or of the orgies of Rome, was moreover the only nation in the world of which the Gospel took possession without bloodshed. Thus speaks Ozanam, and truly no man has spoken better upon the subject; although it may be as well for us to keep upon our guard against that extreme admiration which has led him to exaggerate the part played by the Irish from the sixth to the twelfth century, by ascribing to them exclusively that yearning for expansion and propagation, that thirst for teaching and conversion, which marked the entire Church and the entire Monastic Order, during this long and glorious period. The preponderance of the Irish race in the work of preaching, and in the conversion of pagan or half Christian nations, was only temporary, and does not go beyond the seventh century; but during that time it was indisputable enough, to earn from France, Switzerland, and Belgium, immortal gratitude. This branch of the great family of Celtic nations, known as 'Hiberni,' 'Scots,' or 'Gaels,' whose language and descendants have come down to our own days in Ireland, the Highlands of Scotland, Wales, and Basse-Bretagne, had adopted, with enthusiasm, the law of Christ, and at the very moment when the Celtic vitality in Gaul and Britain seemed about to expire under the double influence of the decline of Rome and the German invasion, this nation appeared amongst all the Christian nations as the most devoted to the Catholic faith, and the most zealous for the propagation of the Gospel. No sooner had this 'Green Erin,' lying at the end of the known world, seen the Sun of Faith arise upon her, than she devoted to him that ardent and tender devotion which has become her own life. The course of ages has not interrupted, the bloodiest and most implacable persecutions have not shaken it; the apostasy of all northern Europe has not carried it away: and that devotion maintains, amid the splendours and the misery of modern civilization, and of Anglo-Saxon rule, an unquenchable focus, in which we find along with orthodoxy the most intact, that wonderful purity of morals which neither conqueror nor adversary, has been able to challenge, to match, or to corrupt."—pp. 411-413.

Such is the not overdrawn picture of the Irish people, presented to us by M. de Montalembert, not only in relation to his immediate subject, but to the present position of the same nation. This passage is followed by a rapid sketch of the mission of St. Patrick, and of the development of the Monastic Order in Ireland, as introductory to the history of the Irish missions upon the Continent of Europe, and more particularly to the mission of Columbanus, which is in itself, one of the most wonderful chapters in the history of the Middle Ages. The Irish monk, as singular in manners and in temper as he was singular in sanctity, was the child of a country where no art seems to have been known except the arts of war and music, but which imbibed together with its Christianity, a passionate admiration for the Greek and Roman classics, and in which Sant Luan had founded one hundred monasteries of clay and thatch, before the national taste could endure a stone-built church. In those monasteries where monks counted by the thousands, the offices of the Church were followed by lectures upon Horace ; and the moot points of the Tusculan disputations, were as eagerly canvassed as the observance of Easter, or the form of the tonsure. While the imagination of the Irish monk was trained upon the classic models, and his reason was exercised in continual dispute, while he commented on Aristotle, translated Hippocrates,* or travelled to the verge of orthodoxy with Scotus ; while his will was regulated by the monastic discipline, and his theories, however bold, were restrained by that devotion to Rome, which belonged to his country not less then than now ; there was yet in that country and its habits, a wildness, a freshness, a suddenness of temper and of impulse, which did not fail to influence the character of the monk, and to constitute no small part of the charm of his character as a missionary in Europe.

Columbanus was the most perfect type of the missionary monk from Ireland. Neither king nor bishop overawed him. His thoughts and words ranged at will within the limits of sound doctrine. He resisted and advised whenever he thought it right to do so. The power of King Gontram failed to move his firmness ; he hesitated not to

* The Irish version is still in existence.

lecture an entire council of bishops; and with a perfect and simple good faith which must have made the great Pope smile, he tendered strong advice to Gregory. Alternately caressed or assailed by kings, now endowed and now plundered, now invited and now banished, he never swerved from his course. He traversed the Alps, Pyrenees, and Apennines, with a boldness and a safety which may well astonish us in days when the Saint Gothard is crossed by a road, than which the slopes of Windsor are not more smooth. His projects embraced the conversion of the Slavonians, and the yet Pagan nations of Germany and Switzerland; and after a life of unceasing activity, we find him, at last, establishing among the Arian Lombards a monastery, the rival of his darling Luxeuil, which soon becomes the focus of orthodoxy for the entire kingdom, and where the memory of the Irish monk was long embalmed, not only in the traditions of the place, but in the written life of the Saint to which M. de Montalembert refers.

M. de Montalembert closes the second volume of his history with the death of Columbanus, of whose life he has given a full and coloured sketch. Indeed, it could, with difficulty, have been omitted from a true picture of the age and its manners. The Rule of Columbanus, at one time, threatened to supersede the Rule of Benedict, and was received by numerous monasteries all over the West. But the former eventually prevailed, and became the parent of every other with whom we are acquainted. The functions of the Eastern monks, in their best days, were much more limited than those which now began to be assumed by the monks of the West, and which, in the course of the next three centuries, were to have such vast proportions. The desert had been, to the Eastern Christians, the refuge of orthodoxy, and the nurse of great bishops, in memory of which the Eastern Bishops are taken from the monasteries exclusively at the present day. But they never had committed to them the moulding of what might be called a new world under conditions of government, thought and manners, different from any that had theretofore been known. There existed between the feudal monarchy and the conventual system, a harmony of thought and action which fitted them to work together. The same universal suffrage which is appealed to at the present hour, had handed over the Romans to a master

between whom and them no mutuality of rights and duties, no relation of fealty and protection, existed. The feudal monarchy, with its numerous imperfections, was the reverse of this, at least in theory. The feudal monarchy was limited by restraints of many kinds. The King, like the Abbot, was "*primus inter pares*." Not only must he give protection to his vassals in exchange for fealty, but he was bound to listen to their counsels with respect. He was bound by oath to maintain their franchises, as they were bound by oath to defend his rights. They were both parties not to a constructive, but to an actual compact, having its rise in mutual interest and convenience. "Sir," said Massillon to Louis XV., "the people under God's providence have made kings what they are, and to the latter it belongs to be what they are for the people only. Yes, Sire, it was the national choice which filled your ancestor's hand with the sceptre; the national election raised him on the shield and proclaimed him sovereign. The kingdom became the inheritance of his successors, but they owed it originally to the free consent of the subjects. Afterwards birth came to give a title; but the title paramount was from the public vote which first attached the prerogative to birth. In one word, as we are the source of the authority of kings, kings are bound to exercise it for us alone." "France," says Lacordaire, "is a land of liberty; a country, where, as Bossuet said, certain fundamental laws exist, to which anything done contrary is, by the bare fact, null and void. You can detect in the breast of this people, touch it at what time you will, the beating of the German heart, born and reared in the forest." The Arragonese nobles swore allegiance to their kings in the following words: "We, who are each of us as good as you, and who are all of us together more powerful than you, promise obedience to you, if you maintain our rights and privileges; but if not, not." Görres spoke to the same purpose, and Madame de Staël, earned for herself the enmity of Imperialism, by declaring that despotism, and not liberty, was the novelty in Europe.

Thus did the Christian kings of Europe enter into a compact with the subject; and it will be found perfectly true to say that the Abbot had contracted similarly with his brethren. He governed according to law. He was the magistrate of a commonwealth, not the master

of a gang. He had sometimes a regulated discretion, more often a strictly defined duty, never uncontrolled power. His brethren were bound to obedience, and he was bound to the rule. The harmony between the feudal monarchy and the conventual rule, is sufficiently apparent, and believers in providence will not ascribe it to chance. But it certainly is not the child of the feudal institutions. The one had its origin in the German forests, and the other was the child of the Thebaid. In essential particulars, the Rule of Benedict is not different from that of Basil; and however it may have suited the temper and the circumstances of the West, it will not favour the theory that monasticism, as it existed in the West, was the creature of the time. Certain forms, and certain developments of the system naturally followed the course of events; but the principal elements of character which enabled the monks to act in the spirit of the institutions around them belong to the nature of their rule, and not to accidental circumstances. Had the Monastic State been more nearly related to feudalism, it could not have had the independent and restraining influence which it exercised upon the monarchy. No one pretends that the feudal institutions could of themselves have reclaimed and renewed society in the Western Empire. The feudal obligations did not bind the prince to the whole of the people. There was no privity of contract between himself and the great body of his subjects. The "villains" were outside the law, and a baron with the right of "Haute et basse justice," might deal exactly as it seemed good to him with his "villains." Every one is acquainted with the hardships of their condition, which differed essentially from free vassalage even of the lowest class. It was neither more nor less than slavery under stern and exacting masters, who were controlled by no law in the treatment of their slaves. The feudal laws were often noble, generous, and beneficent in principle, but their application was restricted to a comparatively small section of society. They might have been capable of exercising upon the formation of modern society, all the influence ascribed to them by M. de Montalembert, but not until that influence should have some point of contact with the people, not until the application of those principles should be extended to society at large, an extension which was due in a great measure to the good offices of the monks. The kings of

the time were munificent benefactors and founders of monasteries. The relation of lord and "villain" ceased to exist between the monastery and the occupiers of the estate. The monks not only dealt tenderly with their "villains," but they raised them to the rank of freemen, and induced the barons to do the same, until villainage in its worst form had ceased to exist throughout the greater part of Europe. The convent itself was a democratic institution, to which the slave and the freeman were equally admissible, and where their rank was instantly levelled. It was the resort of men and women who valued their own souls, who wished to possess those souls in peace, but who at the same time, neither shunned labour nor abandoned their duty to mankind. Those who are curious in these matters, may collect the testimony of honest adversaries as to the general frugality, sobriety, industry, and public virtue of the monks. Relaxation may have existed, and wealth may have done its work here and there, but you cannot gather grapes of thorns nor figs of thistles; and the order which produced in successive ages such men as Bernard, Columbanus, Dominic, Francis of Assisium, Thomas of Aquinas, Thaulerus, Albertus Magnus, Ignatius, Xavier, Vincent de Paul, De Ravignan, and Lacordaire, cannot be called either degenerate or unfruitful.

There are few subjects with which even desultory and careless readers are better acquainted than the popular topic of the services rendered to literature by the monasteries in preserving, editing, and copying, the remains of classic writers. The share they had not only in subduing the haughtiness, and curbing the licentiousness, of the feudal nobility, but in elevating the character and purifying the ministry of the secular clergy, is less understood; but least of all do men take into account the influence they exercised upon the actual formation of society. M. de Montalembert gives the names of some of the towns in France which owe their existence to monasteries; and it would not be too much to say that, at a low estimate, one half of all the towns and villages in France had a monastic origin. The same might doubtless be said of every country in Europe, without excepting England or Ireland. In the latter country especially, the names of districts, indicating the existence of a town of monastic, collegiate, or cathedral origin, at some distant period, are

so numerous as to lead one to believe that the population of the island must have been greater, upon a moderate calculation, a thousand years ago, than it is to-day.

M. de Montalembert's original intention was to write the life of St. Bernard merely; but as frequently happens in like cases, the original design grew larger as the work advanced, until the author found that it would be almost as short to write the history of the Western Monks, with a comprehensive view of the Monastic institution generally, as to write the history of that one saint. It is not difficult to understand how he should have taken this view. It is not enough, at the present day, to compile a set of annals such as would have satisfied our ancestors, who in history as well as in religion, were a simple and believing people. Even those who have no doubt in matters of religion have a salutary habit of doubting upon historical questions. The readers of history have constituted themselves a kind of jury, fallible to be sure, and subject to prejudice like other juries, but requiring strict proof of both theory and fact. It is quite possible for a man to rely like Alison upon weak authorities, or like Macaulay, to write from his own head without reference to authority at all, and yet to command a circle of admiring and fascinated readers; but there is so much historical learning abroad, and there are so many men interested in opposite views of every question, that you must look well to your proofs if you mean to have a single fact admitted. No man will accept a statement upon the authority of the most faithful historian without a reference to the fountain of that authority, and an examination of its purity. Everything is argued, nothing is taken upon credit. Histories of England were written before the state-paper office disclosed its secrets; but as soon as the state secrets were disclosed, history needed to be rewritten, and laborious men were not wanting, to undertake the duty. But in addition to this, the present taste requires something more than annals. It requires a picture of the past, and this requirement becomes stronger in proportion as the difference between the present and the past grows more decided. We ask, and a fair demand it is, to have every feature of a period in history presented to us. We insist upon all the lights and shades. We will not ourselves be at the trouble of filling in the outlines, but if they be improperly filled in, the mistake will not fail to be discovered. The most patient reader will shrink from a

catalogue of names and acts, from a roll of charters, of grants, of foundations and of dissolutions. The simple annals of his convent, of his order, will never be wanting in interest for the monk who understands exactly what a monk is, and who, in truth, requires no historical picture to make him realize the monastic state. His life differs in no essential particular from that of the monks who have gone before him since the days of Benedict and Bernard. He venerates the same masters, follows the same rules, and studies the same models. But the world outside is right in looking for something more. It is justified in saying, "*Cucullus non facit monachum.*" The ticketing of cowls is not the history of monks. To tell us that such a man born in such an age, founded so many monasteries, wrought so many miracles, set thousands of men a copying books, and told off as many hundred more to dig the earth, is in fact to tell us nothing that we did not know. To say that monks grew rich and indolent, or even mutinous, and that finally they were reformed and brought back to simplicity and labour, is nothing more than might have been expected; but all that is not the history of monasticism, and would not have been the history of St. Bernard. To introduce his history as the reading world requires it to be introduced, M. de Montalembert should have gone over the same ground which he has travelled in the introduction to his history of the Monastic orders of the West. It would have been necessary to show to us, the world from which they sprang, and the world from which they withdrew, its prizes, its seductions, and its virtues, to show the exact relation of the world to the monks, and of the monks to the world. This never could be done without a comprehensive sketch of the history of the institution prior to the time of St. Bernard, and of the state of society for some time before and during his life. Any one who knows how difficult a process it is to generalize and to compress where matter is varied and abundant, will see at once how great is the temptation to deal with the matter as it stands, rather than to embrace the trouble and responsibility of selection. Enlarge your circle somewhat and give to the details a trifle more of sharpness, and the additional work of a complete history does not seem much to you at first. But as your horizon widens it retires, and you are forced not only to sharpen what seemed to you the only details, but to take in a thousand more that you had not thought of. The work in-

creases as you advance, and makes you end abruptly, leaving great materials for another writer, or else your work swells to dimensions such as it had not entered into your imagination to conceive. M. de Montalembert has only reached the second volume of his history, and it would be difficult to say to how many more it will run. Considering the field he has yet to travel, and how the materials increase upon his path, he cannot be half way through his task. It is no blame to him that he should have taken up the task with a definite view. No one could do otherwise now-a-days. But it by no means follows that his view should have been founded upon prejudice of education or of taste. A man who reads a chapter of history with no distinct purpose, or with a purpose quite foreign to historical speculation, may yet find very solid materials for a theory which had no previous existence in his mind. In this case the history of the Western Monks has for its avowed object the vindication of their character. It is not what you would call apologetic, still less would you call it a panegyric. It might best perhaps be called an argument. The author seeks to support his case by facts, in the most conscientious way; but he has a case to support, and a very good one too.

But there is still too much of feeling and of set purpose apparent throughout the volume to be quite in keeping with their historical character. Perhaps on the other hand it would be altogether too affected in one who is known to think and to feel so strongly as M. de Montalembert, were he to pretend to a very cold and balanced judgment; for why should the beam stand when the scales are differently weighted? and when your mind has been informed by facts before you have reached a conclusion, why should you not state the conclusion? M. de Montalembert's history is not the less valuable for this character of style, but it reads less historically. His early studies had taught him that the monastic orders were not the offspring of any emergency in the history of the world, however well their constitution might qualify them to meet the many emergencies that did arise during their existence, and to render services to the Church and to humanity, which were more peculiarly required in other times than they are needed now. He learned to believe that the monastic life belongs not merely to the infancy of the Church, or to the Middle Ages, or to an imperfect civilization, or even to Christianity itself; but that in all

times and in all conditions of society and religion, men have felt the want of the monastic life, and have shown a desire for it. The Christian religion gave its sanction to a form of life already existing, but moulded that form to its own purposes, with such effect, that in her extreme need, she had in the monastic body, not a raw and revolutionary levy, but an army of reserve, on which she could place full reliance, and out of which men could be chosen for any special service whatsoever. Men adopted and persevered in the monastic state, not from a spirit of sacrifice, nor for the good of their kind, nor through a disgust for the troubles of life, but from a love for the state itself, which often, and, indeed, usually became in the monk a passion of uncommon strength. The solid vocations were seldom due to motives of disappointment in the world, to prostration of spirit, or to loneliness of heart. It was under influences like those that the two most dangerous enemies of religion in their respective periods, Waldo and Luther, had entered the monastery, from which they were destined to convulse society. But the true monk generally embraced his state from a love for the state itself, and was seldom parted from it with his own will. By the free election of its chiefs, by the regulated liberty of individuals, by the intelligent obedience of its members, by the representative character of its chapters, and other legislative assemblies, and by the supremacy of the law over the will of Prior or of Abbot, the monastery constituted a spiritual republic, in which the law no more abridged the freedom of the monk, than allegiance is a restraint upon the liberty of the subject. Like the feudal monarchies under which it flourished, it was in every respect the opposite of that Cæsarism of which De Montalembert has been so consistent an opponent. The History of the Western Monks is the freshest tribute he has paid to liberty. The course of his love for liberty has not run smooth. A legitimist by connexion, and, perhaps by feeling, he set liberty above legitimacy, and therefore is he frowned upon by the legitimists. An active politician under the Orleans dynasty, he took no part in the intrigues of the party after the fall of Louis Philippe, but loyally attached himself to the liberal policy of Louis Napoleon, as constitutional president, and gave his entire parliamentary support, not only to the measures which he particularly favoured, but to the general government of the President. He kept

aloof from impossible fusions, and had no fancy for General Changarnier, in the character of monk. He thought that liberty might be better served otherwise, and hence he earned the detestation of the Orleanists. Even after the events of '52 he accepted the government "de facto," in the belief, that the change of government did not discharge him from his duty as a citizen; but as soon as Louis Napoleon laid plundering hands upon the property of the House of Orleans, De Montalembert set his hand against the hand of the plunderer, and the Bonapartists were added to the list of his enemies. Since then, no matter into what disfavour liberty may have come, no matter what meanness or what wrong may have been done under those forged warrants from her, now so common; no matter what slights are put upon her by agents of power, who deified her when it served their turn, no matter how much she may have fallen in the esteem even of those whose esteem is worth the having, his allegiance never has been shaken, his vows never have been recanted, his courage has never failed, and his testimony has never been silenced, when liberty needed to be vindicated or tyranny deserved to be rebuked.

ART. VIII.—1. *Essays and Reviews*. By Frederick Temple, D.D., Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, and Head-Master of Rugby School; Rowland Williams, D.D., Vice-Principal and Professor of Hebrew, St. David's College, Lampeter; Baden Powell, M.A., (late) Savilian Professor of Geometry in the University of Oxford; Henry Bristow Wilson, B. D., Vicar of Great Staughton, Hunts; G. W. Goodwin, M. A.; Mark Pattison, B. D.; and Benjamin Jowett, M. A., Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford, Sixth Edition, 8vo. London: Longman and Co., 1861.

2. *Rational Godliness*. By Rowland Williams, B. D. Fellow and formerly Tutor of King's College, Cambridge, and Professor of Hebrew at St. David's College, Lampeter. London: 1855.

3. *The Epistles of St. Paul to the Thessalonians, Galatians, and Romans*, with Critical Notes and Dissertations. By Benjamin Jowett, M. A., Fellow and Tutor of Baliol College, Oxford. London, 1855.
4. *The Order of Nature considered in Reference to the Claims of Revelation*. By the Rev. Baden Powell, M. A., Savilian Professor of Geometry in the University of Oxford. London: Longman, 1859.
5. *The Quarterly Review*, January, 1861. "Oxford Essays and Reviews," Fourth Edition. Murray, London, 1861.
6. *Convocation of the Province of Canterbury*. (Times Newspaper, February 27, 28, March 1, 2.) London, 1861.

DEEPLY important and even startling as are these now celebrated "Essays and Reviews," we must confess our inability to understand the suddenness of the ferment which their publication has occasioned in the Church of England. It is true that the opinions which they embody are an unconcealed attack upon the received doctrines of the National Church, and are expressed in language which cannot but shock the least timorous of those who have been accustomed to look to her formularies as the standard of their religious belief. But the principle to which these Essays have given a bodily form is not of yesterday's growth. It has long been coming to this. If the publication of such opinions at the present moment, has, as it would seem, taken English churchmen, and especially those who are in authority, by surprise, the fault, we must say, is entirely their own. They have had timely and sufficient warning. There is hardly a single opinion, in the "Essays and Reviews," which has not been already made the subject of open and unreserved discussion. It is only just to the authors to confess that on their part no concealment has been attempted or desired. The boldest and most startling of their opinions are those which have been most ostentatiously avowed; and the circumstances in which they have been made public, the positions held by their authors, and the zeal with which they have been disseminated, have for a long time almost appeared to invest the profession of them with the character of an organized propagandism. Not only did a member of this school (although not one of the present writers), the late Dr. Donaldson, in avowing these very opinions as his own more than six years ago,

claim full liberty to hold them as "an Anglican priest and doctor," and openly proclaim that in professing such opinions, he had in no way "overstepped the lawful liberty of interpreting granted by the Bishop and confirmed by the University ;"* but the most eminent of the present authors themselves, Dr. Williams, the late Mr. Baden Powell, and Professor Jowett, have already, for several years, been known to hold and profess the very opinions which are now received with such an expression of surprise. They have professed and published them in their own persons, and with all their titles of office. They have done this in the full light of academical discipline, and within the full reach of ecclesiastical authority. There is not a theological scholar in either English university—there is not an archbishop or bishop in the united churches of England and Ireland, who has a right to complain that the assailants of the received doctrines of Anglicanism in the "Essays and Reviews," have made their approaches under cover. They have advanced in the open plain. The summons to surrender the citadel has been loudly and repeatedly proclaimed ;—in Dr. Donaldson's *Jashar*, in Dr. Williams's *Rational Godliness* ; in Mr. Jowett's Commentary on St. Paul's Epistles ; and above all, in Mr. Baden Powell's "*Christianity without Judaism*," and "*Order of Nature in Reference to the Claims of Revelation*." If the sentinel has been taken unawares, we will say that he must have shut his ears with wilful obduracy.

In truth, every incident in the history of theology in England for the last ten years of reaction against the Catholic movement, has been a warning which none but the wilfully blind could misunderstand. It is an old axiom in the constitutional Church-law of England, that the National Creed is founded on a compromise. Upon the very first day of her revolt against the authority of Rome, a struggle arose between two principles, the antagonism of which, although often silenced, has never been subdued—the principle of authority and the principle of private judgment. Each of these principles has, at various times, assumed very different forms, and has been asserted in very different degrees in the English Church. The opposition between them has varied at different times,

* Donaldson's *Jashar*, p. 347.

both in extent and in intensity ; and although it is commonly said by the English church-historians, that the Prayer-book is to be regarded as the embodiment of the one, and the Articles as the representative of the other, yet the interpretations put upon both these formularies (and especially upon the latter), at different times, have been wide as the poles asunder. Each of the antagonistic systems indeed has in turn enjoyed the ascendancy. Each may be considered as having alternately influenced the early modifications of the Book of Common Prayer. The whole history of the Church under Elizabeth, is but a record of recurring alternations of their conflict and success. The extreme to which, in the next century, the theory of authority was carried under Laud, prepared the way for the extravagant reaction of Puritanism. The rigorous dogmatism of the Non-jurors which came next, had its answer in the lax and accommodating scheme of the Latitudinarians. And if it be too much to say that the latter only found its natural development in the hard and revolting Deism of the eighteenth century, it will at least be admitted that it was to its chilling and demoralizing influence the Church of England owed nearly a century of laxity and indifference, in which the dogmatic element would appear to have been entirely put aside and the idea of supernatural faith utterly eliminated from Anglican theology ; when the office of the preacher degenerated into that of the essayist ; when the evidences of religion were converted into a mere balancing of probabilities ; and when, to use Johnson's apt illustration, "the Apostles were tried once a week for the capital crime of forgery."*

* "One of the favourite books of the time was Sherlock's *Trial of the Witnesses*. First published in 1729, it speedily went through fourteen editions. It concludes in this way :—

"Judge.—What say you ? *Are the Apostles guilty of giving false evidence in the case of the resurrection of Jesus, or not guilty ?*

"Foreman.—*Not Guilty.*

"Judge.—Very well ; and now, gentlemen, I resign my commission, and am your humble servant. The company then rose up, and were beginning to pay their compliments to the Judge and the counsel, but were interrupted by a gentleman who went up to the judge and offered him a fee. 'What is this ?' says the Judge. 'A fee, sir,' said the gentleman. 'A fee to a judge is a bribe,' said the Judge. 'True, sir,' said the gentleman ; 'but you have resigned your com-

But, even in the most violent crisis of the conflict, neither of these antagonistic elements succeeded in dissociating itself from the other, or at least in ejecting its rival from the common legal standing-ground within the pale of Anglicanism. Bishop Hoadley is a father of the Church by as valid a title as Laud himself could allege; and, however distasteful they might deem the affinity, the indignant champions of orthodoxy, Sherlock and Stebbing, could not refuse to admit the legality of the plea of brotherhood which their sturdy adversary Balguy did not fail to advance.

And hence, although generally silent and unobserved, there has ever subsisted in the Church of England, a sceptical element which has lurked under the cover of her vague and inconclusive formularies, and at times has openly entrenched itself behind the legal technicalities which render the vagueness of these formularies still broader and more comprehensive. And the warmest advocates of church authority will admit that the policy which has governed every legal decision arising out of each successive doctrinal controversy, has uniformly been to extend the borders of Church communion *in the direction of Latitudinarianism*, or we might more truly say, of formal unbelief.

It need not, therefore, be a matter of surprise, that from the very moment when the reaction against Tractarianism first began, the current has been setting steadily in the opposite direction. This tendency indeed has been a secret only to those who shut their eyes to its existence. It has paraded itself in the most public walks of English literature. We do not now refer to the publication and dissemination of openly anti-Christian writings, whether original or reproduced from the foreign schools of infidelity. We speak of the tendency exhibited within the Church of England itself; by ministers officiating within its pale, and by professors teaching under the shadow of its ancient seats of learning. The readers of this journal can hardly have forgotten the startling revelations contained in an article published six years ago under the title of *Anglican Ra-*

mission, and will not be the first judge who has come from the bench to the bar without any diminution of honour. Now, *Lazarus's case is to come on next*, and this fee is to retain you on his side."—p. 303.

tionalism ;* nor the still more daring opinions of an English clergyman and professor which were exposed in a more recent paper on "Miracles."† There is not a single heterodox opinion in the "Essays and Reviews," which was not foreshadowed, and indeed nakedly forestalled, in the publications which formed the subject of the above-named articles in this journal.

These, however, are at best only personal considerations. Our real concern is with the *Essays and Reviews* ; and if we have referred at all to other publications in which the worst doctrines of these Essays are anticipated, it is chiefly for the purpose of illustrating the proposition with which we began—that, if the authorities of the Church have thought proper to ignore so long the existence under their eyes of the very same opinions, and to disregard repeated manifestations of a spirit equally "at variance with the fundamental doctrines of their creed," they can hardly hope to get credit for entire sincerity and heartiness in the new-born zeal with which they have now rushed into a condemnation of what is, after all, but an echo of the very sounds which they have listened to so long, unheeding and without apprehension.

The evil, however, has come at last in a form which it is impossible to ignore ; and a very brief summary of the *Essays* themselves, will show that whatever may be said of the past supineness of the bishops, there is abundant matter for alarm in the doctrines contained in this startling publication.

We purpose, therefore, to describe as briefly as the nature of the subject will permit, the doctrines put forward in the volume which has obtained a notoriety almost unprecedented. It is no part of our plan to discuss the doctrines themselves, or to open up any of the controversies which they involve. Profound and even awful as is the interest which we cannot but feel in these most vital controversies, we must for the present consider them solely in relation to the Church of England, and not to ourselves. It is but too plain, indeed, that in the minds of the Essayists the Catholic point of view is not only lost sight of, but utterly and absolutely excluded, as antiquated and unworthy of the present age. Religious belief, as it exists among us, is quietly put aside by the Essayists as an "*evil*

* Supra Vol. xxxix. pp. 199-244.

† Vol. xlvii. 468.

form of darkness voluntary," (p. 52), and as mere " *rubbish of the past, blocking up the road.*" (p. 297.) The mind of man, they conceive, has outgrown the limits of our system,* which, in the present stage of the

* Indeed, it might even be said that they have equally outgrown the principles of their own church.

"And now, as the Interpretation of Scripture is receiving another character, it seems that distinctions of theology, which were in great measure based on old Interpretations, are beginning to fade away. A change is observable in the manner in which doctrines are stated and defended; it is no longer held sufficient to rest them on texts of Scripture, one, two, or more, which contain, or appear to contain, similar words or ideas. They are connected more closely with our moral nature; extreme consequences are shunned; large allowances are made for the ignorance of mankind. It is held that there is truth on both sides; about many questions there is a kind of union of opposites; others are admitted to have been verbal only; all are regarded in the light which is thrown upon them by church history and religious experience. A theory has lately been put forward, apparently as a defence of the Christian faith, which denies the objective character of any of them. And there are other signs that times are changing, and we are changing too. It would be scarcely possible at present to revive the interest which was felt less than twenty years ago in the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration; nor would the arguments by which it was supported or impugned, have the meaning which they once had. The communion of the Lord's Supper is also ceasing, at least in the Church of England, to be a focus or centre of disunion—

"Our greatest love turned to our greatest hate."

A silence is observable on some other points of doctrine around which controversies swarmed a generation ago. Persons begin to ask what was the real difference which divided the two parties. They are no longer within the magic circle, but are taking up a position external to it. They have arrived at an age of reflection, and begin to speculate on the action and reaction, the irritation and counter-irritation, of religious forces; it is a common observation that 'revivals are not permanent;' the movement is criticised even by those who are subject to its influence. In the present state of the human mind, any consideration of these subjects, whether from the highest or lowest or most moderate point of view, is unfavourable to the stability of dogmatical systems, because it rouses inquiry into the meaning of words. To the sense of this is probably to be attributed the reserve on matters of doctrine and controversy which characterizes the present day, compared with the theological activity of twenty years ago."—p. 421-2.

world, has become "*an unmeaning frost-work of dogma, out of all relation to the actual history of man.*" (p. 268.) With adversaries entertaining these views regarding us, it would of course be idle for us to argue. We have no standing-ground in common with them; and our only concern with their opinions can be as simple historians of their relations with that Church to whose membership they still continue to lay claim.

The dissertations, each of which is by a different author, are seven in number. The authors are all, with the single exception of Mr. Goodwin, (who is said to have declined to take orders on account of some difficulties about subscription,) clergymen of the Church of England. The first, Dr. Temple, a double first-class man in his year, and since a most distinguished scholar, is "chaplain in ordinary to the Queen," and holds an office of greater practical responsibility, as Head-master of the great school of Rugby. The second, Dr. Williams, formerly tutor of King's College, Cambridge, is now vice-principal of Lampeter College, the chief theological nursery of the Welsh clergy. When the volume first appeared, two of the writers held important professorships in the University of Oxford. Mr. Baden Powell, since dead, was then Savilian Professor of Geometry; Mr. Jowett, probably the most eminent among the many distinguished members of Baliol College, is still Regius Professor of Greek. What is still more significant, another of the Essayists, Mr. Pattison, has actually been elected, since the publication of the Essays, Rector of Lincoln college, in the same university! Since the days when the orthodoxy of the Bench itself was impeached by Convocation in the person of Bishop Hoadley, the Church has never witnessed, on the side of heterodoxy, so formidable an array of what *ought to be* ecclesiastical authority as in the title-page of this single volume!

The Essays claim to be entirely independent of each other; and although they are all plainly animated by one spirit, there certainly is not, properly speaking, any logical connexion between them. Nevertheless the fact itself of joint publication, coupled with the refusal of each, notwithstanding repeated appeals, to disclaim any of the opinions of his fellow Essayists, appears, by the unanimous verdict of the public, to have decided the question of their united responsibility.

The opening Essay, by Dr. Temple, on *The Edu-*

cation of the World, might possibly have attracted but little notice, had it been published separately or in different companionship. It is a minute but fanciful elaboration of the analogy between the education of each individual human being, under the successive guidance of parents, preceptors, society, and experience, with that of the entire human race in the progress of ages. This analogy, in itself, is capable, of course, of a perfectly orthodox exposition; but it is impossible to mistake the tendency of Dr. Temple's treatment of the subject. It is not merely that his theory of Revelation is of the vaguest and most dreamy kind; that he represents it as progressive, and describes its early steps as halting and imperfect; that he denies to it all efficacy except as developing the powers of the human intellect; that he makes it dependent for its effect upon times and circumstances, so that, for instance, "if our Lord's Revelation had been delayed till now, it would assuredly have been hard for us to recognise His Divinity, for the faculty of Faith has turned inwards and *cannot now accept any outer manifestations of the truth of God*," (p. 24); that, on the other hand, he affirms that, "had our Lord come earlier, the world would not have been ready to receive Him, and the Gospel, instead of being the religion of the human race, would have been the religion of the Jews only" (p. 25); that in that case "the other systems would have been *too strong to have been overthrown by the power of preaching*," (p. 25); that at any previous period "the need of a purer and higher teaching could not have been felt, and Christ would have seemed to the Gentiles the Jewish Messiah, not the Son of Man"—(ibid.): it is not merely that statements and assumptions such as these pervade the entire dissertation. No one can read a single sentence of it without feeling that it proceeds on the principle of pure Naturalism; systematically and completely ignoring all supernatural agency, all direct divine operation upon the intellect or the will of man, and making man's natural faculties the sole principle and source both of moral and intellectual action, even in those things which all Christians have at all times regarded as belonging exclusively to the supernatural order. In a word, Dr. Temple's Essay is not merely the broadest and most unreserved expression of Pelagianism; its principles, from the beginning to the end, are a system of pure and unmingled Naturalism.

We have no intention, however, of dwelling either upon this Essay, or upon the abler and more learned Dissertation of Mr. Pattison, the new Rector of Lincoln College, upon the *Tendency of Religious Thought in England, 1688-1750*. We must pass over these Essays, although the dogmatical tone of both is of the very lowest character and sceptical to a most painful degree. The true spirit of the volume will be best seen from a brief examination of four of the Essays; that of Dr. Williams on *Bunsen's Biblical Researches*; that of the late Mr. Baden Powell, on the *Study of the Evidences of Christianity*; that of Mr. Goodwin on *The Mosaic Cosmogony*; and that of Professor Jowett on the *Interpretation of Scripture*. We shall not confine ourselves to any one of these Essays, nor follow the order of their several subjects. We shall better exhibit the common spirit which animates them and the system of belief which they represent, by considering them all collectively, not alone in the positive doctrines which they profess, but in their Relations to the general scheme of Christian revelation.

For it will shock our readers to learn that there is hardly a single doctrine of the Christian creed, and indeed hardly a single principle of natural theology, which is not called in question, and by implication discarded, in this audacious publication. It is not merely that in its misty atmosphere we lose sight of all intelligible belief of the Trinity; of the Incarnation, of the Divinity of the Second Person; and of the Personality of the Third. The scepticism of these Essays reaches much farther. The divine origin of the Scripture; its inspiration; the truth of its narrative; the credibility and even possibility of its miracles; the prophecies; the Gospel narrative; its account of the miracles of our Lord; the interpretation of its most fundamental doctrines;—the very faith of a future life, and even of the existence of a Personal Creator:—all these are recklessly questioned, and, if not in words, certainly in spirit and effect, ruthlessly put aside.

We shall best exhibit the spirit of the Essays if we commence with a few examples of their treatment of Scripture.

And first, as to its Inspiration, Professor Jowett, after enumerating the various "gradations and distinctions of meaning" which the word has received, proceeds to declare that, "for none of the *higher or supernatural* views of

inspiration is there any foundation in the Gospels or Epistles. There is no appearance in their writings that the Evangelists or Apostles had any inward gift, or were subject to any power external to them, different from that of preaching or teaching which they daily exercised; nor do they anywhere lead us to suppose that they were free *from error or infirmity*. St. Paul writes like a Christian teacher, exhibiting all the emotions and vicissitudes of human feeling, speaking, indeed, with authority, but hesitating in difficult cases, and more than once correcting himself, *corrected too by the course of events* in his expectation of the coming of Christ. The Evangelist 'who saw it, bare record, and his record is true: and he knoweth that he saith true.' (John xix. 35.) Another Evangelist does not profess to be an original narrator, but only 'to set forth in order a declaration of what eye-witnesses had delivered,' like many others whose writings have not been preserved to us. (Luke i. 1, 2.) And the result is in accordance with the simple profession and style in which they describe themselves; there is no appearance, that is to say, of insincerity or want of faith; but *neither is there perfect accuracy or agreement.*" (p. 345-6.) He then goes on to point out examples of what he considers fatal to the notion that the sacred writers enjoyed any supernatural inspiration. "One supposes the original dwelling-place of our Lord's parents to have been Bethlehem (Matthew ii. 1, 22), another Nazareth (Luke ii. 4); they trace his genealogy in different ways; one mentions the thieves blaspheming, another has preserved to after ages the record of the penitent thief; they appear to differ about the day and hour of the Crucifixion; the narrative of the woman who anointed our Lord's feet with ointment is told in all four, each narrative having more or less considerable variations." (p. 346.) And as a whole, he considers it clear that whatever theory of inspiration is adopted, the popular belief regarding its nature must be discarded. "It embraces writings of very different kinds—the book of Esther, for example, or the Song of Solomon, as well as the Gospel of St. John. It is reconcilable with the mixed good and evil of the characters of the Old Testament, which nevertheless does not exclude them from the favour of God, with *the attribution to the Divine Being of actions at variance with that higher revelation which he has given of himself in the Gospel*; it is *not inconsistent with imperfect or opposite aspects of the*

truth, as in the book of Job or Ecclesiastes, with *variations of fact* in the Gospels or the books of Kings and Chronicles, with *inaccuracies* of language in the Epistles of St. Paul. For these are all found in Scripture ; neither is there any reason why they should not be, except a general impression that Scripture ought to have been written in a way different from what it has," (p. 347.) In a word, Mr. Jowett will admit no theory of inspiration which does not allow for the *possibility and indeed the existence of error* on the part of the writer : and in this Essay he only expands a little more fully the germ contained in Dr. Williams' dissertation on Baron Bunsen, that "if we define inspiration *consistently with the facts of Scripture and human nature*," we shall "neither *exclude the idea of fallibility* among Israelites of old, nor quench the Spirit in true hearts for ever,"—(p. 78.) In truth Dr. Williams (p. 78.) plainly regards the inspiration of the sacred writers as exactly the same influence as that under which Luther preached and Milton sang !

It will easily be understood, therefore, how readily Mr. Goodwin dismisses the entire Mosaic narrative of the creation with the off-hand remark, that it "was not thought needful to communicate to the writer of the Cosmogony that knowledge which modern researches have revealed" (p. 252) ; that he "committed himself to assertions not in accordance with facts" (p. 250) ; that we "should not hesitate to recognise his fallibility" (p. 251) ; and that his narrative is to be regarded simply as "*the speculation of some Hebrew Descartes or Newton*, promulgated in all good faith as the best and most probable account that could then be given," (ibid.) And then, with a sublime consciousness of the superiority of modern intelligence, he condescends (p. 258.) to confess that "we *need not*, therefore, doubt the old writer's *perfect good faith*, or attribute to him *wilful misrepresentations* or consciousness of asserting that which he *knew not to be true*."

We can understand, in like manner, how freely Dr. Williams adopts the speculations of Baron Bunsen as to the "unscientific" blunders of the same Cosmogony ; how to his enlightened vision "our deluge takes its place among geological phenomena, no longer a disturbance of law from which science shrinks, but a prolonged play of the forces of fire and water, rendering the primæval regions of North Asia uninhabitable, and urging the nations to new abodes :"

how he learns that it was "limited in its range" from finding it recorded in "the traditions of Iran and Palestine but unknown to the Egyptians and Mongolians" (p. 56): how he tries to reconcile himself to the "barely consistent genealogies" of Genesis—(ibid); how he embraces as perfectly "reasonable" the opinions that the "historical portion of the Bible begins with Abraham," and "relegates the long lives of the patriarchs to the domain of legend or of symbolical cycle,"—(ibid.)

And, even in the historical portion, Dr. Williams has no difficulty in recognizing the mythic or legendary element. "The avenger who slew the first born of Egypt may have been [not what the biblical narrative declares but] *the Bedouin host* akin nearly to Jethro, and more recently to Israel" (p. 59.) The passage of the Red Sea, again, "may be interpreted with the latitude of poetry" (p. 59.) The sacrifice of Abraham was ordered, not by the Almighty, but "by the fierce ritual of Syria with the awe of a Divine voice" (p. 61). The whole Pentateuch in truth, is, in his view, popularly misunderstood. It is "only Mosaic in the sense that it indicates the mind and embodies the developed system of Moses, not that it was written by the great lawgiver's hand" (p. 60.) It was "composed out of older materials"—(ibid)—and, to carry to the lowest degree the sceptical criticism thus recklessly applied, it "may in some cases be considered that the compiler's point of view differed from that of the older pieces, which yet he faithfully preserved"! (p. 60.)

It is hardly necessary after this to say that the Essays adopt without hesitation the modern theory that two distinct accounts of the Creation are given in the first chapters of Genesis. Mr. Goodwin declares this to be "philologically certain" (p. 217); although some "may be inclined to contest the fact that they are the production of two different authors,"—(ibid.) This theory, which began with Eichhorn, had already been carefully elaborated by Dr. Donaldson in his *Jashar*; and Mr. Goodwin now considers it "so certain that it is impossible further to ignore it."

Mr. Wilson, in the Essay on "The National Church," pronounces with equal freedom upon the Scriptures of the New Testament. He cites without censure the opinion that the Gospel of St. John "was not of a date anterior to the year 140, and that it presupposes opinions of a Valen-

tinian or even of a Montanist character, which would make it later still" (161); and he adds upon his own behalf that "at any rate it cannot by external evidence *be attached to the person of St. John as its author* in the sense in which moderns understand the word author; that is, there is no proof that St. John gives his relation *as an ear and eye-witness of all that is related in it.*" (p. 161.) And in the same passage he speaks with a certain compassionate indulgence of those weak minds which "shrink from a *bona fide* examination of the Gospel question" and are silly enough "to imagine that the *truth* of Christian faith is *compromised*, unless the four Gospels are received as perfectly *genuine and authentic*—that is, entirely the composition of the persons whose names they bear and without any *admixture of legendary matter or embellishment* in the narratives"!—(p. 161.)

Mr. Jowett puts this view forward even more formally. "The origin of the three first Gospels," he says, "is an inquiry which has not been much considered by English theologians since the days of Bishop Marsh. The difficulty of the question has been sometimes misunderstood; the point being how there can be so much agreement in words, and so much disagreement both in words and facts; the double phenomenon is the real perplexity—how in short there can be all degrees of similarity and dissimilarity, the kind and degree of similarity being such as to make it necessary to *suppose that large portions are copied from each other or from common documents*; the dissimilarities being of a kind which seem to render impossible any knowledge in the authors of one another's writings. The most probable solution of this difficulty is that the tradition on which the three first Gospels are based was at first preserved orally, and slowly put together and written in the three forms which it assumed at a very early period, those forms being in some places, perhaps, modified by translation. It is not necessary to develop this hypothesis farther. The point to be noticed is, that, whether this or some other theory be the true account (and some such account is *demonstrably necessary*), the assumption of such a theory, or rather the observation of the facts on which it rests, cannot but exercise an influence on interpretation. We can no longer speak of *three independent witnesses of the Gospel narrative*. Hence there follow some other consequences. (1.) There is no longer the

same necessity as heretofore to reconcile *inconsistent* narratives; the harmony of the Gospels only means the parallelism of similar words. (2.) There is no longer any need to enforce everywhere the connexion of successive verses, for the same words will be found to occur in different connexions in the different Gospels. (3.) Nor can the designs attributed to their authors be regarded as the free handling of the same subject on different plans; the difference consisting chiefly in the occurrence or absence of local or verbal explanations or the addition or omission of certain passages. Lastly, it is evident that no weight can be given to *traditional statements of facts about the authorship*, as, for example, that respecting St. Mark being the interpreter of St. Peter, because the Fathers who have handed down these statements were ignorant or unobservant of the great fact, which is proved by internal evidence, that they are for the most part of common origin." (p. 370.)

The same reckless scepticism is applied even with greater liberty to other parts of Scripture. Dr. Williams cordially adopts Baron Bunsen's view not alone of the evangelical writings, but indeed of the entire canon of the Scripture. He dwells approvingly upon the "*reasonable*" freedom which the Baron exhibits when he refuses "to repeat the *traditional fictions* about our canon, or to read its pages with that dulness which turns *symbol and poetry into materialism*." (p. 83).

"His treatment of the New Testament is not very unlike the acute criticism of De Wette, tempered by the affectionateness of Neander. He finds in the first three gospels divergent forms of the tradition, once oral, and perhaps catechetical, in the congregations of the apostles. He thus explains the numerous traces characteristic of a traditional narrative. He does not ascribe the quadruple division of record to the four churches of Jerusalem, Rome, Antioch, and Alexandria, on the same principle as liturgical families are traced; but he requires time enough for some *development*, and for the *passing of some symbol into story*. By making the fourth gospel the latest of all our genuine books, he accounts for its style (so much more Greek than the Apocalypse), and explains many passages. The verse 'and no man hath ascended up to Heaven, but he that came down,' is intelligible as a *free comment near the end of the first century*; but has no meaning in our Lord's mouth at a time when the ascension had not been heard of. So the Apocalypse, if taken as a series of poetical visions, which represent the outpouring of the vials of wrath upon the city where the Lord was slain, ceases to be a riddle. Its horizon answers to that

of Jerusalem already threatened by the legions of Vespasian, and its language is partly adapted from the older prophets, partly a repetition of our Lord's warnings as described by the Evangelists, or as deepened into wilder threatenings in the mouth of the later Jesus, the son of Ananus. The Epistle to the Hebrews, so different in its conception of faith, and in its Alexandrine rhythm, from the doctrine and the language of St. Paul's known Epistles, has its degree of discrepance explained, ascribing it to *some companion* of the apostle's; and minute reasons are found for fixing with *probability on Apollos*. The second of the Petrine Epistles, having alike external and internal evidence against its genuineness, is *necessarily surrendered as a whole*; and our critic's good faith in this respect is more certain than the ingenuity with which he reconstructs a part of it. The second chapter may not improbably be a quotation; but its quoter, and the author of the rest of the epistle, need not therefore have been St. Peter."—p. 83-5.

Mr. Wilson is not content even with the degree of liberty here claimed as to the authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews. He does not hesitate to suggest the idea of its origin from the same "school which produced Philo," (p. 202).

Under the same convenient form of a criticism of Bunsen, Dr. Williams utterly discards the prophetic element from the Scriptures of the Old Testament. It would be difficult to condense into a smaller space the whole body of doubt which the German scepticism has flung upon the Messianic prophecies, than the Vice-principal of St. David's has done in his summary sketch of the "inheritance of opinion to which Baron Bunsen has succeeded." It is hardly necessary to say that the Baron reads the prophecies of the Old Testament not as predictions, but as history; and that, wherever an event later than the date of the reputed authorship of the book is recorded, he regards the book, or at least the portion of it which contains this anachronism, as certainly unauthentic. Thus for example, "he dares not to say that David *foretold the exile* because it is *mentioned in the Psalms*." (p. 68); he prefers to hold that the passage in which it is mentioned is of a later date. In like manner, "he cannot quote Nahum denouncing ruin against Nineveh, or Jeremiah against Tyre, without remembering that already the Babylonian power threw its shadow across Asia, and Nebuchadnezzar was mustering his armies. If he would quote the book of Isaiah, he cannot conceal, after Gesenius, Ewald, and Maurer have written, that the book is

composed of elements of different eras. Finding Perso-Babylonian, or new-coined words, such as *sagans* for officers, and Chaldaic forms of the Hebrew verb, such as *Aphel* for *Hiphil*, in certain portions, and observing that the political horizon of these portions is that of the sixth century, while that of the elder or more purely Hebraic portions belonged to the eighth, he must accept a theory of authorship and of prediction, modified accordingly. So, if under the head of Zechariah he finds three distinct styles and aspects of affairs, he must acknowledge so much, whether he is right or wrong in conjecturing the elder Zechariah of the age of Isaiah to have written the second portion, and Uriah in Jeremiah's age the third. If he would quote Micah, as designating Bethlehem for the birth-place of the Messiah, he cannot shut his eyes to the fact, that the Deliverer to come from thence was to be a contemporary shield against the Assyrian. If he would follow Pearson in quoting the second Psalm, *Thou art my son*; he knows that Hebrew idiom convinced even Jerome the true rendering was *worship purely*. He may read in Psalm xxxiv. that, 'not a bone of the righteous shall be broken,' but he must feel a difficulty in detaching this from the context, so as to make it a prophecy of the crucifixion. If he accepts mere versions of Psalm xxii. 17, he may wonder how 'piercing the hands and the feet' can fit into the whole passage; but if he prefers the most ancient Hebrew reading, he finds, instead of 'piercing,' the comparison 'like a lion,' and this corresponds sufficiently with the 'dogs' of the first clause; though a morally certain emendation would make the parallel more perfect by reading the word 'lions' in both clauses. In either case, the staring monsters are intended, by whom Israel is surrounded and torn. Again he finds in Hosea that the Lord loved Israel when he was young, and called him out of Egypt to be his son; but he must feel, with Bishop Kidder, that such a citation is rather accommodated to the flight of Joseph into Egypt, than a prediction to be a ground of argument. Fresh from the services of Christmas, he may sincerely exclaim, *Unto us a child is born*; but he knows that the Hebrew translated *Mighty God*, is at least disputable, that perhaps it means only Strong and Mighty One, Father of an Age; and he can never listen to any one who pretends that the Maiden's Child of Isaiah vii. 16, was not to be born in the reign of

Ahaz, as a sign against the Kings Pekah and Rezin. In the case of Daniel, he may doubt whether all parts of the book are of one age, or what is the starting point of the seventy weeks; but two results are clear beyond fair doubt, that the period of weeks ended in the reign of Antiochus Epiphanes, and that those portions of the book, supposed to be specially predictive, are a history of past occurrences up to that reign." (p. 68-9).

In a word, his system of interpreting prophecy lays it down as a principle—a principle long since broadly asserted by Dr. Donaldson*—that from the very fact of a book containing allusions to any names or events posterior to its reputed date, we are to infer that the book is erroneously assigned to that author and that date. And thus the whole body of ancient prophecy is set aside. Perhaps, indeed, after all this vast "induction on the destructive side," a few passages may "yet remain doubtful;" "one perhaps in Zacharias, and one in Isaias, may be capable of being made directly Messianic;" and a chapter in Deuteronomy *may possibly* be read as "foreshadowing the final fall of Jerusalem." (p. 69-70). But even here there is no resting-place for the foot of the believer. "Even these few cases, the remnant of so much confident rhetoric, *tend to melt*, if they are not *already melted*, in the crucible of searching inquiry!" (ibid.)

And this from teachers of the Church of England, although the Scriptures of the Old Testament are directly applied to our Lord in the New! Mr. Jowett for one, boldly meets this consequence. He foretells that "the time will come when no educated man *will be able* to believe that the words 'Out of Egypt have I called my son' (which are *directly applied* from Osee xi. 1, in Matthew ii, 15), were intended by the prophet to refer to the return of Joseph and Mary from Egypt!" (p. 418). Nay although our Blessed Lord Himself (Luke xxiv. 44), appealed directly to the fulfilment in His own person of the "*things that are written in the Law of Moses and in the prophets, and in the psalms concerning Him*," these men, who claim to be Christian ministers, would persuade us that neither in Moses, nor in the prophets, nor in the psalms, is there a single allusion which, however the weakness or credulity of former interpreters may have understood it, has not been proved by modern

* See the Introduction of his *Jashar*.

research to be plainly historical, or whose supposed connexion with the Messiah has not either "melted, or is tending to melt, in the crucible of searching inquiry!"

Nor is this a solitary example of the impiety with which the plain words of our Blessed Lord are set at defiance. Mr. Jowett "cannot readily determine, in explaining the words of our Lord, or of St. Paul, how much is to be attributed to oriental modes of speech," and he proceeds to explain how naturally some of these orientalisms would be "regarded as rhetorical exaggerations in the Western world." (p. 36-7). And it can hardly have escaped the notice of writers so familiar with the Bible, that the very narrative of the creation which they reject as "legendary," as "preceding the historical period," as the "speculation of some Hebrew Newton or Descartes,"* not only is *directly cited* by our Lord (Matt. xix. 4), but is even made (ib. v, 5) *the foundation* of that more perfect form of marriage which He substitutes among His disciples for the imperfect law given by Moses "to their fathers, by reason of the hardness of their hearts!"

If the testimony of our Lord Himself be thus summarily disregarded, it will create little surprise that false applications of the ancient Scripture, and false recitals of its facts, are unhesitatingly attributed to the writers of the New Testament. It is not merely that there are "inaccuracies of language in the Epistles of St. Paul." (p. 347). The fact that the creation of one man and one woman is

* We cannot forbear, in referring to this part of the subject, to notice a most strange error of the Quarterly Review in its criticism of *Essays and Reviews* in the current number, which has been received with a degree of favour almost unprecedented.

Speaking of the true relations between Science and Revelation, and of the new light which the progress of science throws upon the meaning of Scripture without affecting its truth, the writer says:—

"For a long time the astronomical theory of *Copernicus* was supposed to give the true law of the motions of the heavenly bodies. Problems were solved by it, and mysteries explained. But further discoveries of science proved the incompleteness of this theory, and it passed wholly away." (p. 291).

We could account at first for this strange statement by supposing that the name of *Copernicus* was, by an error of transcription, substituted for that of *Ptolemy*. This error, however, was repeated in two Editions, but we find that in the fourth Edition (we have not access to the third), it has been corrected.

directly recited from Genesis by our Lord, does not prevent Mr. Wilson from leaving it perfectly free to any one to believe that this "relation was but a form of narrative into which in early ages tradition would throw itself spontaneously. Each race necessarily, when races are isolated, supposing itself to be sprung from a single pair" (p. 201) Nor is Mr. Wilson (p. 202), and still less Dr. Williams, (p. 56), restrained by the allusion to the Deluge in the New Testament, from placing it among the exploded legends of the primeval tradition. Mr. Wilson indeed formally reconciles himself to this free dealing with Scripture by a partial adoption of the ideology of the German schools. He does not go so far as Strauss, who resolved *the whole* historical and doctrinal personality of our Lord into an ideal; but he distinctly maintains that there are "*traits in the scriptural person of Jesus which are better explained by refering them to an ideal than an historical origin.*" (p. 200.) What these traits are, we shall see in part hereafter. We must first permit Mr. Wilson to explain, in his own words, the length to which he desires that this liberty of ideal interpretation should be extended.

"Liberty must be left to all as to the extent in which they apply the principle, for there is no authority, through the expressed determination of the Church, nor of any other kind, which can define the limits within which it may be reasonably exercised.

"Thus some may consider the descent of all mankind from Adam and Eve as an undoubted historical fact; others may rather perceive in that relation a form of narrative, into which in early ages tradition would easily throw itself spontaneously. Each race naturally—necessarily, when races are isolated—supposes itself to be sprung from a single pair, and to be the first, or the only one, of races. Among a particular people this historical representation became the concrete expression of a great moral truth—of the brotherhood of all human beings, of their community, as in other things, so also in suffering and in frailty, in physical pains and in moral 'corruption.' And the force, grandeur, and reality of these ideas are not a whit impaired in the abstract, nor indeed the truth of the concrete history as their representation, even though mankind should have been placed upon the earth in many pairs at once, or in distinct centres of creation. For the brotherhood of men really depends, not upon the material fact of their fleshly descent from a single stock, but upon their constitution, as possessed in common, of the same faculties and affections, fitting them for mutual relation and association; so that the value of the history, if it were a history strictly so called, would lie in its emblematic force and application. And many narratives of marvels and catas-

trophes in the Old Testament are referred to in the New, as emblems, without either denying or asserting their literal truth—such as the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah by fire from heaven, and the Noachian deluge. And especially if we bear in mind the existence of such a school as that which produced Philo, or even the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, we must think it would be wrong to lay down, that whenever the New Testament writers refer to Old Testament histories, they imply of necessity that the historic truth was the first to them. For their purposes it was often wholly in the background, and the history, valuable only in its spiritual application. The same may take place with ourselves, and history and tradition be employed emblematically, without, on that account, being regarded as untrue. We do not apply the term 'untrue' to parable, fable, or proverb, although their words correspond with ideas, not with material facts; as little should we do so, when narratives have been the spontaneous product of true ideas, and are capable of reproducing them."—pp. 201-2.

We grieve to say, however, that he himself is by no means content with this amount of liberty. He idealizes almost at pleasure every incident in the sacred narrative—the temptation of our Lord; the demoniacal possessions (p. 201); the Transfiguration (p. 202); the miracle of giving sight to the blind; and speech to the stammerer (*ibid*); the multiplication of the loaves and fishes (*ibid*); the virginal conception and birth of our Lord (p. 203); and the appearances of angels which heralded the Incarnation (*ibid*). By the same, or a kindred application of these principles, Dr. Williams (speaking as the summarist of Bunsen, but yet accepting, or at least not disclaiming his view), explains away the Trinity, in language which he himself admits "has a Sabellian or almost a Brahmanical sound." (p. 89). In another passage the same writer obscures the Incarnation in a cloud of verbiage, till he presents it in the end as "purely spiritual." (p. 82). In another passage, he speaks of the doctrine of the Trinity which, in the hands of "the more speculative fathers, had been a profound metaphysical problem," becoming "in ruder hands a materialism almost idolatrous, or an arithmetical enigma." (p. 87). The same paragraph contains a distinct denial of the doctrine of the Atonement, which is described by the ribald designation of a "commercial transfer." (p. 87). In a previous passage, Baptism is said to have "degenerated into a *magical form*" (p. 86); and a little further on, although there is no formal approbation of Bunsen's scepticism in "recoiling from Justin Martyr's

belief of the *fleshly resurrection* and Judaic millennium," yet Dr. Williams seems to think that he satisfies "the aspirations of *the firmer believers among ourselves*, by maintaining the doctrine of "a revival of conscious and individual life, in such a form of immortality as may consist with union with the Spirit of our Eternal Life-giver." (p. 90). Mr. Jowett goes even further. Not satisfied with speaking for the modern school of which he claims to be the representative, he undertakes to pronounce, on the belief of the apostles; he declares that it is an anachronism "to ascribe to St. Paul or the Twelve, the abstract notion of the Christian truth (as to the Divinity of our Lord) which afterwards sprang up in the Catholic Church"—the same sort of "error as to attribute to Homer the ideas of Thales or Heraclitus, or to Thales the more developed principles of Aristotle and Plato." (p. 354). "Absorbed," says he, "as St. Paul was in the person of Christ with an intensity of faith and love of which in modern days and at this distance of time we can scarcely form a conception—high as he raised the dignity of his Lord above all things in heaven and earth—looking to him as the Creator of all things, and the head of quick and dead, he does not speak of him as 'equal to the Father,' or 'of one substance with the Father.'" (p. 355). It is plain, indeed, that Mr. Jowett, if words can be supposed to have any meaning, abandons, utterly and without reserve, all idea of the Divinity of our Lord, in so far as it involves the shadow of mystery. He entirely gives up the attempt to identify, in this point, the "gospels and the creeds." To attempt this would introduce endless difficulties. "We should have to suppose that He was and was not tempted; that when He prayed to His Father He prayed also to Himself; that He knew and did not know 'of that hour' of which He as well as the angels were ignorant. How could He have said 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' or 'Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me?' How could He have doubted whether 'when the Son cometh, He shall find faith upon the earth?' These simple and touching words have to be taken out of their natural meaning and connexion to be made the theme of apologetic discourses if we insist on reconciling them with the distinctions of later ages." (p. 355.) Let Mr. Jowett's disciples apply these principles to the rest of the doctrines of Christianity, and who

shall calculate what will be the doctrinal residuum at the close of the experiment?

But, in truth, we are not left to speculate as to what may possibly be the end of this dreary process. The writers of this present volume have carried it to its fullest development. We have already seen how Dr. Williams, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Goodwin, and Mr. Jowett have applied it in the department of Biblical Criticism. The last named gentleman lays down rules of Interpretation, which are, in point of boldness, quite in keeping with the critical system adopted by him in common with his fellows; and Mr. Powell, in laying down the laws of Evidence, has plunged into a depth of scepticism and absolute unbelief into which we would charitably believe none of his fellow Essayists would consciously follow him.

Mr. Jowett's fundamental law for the interpretation of the Bible, is—"interpret the Bible like any other book," (p. 378.) Its meaning is to be made out by the very same process and in the "very same way as the meaning of Sophocles or Plato." He discards all idea of any other meaning in the Scripture than that which is to be gathered out of it "by the exercise of manly sense and industry." He will not admit that there is the least "ground for assuming design of any other kind in Scripture, any more than in Plato or Homer. He rejects earnestly—almost with a degree of passion—the notion of "the double sense of prophecy and the symbolism of the Gospel in the Law." (p. 368.) The mystical interpretations of the Fathers he discards contemptuously, as—"foolish in the eyes of most educated men in the nineteenth century." (p. 369.) It will probably occur to most of our readers that the great body of St. Paul's argumentation in the Epistle to the Galatians, to the Romans, and to the Hebrews, is founded on these "double senses" of the Old Scripture. But we are simply stating Mr. Jowett's system, and not discussing its feasibility.

Another rule of Mr. Jowett, second only to the last in importance, is that "the Bible is to be interpreted from itself." The student must divest himself of all ideas derived from other sources, and especially from the views and opinions of other men or even societies, though these may have been almost contemporaneous with the writers of the sacred books. The Greek fathers themselves are rejected as guides, for the strange reason that "their know-

ledge of Greek often leads them away from the drift of the passage"! (391.) In truth, Mr. Jowett's theory of interpretation is only a reassertion of what, since the days of Episcopius, (who held that every consistent Protestant was bound to learn the original languages of the Bible,) has been held by every thorough advocate of private judgment as the only consistent application of the Protestant rule. He holds that each man's reason and conscience are for himself the supreme and ultimate authority.

Mr. Pattison, in the concluding paragraphs of his article on the "Tendencies of Religious Thought in England in the Seventeenth Century," contrasts the views which may be taken in the several systems of the functions of Reason in reference to Revelation.

"In the Catholic theory the feebleness of Reason is met half-way and made good by the authority of the Church. When the Protestants threw off this authority, they did not assign to Reason what they took from the Church, but to Scripture. Calvin did not shrink from saying that Scripture 'shone sufficiently by its own light.' As long as this could be kept to, the Protestant theory of belief was whole and sound. At least it was as sound as the Catholic. In both, Reason, aided by spiritual illumination, performs the subordinate function of recognising the supreme authority of the Church, and of the Bible, respectively. Time, learned controversy, and abatement of zeal drove the Protestants generally from the hardy but irrational assertion of Calvin. Every foot of ground that Scripture lost was gained by one or other of the three substitutes: Church-authority, the Spirit, or Reason. Church-authority was essayed by the Laudian divines, but was soon found untenable, for on that footing it was found impossible to justify the Reformation and the breach with Rome. The Spirit then came into favour along with Independency. But it was still more quickly discovered that on such a basis only discord and disunion could be reared. There remained to be tried Common Reason, carefully distinguished from recondite learning, and not based on metaphysical assumptions. To apply this instrument to the contents of Revelation was the occupation of the early half of the eighteenth century; with what success has been seen. In the latter part of the century the same Common Reason was applied to the external evidences. But here the method fails in a first requisite—universality; for even the shallowest array of historical proof requires some book-learning to apprehend. Further than this, the Lardner and Paley school could not complete their proof satisfactorily, inasmuch as the materials for the investigation of the first and second centuries of the Christian era were not at hand."—p. 328-9.

What is his own view and that of his fellow Essayists, it

is hardly necessary to say. "We use the Bible," says Dr. Temple, "some consciously, some unconsciously, not to *override*, but to *evoke* the voice of conscience. When conscience and the Bible appear to differ, the pious Christian immediately concludes that he has not really understood the Bible." (p. 44.) And, again, he says, "The current is all one way—it evidently points to the identification of the Bible with the voice of conscience. The Bible, in fact, is hindered by its form from exercising a despotism over the human spirit; if it could do that, it would become an outer law at once; but its form is so admirably adapted to our need, that it wins from us all the reverence of a supreme authority, and yet imposes on us no yoke of subjection. This it does by virtue of the principle of private judgment, which puts conscience between us and the Bible, making conscience the supreme interpreter, whom it may be a duty to enlighten, but whom it can never be a duty to disobey." (p. 45.) And hence, concluding his lengthened analogy between individual education and the progressive education of the human race, he declares that in the maturity of mankind, as with each man in the maturity of his powers, the great lever which moves the world is—not the Bible—not Revelation—not the spoken manifestations of God's truth—but "knowledge—the great force is the intellect." (p. 48.) Dr. Williams distinctly proposes as his theme for discussion, the question, whether Almighty God "has trained mankind by a faith which has reason and conscience for its standard, or by one to whose miraculous tests their judgment bows; that is, whether the Holy Spirit has acted through the channels which His Providence ordained, or whether it has departed from these so signally, that comparative mistrust of them ever afterwards became a duty. (p. 52.) What his own decision of this question is, will be gathered from many extracts already cited. But even in the outset of his dissertation he indignantly rejects "the repressive idea of revelation popularly entertained, by which it is put over against conscience as an adversary." (p. 51.) And hence, as regards the intrinsic authority of the Bible, laying it down as demonstrated that "spiritual affection and metaphysical reasoning alike forbid us to confine revelations like those of Christ to the first half century of our era," he equally recognizes as revelations other affinities with our faith, which existed in men's minds anterior to Christianity, and

have been renewed with deep echo from living hearts in many a generation." (p. 82.) On the other hand, considering the extrinsic authority of the sacred writings, he admits that "the evidences of our canonical books and of the patristic authors nearest to them are sufficient to prove illustration in outward act of principles perpetually true, but not adequate to guarantee narratives inherently incredible, or precepts evidently wrong." (p. 83.) Dr. Williams, therefore, plainly recognizes the reason or conscience of each individual not only as the interpreter of scriptural revelation, but as the judge as to what in the contents of the sacred volume is revealed and what is not. It is the province of reason to decide which of the Bible narratives are "inherently incredible," which of its precepts are "evidently wrong!"

Nor is this a mere speculative privilege conceded for mere argument's sake, and only upon an impossible hypothesis. The Essayists over and over again actually recognize in the Scripture "narratives internally incredible and precepts evidently wrong." Mr. Wilson, shocking as his language must seem to every Christian, does not hesitate to speak of "the dark patches of human passion and error which form a partial crust upon it." (p. 177.) Mr. Goodwin urges the necessity of a "frank recognition of the erroneous views of nature which it contains." (p. 211.) Professor Powell ostentatiously avows the "palpable contradictions of astronomical discovery with the letter of Scripture," (p. 129), "and the direct discrepancy between what was taken for revealed truth and certain undeniable existing monuments" (*ibid.*); and we have already seen how cavalierly Professor Jowett disposes of the "variations of fact in the Gospels or the books of Kings and Chronicles," and of the "inaccuracies of language in the Epistles of St. Paul"!

In a word, it is plain that in the new system inaugurated by these Essayists, the function which they assign to conscience or reason in constituting it the supreme judge, is not intended to be an inoperative and unpractical faculty. Its duty is a plain, and by no means a simple one. It is not merely to interpret revelation as contained in the Bible, but to decide what among the contents of the Bible is revelation. These writers contemplate the Bible as a mixture of divine and human, a combination of truth and error. Reason is to decide what is divine and what

is human—it is to separate the truth from the error, and form its own belief accordingly. The Bible is to be in its hands, what a treatise of geometry is to a mathematician, or a law of harmony to a musician. Nor let it be supposed that this is an extreme view of the system advocated in this startling volume. We are but quoting the very illustration suggested by the authors themselves. Dr. Williams distinctly professes that, in exercising the judgment which it is our duty to apply to religious truth, "we are obliged to assume in ourselves a verifying faculty like that which a mathematician would use in weighing a treatise of geometry, or the liberty which a musician would reserve in reporting a law of harmony." (p. 83.)

We have already seen to what lengths in the direction of Rationalism these principles are carried in the various Essays of this collection. But painful, and, indeed, wearying as is the task of following minutely these details of unbelief, we must carry our readers to still lower depths. The other writers, for the most part, consider the various questions arising out of that free system of criticism and interpretation which they claim, mainly upon the ground of the *extrinsic* doubts or difficulties which surround them. But there is one of the Essayists, Professor Baden Powell—one too of whom, as having since the publication of this volume been withdrawn by death from the bar of public opinion, it is peculiarly painful to speak—with whom the question of the Christian revelation is not a question of extrinsic evidence, but of *inherent credibility*, we should rather say, perhaps of *inherent possibility*. Professor Powell's views as to the credibility of miracles, are not of recent growth. They are unhappily too well known to the readers of this Journal, from his "*Order of Nature*," reviewed some years ago. We need not repeat the analysis of them here. The following short extract will sufficiently show that the present Essay renews them, and perhaps we may say, carries them out with more consistency and with greater boldness.

"It was formerly argued that every Theist must admit the credibility of miracles; but this, it is now seen, depends on the *nature* and *degree* of his Theism, which may vary through many shades of opinion. It depends, in fact, on the precise view taken of the Divine attributes; such, of course, as is attainable *prior* to our admission of revelation, or we fall into an argument in a vicious circle. The older writers on natural theology, indeed, have professed to deduce very exact conclusions as to the Divine perfections

especially *Omnipotence*; conclusions which, according to the physical argument already referred to, appear carried beyond those limits to which reason or science are competent to lead us; while, in fact, all our higher and more precise ideas of the Divine perfections are really derived from that very revelation, whose evidence is the point in question. The Divine Omnipotence is entirely an inference *from the language of the Bible*, adopted on the assumption of a belief in revelation. That 'with God nothing is impossible,' is the very declaration of Scripture; yet on this, the whole belief in miracles is built, and thus, with the many, that belief is wholly the result, not the antecedent of faith.

"But were these views of the Divine attributes, on the other hand, ever so well established, it must be considered that the Theistic argument requires to be applied with much caution; since most of those, who have adopted such theories of the Divine perfections, on abstract grounds, have made them the basis of a precisely opposite belief, rejecting miracles altogether; on the plea, that our ideas of the Divine perfections must directly discredit the notion of occasional interposition; that it is derogatory to the idea of Infinite power and wisdom, to suppose an order of things so imperfectly established that it must be occasionally interrupted and violated when the necessity of the case compelled, as the emergency of a revelation was imagined to do. But all such Theistic reasonings are but one-sided, and if pushed further must lead to a denial of all active operation of the Deity whatever; as inconsistent with unchangeable, infinite perfection. Such are the arguments of Theodore Parker, who denies miracles *because* 'everywhere I find law the constant mode of operation of an infinite God,' or that of Wegscheider, that the belief in miracles is irreconcilable with the idea of an *eternal God consistent with himself*."—p. 113-14.

And thus Professor Powell's Essay prepares men to disbelieve and to reject miracles *antecedently to all examination* of the arguments by which they may be attested, and even in direct opposition to the most positive attestations of them.

"Questions of this kind are often perplexed for want of due attention to the laws of human thought and belief, and of due distinction in ideas and terms. The proposition 'that an event may be so incredible intrinsically as to set aside any degree of testimony,' in no way applies to or affects the *honesty* or *veracity* of that testimony, or the reality of the *impressions* on the minds of the witnesses, so far as it relates to the matter of *sensible fact* simply. It merely means this: that from the nature of our antecedent convictions, the probability of *some* kind of mistake or deception *somewhere*, though we know not *where*, is greater than the probability of the event really happening in *the way* and from the *causes* assigned.

"This of course turns on the general grounds of our antecedent

convictions. The question agitated is not that of mere testimony, of its value, or of its failures. It refers to those *antecedent* considerations which must govern our entire view of the subject, and which being dependent on higher laws of belief, must be paramount to all *attestation*, or rather belong to a province distinct from it. What is alleged is a case of the supernatural; but *no testimony can reach to the supernatural*; testimony can apply only to apparent sensible facts; testimony can only prove an extraordinary and perhaps inexplicable occurrence or phenomenon: that it is *due to supernatural causes* is entirely dependent on the *previous belief and assumptions* of the parties.

"If at the present day any very extraordinary and unaccountable fact were exhibited before the eyes of an unbiassed, educated, well-informed individual, and supposing all suspicion of imposture put out of the question, his only conclusion would be that it was something he was unable at present to explain; and if at all versed in physical studies, he would not for an instant doubt either that it was really due to some natural cause, or that if properly recorded and examined, it would at some future time receive its explanation by the advance of discovery.

"*It is thus the prevalent conviction that at the present day miracles are not to be expected, and consequently alleged marvels are commonly discredited.*"—pp. 106-7.

This is but a more trenchant way of putting what he had already laid down in his former publication. And we regret to add that the Essays contain a repetition of the still more terrible conclusions, which, in the "*Order of Nature*" so deeply shocked and revolted every feeling of natural faith and every religious sensibility. We do not allude merely to the dreamy and uncertain speculations by which, as we have already seen, the Christian's hope of future immortality is frittered away. Nor do we regard only the scarce disguised Pantheism which lurks in Mr. Wilson's revival of the Origenistic doctrine of the *ἀποκατάστασις*, or Universal Restoration—in his hope, that "there shall be found, after the great adjudication receptacles suitable for those who shall be infants, not as to years of terrestrial life, but as to spiritual development—nurseries as it were and seed-grounds, where the undeveloped may grow up under new conditions—the stunted may become strong, and the perverted be restored; and that when the Christian Church, in all its branches, shall have fulfilled its sublunary office, and its Founder shall have surrendered His kingdom to the Great Father—all, both small and great, shall find a refuge in the bosom of the Universal Parent, to repose, or be quickened into

higher life, in the ages to come, according to His Will." (p. 206.) This, Heaven knows, is painful enough from a Christian minister, as an exposition of the Christian hope that is to come. But there is still worse in Professor Powell's Essay. It contains a most formal and direct re-statement of that atheistic theory of the "self-evolving" powers of nature, which was obscurely, but yet intelligibly, put forth in "*The Order of Nature*." Speaking still of the credibility of miracles, Professor Powell declares:—

"It is not a question which can be decided by a few trite and commonplace generalities as to the moral government of the world and the belief in the Divine Omnipotence—or as to the validity of human testimony, or the limits of human experience. It involves, and is essentially built upon, those grander conceptions of the order of nature, those comprehensive, primary elements of all physical knowledge, those *ultimate ideas of universal causation*, which can only be familiar to those thoroughly versed in cosmical philosophy in its widest sense.

"In an age of physical research like the present, all highly cultivated minds and duly advanced intellects have imbibed, more or less, the lessons of the inductive philosophy, and have at least in some measure learned to appreciate the grand foundation conception of universal law—to recognise the impossibility even of *any two material atoms* subsisting together without a determinate relation—of any action of the one on the other, whether of equilibrium or of motion, without reference to a physical cause—of any modification whatsoever in the existing conditions of material agents, unless through the invariable operation of a series of eternally impressed consequences, following in some *necessary chain of orderly connexion*—however imperfectly known to us. So clear and indisputable indeed has this great truth become—so deeply seated has it been now admitted to be, in the essential nature of sensible things and of the external world, that not only do all philosophical inquirers adopt it, as a primary principle and guiding maxim of all their researches—but, what is most worthy of remark, minds of a less comprehensive capacity, accustomed to reason on topics of another character, and on more contracted views, have at the present day been constrained to evince some concession to this grand principle, even when seeming to oppose it."—pp. 133-4.

He appeals, we shall not stop to show how unfairly, in confirmation of this doctrine, to the change which, through the progress of investigation, has taken place in the views of the most eminent naturalists within our own time. "Just a similar scepticism," he says, "has been evinced by nearly all the first physiologists of the day, who have joined in rejecting the develop-

ment theories of Lamarck and the *Vestiges*; and while they have strenuously maintained successive creations, have denied and denounced the alleged production of organic life by Messrs. Crosse and Weekes, and stoutly maintained the impossibility of spontaneous generation, on the alleged ground of contradiction to experience. Yet it is now acknowledged under the high sanction of the name of Owen, that 'creation' is only another name for our ignorance of the mode of production; and it has been the unanswered and unanswerable argument of another reasoner that new species must have originated either out of their inorganic elements, or out of previously organized forms; either development or spontaneous generation must be true; while a work has now appeared by a naturalist of the most acknowledged authority, Mr. Darwin's masterly volume on 'The Origin of Species' by the law of 'natural selection,'—which now substantiates on undeniable grounds the very principle so long denounced by the first naturalists,—the origination of new species by natural causes: a work which must soon bring about an entire revolution of opinion in favour of the grand principle of the self-evolving powers of nature."—pp. 138—9.

And his whole case is summed up in a single triumphant paragraph, in which he flouts as untenable and antiquated, the "exploded chimera" which would explain recognized facts by any other theory.

"It is for the most part hazardous ground for any general moral reasoner to take, to discuss subjects of evidence which essentially involve that higher appreciation of *physical truth* which can be attained only from an accurate and comprehensive acquaintance with the connected series of the physical and mathematical sciences. Thus, for example, the simple but grand truth of the law of conservation, and the stability of the heavenly motions, now well understood by all sound cosmical philosophers, is but the type of the *universal self-sustaining and self evolving powers which pervade all nature*. Yet the difficulty of conceiving this truth in its simplest exemplification was formerly the chief hindrance to the acceptance of the solar system—from the prepossession of the peripatetic dogma that there must be a constantly acting moving force to keep it going. This very exploded chimera, however, by a singular infatuation, is now actually revived as the ground of argument for miraculous interposition by redoubtable champions who, to evince their profound knowledge of mechanical philosophy, inform us that 'the whole of nature is like a mill, which cannot go on without the continual application of a moving power!'"—pp. 134-5.

And here the first part of our assumed investigation closes. Farther than this we shall not attempt to go in our description of the character and the tendency of the Essays. That we have not over-stated the daring scepticism which they exhibit, may be gathered from the language which has been used regarding them in many of the addresses, appeals, remonstrances, and other forms of ecclesiastical criticism more or less authoritative, which have been directed against them. We may summarize the entire, however, by a short extract from the "Westminster Review," which may well claim the Essayists as most welcome fellow-labourers in its chosen field.

"No fair mind," says the able writer of the Westminster criticism of the "Essays and Reviews," "can close this volume without feeling it to be at bottom in direct antagonism to the whole system of popular belief. This book is incompatible with the religious belief of the mass of the Christian public: all attempts to show that these opinions are in accordance with Scripture, the Articles, the Liturgy, or the Church, have little practical value, and do no small practical harm." * * *

"The men and women of our congregations are told that the whole scheme of salvation has to be entirely re-arranged and altered. Divine rewards and punishments, the fall, original sin, vicarious penalty, and salvation by faith, are all, in the rational sense of the terms, repudiated as immoral delusions. Miracles, inspiration, and prophecy, in their plain and natural sense, are denounced as figments or exploded blunders. The Mosaic history dissolves itself into a mass of ill-digested legends; the Mosaic ritual, into an Oriental system of priestcraft; and the Mosaic origin of the earth and man sinks amidst the rubbish of Rabbinical cosmogenies; and yet all this is done in the name of Orthodoxy, and for the glory of Christian Truth. All the bases of the Believer's Creed are undermined, the whole external authority on which it rests is swept away." * * *

"In their ordinary if not plain sense, there have been discarded the Word of God, the Creation, Redemption, Justification, Regeneration, Salvation, Miracles, Inspiration, Prophecy, Heaven and Hell, Eternal Punishment, a Day of Judgment, Creeds, Liturgies, Articles, the Truth of Jewish History and Gospel Narrative, a sense of doubt thrown over even the Incarnation, Resurrection, and Ascension, the Divinity of the Second Person, the Personality of the Third."

Such then being the avowed doctrines, and such the scarce disguised tendencies of the Essays and Reviews, it still remains for us to offer a few observations on the relations of this daring book and its authors to the Church of England. It is perfectly competent, we are well aware, to every member of the Church of England, at any and

every moment, to lay aside his membership of that Church, to renounce and even assail her doctrines, and to withdraw entirely from her pale. In such case the relations between the Church and those seceders from her fold would be of simple antagonism; and the only function of the Church in their regard would be to defend her doctrines against their assault, and to protect her children from the contagion of their influence and example.

But the case of the Essayists, as we have seen, is very different from this. Not only do they continue to maintain the character of professing Anglicans; to teach from the pulpits of the Church, from the chairs of her universities, and from the cloisters of the seminaries of her clergy; but in doing all this, they themselves profess not merely to hold the truth of Christ in all its substantial integrity, but to profess it in full and lawful subjection to the authority of the Church, and in frank acceptance of her prescribed formularies. They have not left this to be inferred from their conduct, or to be understood as a gloss upon the position which they continue to maintain. They have formally discussed and decided the question. One of the Essays, "on the National Church," has no other real object than this; and the claim which it asserts can only be understood in the light of a direct and formal assertion, in the face of those who are in authority, of their legal and constitutional right as sound churchmen, to hold and to profess the opinions which they unhesitatingly avow. And as if to make the challenge more significant, Mr. Wilson, the author of the Essay in which this question of the compatibility of opinions which assail the very foundations of Christianity with subscriptions to the Church formularies is discussed, is one of the well-remembered "Four Tutors," who, on occasion of the publication of Tract 90, protested against the "dishonesty" of the claim put forward in that Tract to affix to the Thirty-nine Articles a sense compatible with the doctrines actually defined by the Council of Trent!

We may be permitted to question the taste displayed in the selection of Mr. Wilson as the champion of freedom of subscription. But the task has fallen to him; and the writer who, in 1841, thought the liberty claimed in Tract 90, dishonest and Jesuitical, has come in 1861, to write as follows:

"The Protestant feeling among us has satisfied itself in a blind way with the anti-Roman declaration, that 'Holy Scripture con-

taineth all things necessary to salvation, so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man, that it should be believed as an article of the faith,' &c., and without reflecting how very much is wisely left open in that Article. For this declaration itself is partly negative and partly positive; as to its negative part it declares that nothing—no clause of creed, no decision of council, no tradition or exposition—is to be required to be believed on peril of salvation, unless it be Scriptural; but it does not lay down, that everything which is contained in Scripture must be believed on the same peril. Or it may be expressed thus:—the Word of God is contained in Scripture, whence it does not follow that it is co-extensive with it. The Church to which we belong does not put that stumbling-block before the feet of her members; it is their own fault if they place it there for themselves, authors of their own offence. Under the terms of the sixth Article one may accept *literally* or *allegorically*, or as *parable*, or *poetry*, or *legend*, the story of a serpent tempter, of an ass speaking with man's voice, of an arresting of the earth's motion, of a reversal of its motion, of waters standing in a solid heap, of witches, and a variety of apparitions. So, under the terms of the sixth Article, every one is free in judgment as to the primeval institution of the Sabbath, the universality of the deluge, the confusion of tongues, the corporeal taking up of Elijah into Heaven, the nature of angels, the reality of demoniacal possession, the personality of Satan, and the miraculous particulars of many events. So the dates and authorship of the several books received as canonical are not determined by any authority, nor their relative value and importance.”—pp. 176-7.

Nay, to the denial of opinions tending in the direction towards which his present prepossessions incline, of that liberty which he himself once so vigorously refused to the Tractarians, he ascribes many evils, and much unsoundness and unhealthiness of belief.

“To this want of wisdom on the part of the defenders of old opinions is to be attributed, that the noting of such differences as are to be found in the Evangelical narratives, or in the books of Kings and Chronicles, takes the appearance of an attack upon a holy thing. The like ill consequences follow from not acknowledging freely the extent of the human element in the sacred books; for if this were freely acknowledged on the one side, the divine element would be frankly recognized on the other. Good men—and they cannot be good without the Spirit of God—may err in facts, be weak in memory, mingle imagination with memory, be feeble in inferences, confound illustration with argument, be varying in judgment and opinion. But the Spirit of absolute Truth cannot err or contradict Himself, if He speak immediately, even in small things, accessories, or accidents. Still less can we suppose Him to suggest contradictory accounts, or accounts only to be reconciled in

the way of hypothesis and conjecture. Some things indited by the Holy Spirit may appear to relate to objects of which the whole cannot be embraced by the human intellect, and it may not, as to such objects, be possible to reconcile opposite sides of Divine truth. Whether this is the general character of Scripture revelations is not now the question; but the theory is supposable and should be treated with respect, in regard to some portions of Scripture. To suppose, on the other hand, a supernatural influence to cause the record of that which can only issue in a puzzle, is to lower infinitely our conception of the Divine dealings in respect of a special revelation.

"Thus it may be attributed to the defect of our understandings, that we should be unable altogether to reconcile the aspects of the Saviour as presented to us in the three first Gospels, and in the writings of St. Paul and St. John. At any rate, there were current in the primitive Church very distinct Christologies. But neither to any defect in our capacities, nor to any reasonable presumption of a hidden wise design, nor to any partial spiritual endowments in the narrators, can we attribute the difficulty if not impossibility, of reconciling the genealogies of St. Matthew, and St. Luke, or the chronology of the Holy Week, or the accounts of the Resurrection; nor to any mystery in the subject-matter can be referred the uncertainty in which the New Testament writings leave us, as to the descent of Jesus Christ according to the flesh, whether by his mother He were of the tribe of Judah, or of the tribe of Levi."—pp. 178-80.

And hence Mr. Wilson freely accords (p. 188) to persons who, having subscribed to the articles in taking orders or accepting benefices in the Church, have since, in the progress of inquiry, come to entertain opinions such as those embodied in the Essays, full and blameless liberty of remaining in their present place, and continuing to exercise all its functions. He even expressly permits (p. 187) young men entertaining those views who are about to enter into orders to subscribe the articles in that non-natural sense which subscription, with such opinions, must necessarily presuppose!

Hence, in judging of the orthodoxy of this volume, the ecclesiastical authorities have had not only to consider what its opinions are, but to bear in mind that these opinions claim to be judged compatible with every test of Anglican orthodoxy;—to decide, not merely whether they are speculatively true and tenable, but whether they are compatible with the formularies of the Church of England. Nor can it be permitted to them to remain silent. The position taken by the Essayists, and the direct challenge which they have thrown out, place the Church authorities in the unavoidable necessity of action. To

remain silent would be to admit their claim. To permit them to continue to officiate as ministers, and to teach as authorized instructors, would be in effect to pronounce that the Church of England has ceased to require in her members and her ministers, any profession of belief in the inspiration and integrity of the Scriptures, in the Divinity of the Son, in the Personality of the Holy Ghost, in the reality of the Atonement—nay even in the certainty of the Future Life itself!

Such is the issue which the publication of this remarkable volume has set before the English Church. It is almost painful to see how she has borne herself on an occasion so very momentous.

Certain clergy of the diocese of Oxford proposed an Address to the Archbishop of Canterbury on the subject of this startling volume, praying for "the deliberate and united judgment of the Archbishops and Bishops, upon a question so vitally affecting the interests and existence of the Church;" and on their own part assuring the bishops of their "heartly and unshaken belief in all the articles of the Christian faith as contained in the formularies of the Church of England."

Now it may be observed in passing, that such a profession of adhesion to the formularies, was singularly ill-chosen as a protest against writers who, as we have seen, themselves ostentatiously declare that there was no doctrine of theirs, and no principle contained in their volume, which could not be conscientiously maintained consistently with those formularies. But upon this address, such as it was, the bishops proceeded to act; and we can well imagine the blank dismay and horror with which our Tractarian friends must have opened the *Times* which reports the result of the episcopal deliberation—a proceeding so strangely unecclesiastical, and so at variance with every form of authoritative judgment, that it has been well called by one of the Church journals "*a round robin against the Essays and Reviews.*"

The document is as follows:

"Lambeth, Feb. 12.

"Rev. Sir—I have taken the opportunity of meeting many of my episcopal brethren in London to lay your address before them.

"They unanimously agree with me in expressing the pain it has given them that any clergyman of our Church should have published such opinions as those concerning which you have addressed us.

"We cannot understand how these opinions can be held consis-

tently with an honest subscription to the formularies of our Church, with many of the fundamental doctrines of which they appear to us essentially at variance.

"Whether the language in which these views are expressed is such as to make their publication an act which could be visited in the ecclesiastical courts, or to justify the synodical condemnation of the book which contains them, is still under our gravest consideration. But our main hope is our reliance on the blessing of God in the continued and increasing earnestness with which we trust that we and the clergy of our several dioceses may be enabled to teach and preach that good deposit of sound doctrine which our Church has received in its fulness, and which we pray that she may, through God's grace, ever set forth as the uncorrupted Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"I remain, Rev. Sir, your faithful servant,

"Rev. W. Fremantle.

"J. B. CANTUAR.

"I am authorized to append the following names :—

"C. J. Ebor.	J. Lichfield.	R. J. Bath and Wells.
A. C. London.	S. Oxon.	J. Lincoln.
H. M. Dunelm.	T. Ely.	C. Gloucester & Bristol.
C. R. Winton.	T. V. St. Asaph.	W. Sarum.
H. Exeter.	J. P. Manchester.	R. Ripon.
G. Peterborough.	R. D. Hereford.	J. T. Norwich.
C. St. David's	J. Chester.	J. C. Bangor.
A. T. Chichester.	A. Landaff.	J. Rochester
		S. Carlisle."

Such is the "deliberate and united judgment" of the Archbishops and Bishops upon a question which is truly described as "vitally affecting the interests and existence of the Church!" The bishops "feel pain that any clergyman should have expressed such opinions;" they "cannot understand" how these opinions can be held "consistently with an honest subscription to the formularies of the Church;" the opinions "appear to them to be essentially at variance with any of her fundamental doctrines;" it is "still under their gravest consideration whether the publication of these opinions is an act which could be visited in the ecclesiastical courts, or would justify the synodical condemnation of the book!" It will hardly be believed that this statement is seriously made. Whether a book which, in the words of one of the addresses presented to the bishops, "annihilates the authority of the Bible as the inspired Word of God"—which "rejects all miracles (not excepting those of our Blessed Lord) as incapable of proof and repugnant to reason; and, in one instance at least, undermines faith in God as the Creator," can be

“visited in the ecclesiastical courts,” or “will justify synodical condemnation!” With what wearied and unhoping hearts will these faltering and uncertain words be read throughout that section of the Church who have perilled their hopes of truth, and their hold on Catholic belief, upon the fidelity of the Fathers of the English Church! How painfully will they contrast this wretched “round-robin” with the clear and trenchant decisions of Catholic antiquity;—with the negative clauses appended to the creed of Nicæa; with the ever memorable anathemas of St. Cyril of Alexandria; with the glorious “Dogmatical Epistle” of St. Leo the Great! Well indeed may they tremble for the safety of the “good deposit of sound doctrine” entrusted to hands so feeble, and to hearts so incapable of realizing it in its fulness and integrity!

Such was the first specimen of the united action of the Archbishops and Bishops to which the Church thus lovingly appealed.* And even such as it was, its value was

* The manifesto of the Irish branch is equally vague and inconclusive. As it has not obtained much circulation, we think it well to preserve it here.

“To the Right Rev. the Bishops of the United Church of England and Ireland in the Provinces of Armagh and Dublin.

“Right Rev. Brethren—Our attention has been called to a protest which has been issued by the prelates in England, in reference to a publication entitled ‘Essays and Reviews,’ the production of professed members, most of them clergymen of our Church, and yet setting forth views manifestly at variance with its principles.

“We cannot doubt your strong disapprobation of the disingenuousness of such conduct. Even supposing the doctrines of our Church to be as unsound as we firmly believe them to be the reverse, still it is directly opposed to the most obvious principles of morality for persons to continue professed members of the Church, and perhaps enjoying its emoluments, while assailing those doctrines.

“With respect to the publication in question, we have not hitherto deemed it necessary to take any public step, considering that the writers were in English Dioceses, and that the respective diocesans would be likely to take such measures, either by ecclesiastical censure or otherwise, as the case might appear to them to call for; and we believe that it is but very recently that the matter has obtained any considerable notoriety in this portion of the Church. But now that this publication is obtaining much circulation, we feel it necessary to call your attention to it, with a view to your putting your clergy, specially, on their guard against the possible inroads of ‘erroneous and strange doctrines’ in this new form.

speedily called into question. Its publication in the *Times* was speedily followed by a letter signed "Anglicanus," demanding that the present document should be viewed in connexion with three previous Episcopal protests, viz. (1) that against Dr. Hampden; (2) that against the usurpation of the titles of English Sees by Romish schismatical bishops; (3) the Archiepiscopal censure of those who condemned Bishop Gobat's intrusive proselytising from the Greek Church;—and predicting that, like its predecessors, this censure would fall powerless to the ground. Since that time a little light has been thrown upon the secret history of the preparation of this censure. The *Saturday Review*, which stigmatizes the whole proceeding as "feeble, clumsy, and irregular," plainly intimates that it was in the main the work of the Archbishop himself. The Bishop of Exeter, in a correspondence with one of the Essayists, Dr. Temple, openly expresses his opinion that the "censure was more feeble than the occasion required;" and publishes an extract from a form of censure proposed by himself—(a censure, we must say, itself excessively moderate) but to which that of the Archbishop was preferred. And a whole host of protests have appeared in the various journals reprobating the vague language of the episcopal censure, and demanding that the particular opinions which are condemned should be specified, as well as the "fundamental doctrines with which these opinions appear to be at variance."

Nor can it be denied that, in reference to a censure emanating from so motley a body as the bishops of the Anglican Church, this demand is not unnatural. It may be well asked whether they themselves are agreed as to the articles which are to be considered fundamental. How will the Archbishop of Canterbury manage to effect an agreement with the Bishop of Exeter on the question of the Sacraments? What formula of the threefold Personality in the Godhead will combine the views of the Archbishop of Dublin with those of the Archbishop of

As to the best mode of your doing this, your own judgment and knowledge of the circumstances in each locality will be a sufficient guide.

"With earnest prayers for the Divine guidance to ourselves and to you in all matters, and more especially in this difficult conjuncture,—We remain, right rev. brethren, yours faithfully,

"JOHN G. ARMAGH.

"February 25, 1861."

"RD. DUBLIN."

Armagh? How many of what one section of the bishops would style the "strange and erroneous" doctrines of the Essays would pass muster with Dr. Hampden, at least if they are to be judged by his published opinions!

But we must leave these considerations to our Tractarian and other High Church friends who still hold by the apostolical succession. Our present concern is with the actual proceedings of the Anglican Church authorities in this memorable case.

Since the publication of the protest, the event to which the bishops allude has actually taken place. Convocation has met. The Essays have been under consideration in both Houses. But we doubt whether the most sanguine churchman will venture to anticipate much practical help to the "good deposit of sound doctrine" from what has transpired of its action. It is a curious circumstance that the last occasion on which Convocation was permitted to enter upon a doctrinal discussion was in the case of Bishop Hoadley; that before it had proceeded far the crown interfered to stop the proceedings; and that the long suspension of its functions which ensued, and which has only just been removed, was occasioned by the fear which was entertained that its decision in that case would have abridged the liberty of private judgment in the Church of England. Even already there are indications of a similar dread of Convocation. Another correspondent of the *Times* in a later letter than that of *Anglicanus*, to which, however, that sybilline journal has assigned equal prominence in its pages, has sounded the alarm against the mischievous intermeddling of the Clerical Parliament, and has called for a fresh withdrawal of its privilege of discussion. The same spirit is manifested in various other quarters. "It is generally believed," writes a clerical correspondent of the *Globe*, about the same date, "that the Protestant 'fundamental doctrine' is 'the exercise of private judgment.' If this be so, may not Oxford Essayers and others differ with the Bishops and Archbishops? If they may not, then the exercise of private judgment means this—that you must arrive at the same conclusions as the bishops and archbishops, which can hardly be called the exercise of private judgment. A Protestant bishop publishes, and before he publishes, it is to be presumed, he thinks; may not 'the clergymen of our Church' think and publish too? According to the letter of the bishops, it would seem *not*; if so, then it is time that new Luthers should come forward, and

a new Reformation be attempted, in order to carry out the principles contended for in the old ; for it is 'the *un*corrupted Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ' which thinking minds are as anxious to obtain now as they were three hundred years ago ; and to this end it will be necessary to find out how many are on the side of dogmatic theory, and assertions which are opposed to discovered facts. *On the supposition that the exercise of private judgment was the very foundation of the Protestant Church I took Orders, and I for my part I am prepared to resign them on learning that my supposition was incorrect."*

As regards the final result of the deliberation of the bishops it would be premature to offer an opinion. They are to meet again in the course of the month of March ; but if one may judge by the tone of the late discussion, it is hard to think that any very efficient action is to be expected. The Bishop of London is reported to have expressed it as his opinion that enough will be done if an "opportunity be afforded to all the writers of the Essays to make a public declaration of their belief in the great doctrines of Christianity." He particularly excepts from the general censure two of the Essayists—Dr. Temple and Mr. Jowett, the latter of whom, as we said, is responsible for the most daring opinions in the volume. The bishop expresses his confidence that both these gentlemen will be able to vindicate themselves "by an expression of the positive belief in the truths to which the book is not unnaturally supposed to be antagonistic ;" and when taken to task on the subject of the particular Essays written by these very gentlemen, he contented himself with replying that he "by no means defended them ;" that on the contrary he "particularly disliked them, and one of them especially ;" but he repeated the desire which he had previously expressed, and concluded by declaring that, if such a public profession was made by them, "he should not allow himself to doubt their honesty, or trouble himself about their consistency !"

Since these, as it were, preliminary proceedings, this momentous affair—the trial, in good truth, of the efficiency of the Anglican Church as a guardian of the foundations of faith—has been advanced by two very important steps.

A large body of the clergy, exceeding it is said eight thousand in number, have united in an Address to "The most Rev. Father in God, John Bird, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England, and Metropoli-

tan." The Address is in the main identical with one of those already referred to, and is equally strong and equally explicit in its denunciations of the doctrines and doctrinal tendencies of "Essays and Reviews;" and it appeals most earnestly to the Archbishop "to take counsel with the other members of the episcopate, and to devise such measures as may, with God's blessing, drive away from the Church all such strange and erroneous doctrines."

The convocation, too, has been taking further measures. In the meeting of March 14th, a deputation of the Lower House presented to the Upper House "a *gravamen*, signed by individual members, complaining that a book, called 'Essays and Reviews,' had been published in London, containing teaching which was subversive of the inspiration and doctrine of Holy Scripture." The gravamen alleged that, out of the seven writers of these 'Essays and Reviews,' six were clergymen of the Church of England; and the members of the House who had signed the gravamen "prayed that their Lordships would be pleased to direct the appointment of a committee of the Lower House, to make extracts from the book alluded to, and to report thereon to their Lordships' House."

These are unquestionably, so far as meets the eye, earnest and energetic proceedings; and they make it plain that the *alarm* created by the publication of this volume is deep and wide-spread in the English Church.

But what has been the result as regards *practical* ecclesiastical action in the matter?

The eight thousand champions of orthodoxy in the second order of the clergy were doomed to a bland but most chilling reception from the higher powers. The Archbishop, no doubt, "felt great satisfaction on receiving a deputation upon this important subject." He assured them, of course, that "nothing had been said by them on the subject which he did not fully approve." He could not be "surprised at the great sensation that these 'Essays' had occasioned among all his brethren in the clergy;" he could not be surprised that "they should have risen as one man in a body, in order to protest against the scandal which had been brought, he might almost say, on themselves." He agreed that "such opinions as those put forth in the 'Essays and Reviews' were calculated to undermine, if unanswered, the very foundation of Christianity;" and he added that "the sentiments of his brother bishops on the matter could not be doubted, inas-

much as they had given a strong testimony to what those opinions were ;"* and he was "quite sure the step taken by them would not have been adopted but under a strong conviction of duty."

So far His Grace's course was clear. But it is here that the real difficulty begins. Where and what is the remedy? Unfortunately it is easier to denounce the error, than to condemn it; and, notwithstanding all that has been said or done, whether by the eight thousand or by their ecclesiastical superiors, the great problem still remains unsolved;—"how they are to drive away from the Church these strange and erroneous doctrines." The archbishop openly avows his inability to grapple with the danger. He gloomily confesses "that the only way of proceeding against the Essayists is under the Church Discipline Act in the Ecclesiastical Courts;" and this, he explains, is "always a difficult process, for there are so many technicalities and delays in those courts, that if men once get into them they never know when they may get out again." The difficulty, he adds, "is increased on this occasion by the fact that the book was the work of several persons instead of one individual. If they proceeded in the way he had referred to, the matter would be kept open, for perhaps three or four years, and an objectionable discussion would thus be prolonged." With such a prospect, we cannot wonder that he suggested to the deputation whether, "for prudential reasons, it might not, perhaps, be desirable to avoid the application to the Ecclesiastical Courts." And they were fain to take their leave with whatever solitary crumbs of comfort they could collect from the assurance that "this as well as every other part connected with the case, would receive his and his brother bishops' earnest consideration."

The proceedings of the Upper House of Convocation regarding the *Gravamen* are even more prophetic of feebleness and inaction. The discussion, it is true, is reported very imperfectly: but the tenor is sufficiently apparent even from the summary contained in the daily journals. The Archbishop inquired from the deputation by which the *Gravamen* was presented, whether the per-

* It is right to state that the Archbishop disavowed in his answer to this deputation the action which was ascribed to him (as may be seen from some of the remarks in page 495), in the preparation of the episcopal letter, and in procuring the signatures of his brother prelates.

sons who signed the gravamen composed a majority of the House at the time; and the Prolocutor having answered in the affirmative, the Bishop of Oxford, who has taken the initiative throughout, said it appeared to him to be the duty of their Lordships composing the Upper House of Convocation to acquiesce in the prayer of the petition, and that he should move a resolution to that effect. He accordingly moved a resolution, acceding to the prayer of the petition, "that a committee of the Lower House be appointed to examine and make extracts from the book entitled 'Essays and Reviews,' and to report thereon." The Bishop of Chichester seconded the motion. One might have thought that the demand for at least so much of synodical animadversion upon the work would have been acceded to unanimously. But this was very far from being the case. The Bishop of London stated various objections to the course proposed; and after a long discussion, the Archbishop of Canterbury put the motion, when there appearing:—for the motion eight—viz.: the Bishops of Winchester, St. David's, Oxford, Bangor, Salisbury, Llandaff, St. Asaph, and Chichester; against it, *four*, viz.: the Bishops of London, Bath and Wells, Glo'ster and Bristol, and Norwich, the Archbishop, *who did not vote either way*, declared the Bishop of Oxford's motion carried."

Thus of thirteen bishops who took part in the discussion only eight were favourable to the appointment of the committee; one remained neutral, and four were decidedly opposed to the measure!

It still remains to be seen what will be the tenor of the report of this committee, and what the course taken by Convocation thereupon. And we need scarcely add in conclusion, that, even should Convocation agree unanimously in the condemnation of "Essays and Reviews," nevertheless, as that body possesses no judicial functions and no executive authority, the appellants will still be as far as at the first from any effective measure for "driving away from the Church these strange and erroneous doctrines."

And thus for the present the question rests. Its future is of the deepest importance. To those in the English Church who cling to the phantom of Church authority as a part of her system, it is a last occasion of trial. She shrank back, no doubt, in the Gorham controversy. She was indifferent,

or hostile in the Altar question. She gave no sign throughout the long struggle on the vital doctrine of the Eucharistic Presence. But here, where the whole deposit of faith is assailed, churchmen cannot bring themselves to believe that she will continue to maintain the same scandalous indifference. They go back in thought to the days of early Christian faith. They see how, when one of the mere outworks of the doctrine was assailed by Nestorius, the whole Church was at once put in motion;—how Alexandria called for the interposition of Rome, and Rome armed the great African Patriarchate with all her powers for the confirmation of the truth and the condemnation of error; how, in the Eutychian controversy, synod followed synod with a rapidity which amounted to turbulence; how even the Pelagian question called out nearly twenty councils in as many years. With these recollections of the Church of the Fathers fresh upon them, they cannot believe that their own Church will passively relinquish to the daring hand of the destroyer the "authority of the Bible as the inspired Word of God;" give up "the miracles of our Blessed Lord as incapable of proof and repugnant to reason;" and suffer even "the faith in God as the Creator" to be condemned with impunity. The synodical proceedings of the coming month will show how far these anticipations are well founded.

We shall await the issue of these ulterior proceedings. In what we have here written regarding the *Essays and Reviews* we have mainly addressed ourselves (following therein the traditionary line which this journal has pursued since its first establishment) to a single party—the party of authority—in the Church of England. But we cannot conceal from ourselves that the work involves another and far more formidable consideration, in its direct relation to the party whose opinions it undertakes to represent. We have already said, and the observation is confirmed by a well-informed writer in the *Saturday Review*,* that the Essays in themselves exhibit but little of novelty. Most of their opinions are already familiar, especially to students of German theology. Many of them had already, as we saw, been publicly professed in other forms and on other occasions by the individual writers under whose collective names they are now put forward. It is not, therefore, the mere publication of the opinions

* March 2.

which causes alarm. The really formidable feature of the case is, partly the character of combined action which, despite the protest of these authors, the joint publication has imparted to the work, but still more the air of earnestness which they wear,—the appearance of acting under an impulse which it was impossible to restrain, of relieving by utterance thoughts too busy to be further repressed, hearts too full to rest longer in inaction. How far the reality of things may justify that appearance, we cannot venture to say. Of the prevalence of open unbelief in England some measure may be taken. In like manner of the extent of public practical irreligion, of indifference, and of the various grosser forms of materialism, the statistics of the rural and city population of the Empire furnish but too significant illustrations. But the higher school of scepticism, or of intellectual activity which tends to scepticism, had not hitherto taken upon itself a form whence it might be recognized, and by which its magnitude might be appraised. If the *Essays and Reviews* be regarded as what to every reasonable seeming it purports to be;—"a combined manifesto from a body of learned clergymen, uttering, in spite of their professional bias, truths which they are no longer able to contain;" its publication is indeed a sign which cannot be contemplated without alarm. It reveals to us an intellectual world of whose existence few had hitherto dreamed. Considered in its relation to the Church of England, it raises questions of far deeper importance than contests about Church authority, or squabbles about the honesty of subscription—not mere questions which affect the mutual relation of parties within the Church, but issues which challenge the very existence and vitality of the Church herself.

That beneath the crust of indifference, of formalism, and even of simple belief, which forms the groundwork of the popular religion of England, there exists an energy which needs but to be called into action in order to make itself widely felt for weal or woe, the *Essays and Reviews* is not the only indication which late years have brought to light. In what direction and under what influence this energy may be exerted, the Future only can reveal. But, rising from the perusal of such a volume, no thinking man can contemplate that Future without a painful interest, and, we must add, without an anxious and even gloomy foreboding.

- ART. IX.—1. *Poems* by Alfred Tennyson, Sixth edition. London: Edward Moxon and Co., Dover Street. 1850.
2. *Idylls of the King*. By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet-Laureate. London: Edward Moxon and Co., Dover Street, 1859.
3. *Poems* by Matthew Arnold. A new edition. London: Longman and Co. 1853.
4. *The Prophet Enoch: or the Sons of God and the Sons of Men*. A Poem. By James Burton Robertson, Translator of F. Schlegel's *Philosophy of History*. London: James Blackwood, Paternoster Row: M'Glashan and Gill, Dublin. 1860.
5. *Aurora Leigh*. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. London: Chapman and Hall. 1857.

INDIFFERENT Poetry is tolerated neither by gods, men, or booksellers. It creates as great an aversion in our day, as it did in the fastidious age when the great Augustan Poet indited his celebrated Epistle to the Pisos, warning those aspirants for poetic fame against the danger of overlading the book-stalls with unsaleable wares. With what wise cruelty, with what delicate irony, does not the great satirist describe the man resolved

“In spite
Of nature and his stars to write.”

In poetry, the master of the art declared to the Roman and Barbarian world that there was no such thing as mediocrity.—*Si paulum e summo discessit, vergit ad inum*. In other pursuits to attain to mediocrity is, at least, respectable, in poetry it is a disgrace. The divinest of the Muses must not only be wooed, she must be won. On the unsuccessful suitor she has no gift to bestow, not even pity. She is a jealous as well as a generous mistress: in a true worshiper she will forgive faults innumerable, but then to be acceptable, her votary must be filled, from inmost heart and brain to the very tips of his fingers, with the genuine fire of inspiration. No critical art, no polished learning, no philosophy, however deep and true, can supply the want of imagination; but wedded to the creative faculty, art, learning, and philosophy will lend to poetry a nicer discrimination, a statelier march and method, and a depth and fulness of view, which are rarely to be found, except in the grand old masters who have left

“Their footprints in the sands of time.”

Poetry is the spontaneous outburst of noble thoughts and of feelings too intense for ordinary utterance, the hope of higher things, the yearning for the more perfect, the love of the beautiful and the good in man and nature. The poet is the interpreter of man to himself; he sums up the feelings of all in one; and speaks only what all have felt before.

The poet is no mere harmonious trifler to dally with passions which he has never felt, no frivolous word-painter to deal in petty conceits, or to play with fanciful phrases to please the ear; his rhythm and measure are the cadences of a strong heart beating for utterance, or the sweep of an indignant mind

“Dower’d with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love.”

The poet leads an intenser life than other men, he has a wider vision, a keener insight, and a more perfect utterance. Because he is a poet, he stands on higher ground, he is lifted above himself and out of himself by the force of imagination, and is transfigured as it were by the fire of inspiration. And yet, because he is a poet, he has all things in common with nature; he speaks in her language to the hearts of all men, he is familiar with their thoughts and moulds them into form, and gives them a beauty not their own; he opens an impassioned utterance to passions which were silent, only because they wanted fit expression; he is the lord and master of tears and of

“Thoughts that often lie too deep for tears.”

He speaks from his own heart to the universal heart; therefore the poet never dies, his language is understood by all men in all ages, his work is imperishable as long as the world shall last; for, in the language of truth, he discourses of our great primary affections and of our permanent human interests, and he has, as a great poet has said of himself, a fellowship

“With sun and moon and stars throughout the year,
And man and woman.”

If poetry never dies, the poet never forfeits the love of mankind. We love our poets with a love which is almost personal. Their words come to us like the remembered voices of once familiar friends, and find ready entrance

into our hearts, because they have sympathized with us and understood the wants and yearnings of our nature, before, as it were, we were born. From the turmoil of the world, from the dust of the race, from the defeats in the battle-field of life, we turn to the inspired oracles of poetry to refresh the mind, to soothe the troubled heart, or to knit our energy up for further conflict and for future victory. In this intellectual meditation the mind finds consolation and an increase of power, in a manner analogous to the supernatural strength the soul derives from prayer.

Poetry has another charm which will always prove attractive to the curious intellect of man. It is full of surprises, opening up glimpses of sudden light into the springs and sources of human action, awakening slumbering perceptions, and lifting from our eyes the scales which have intercepted our vision; no sooner have we gained, through the poet's inspiration, this deeper insight and this closer knowledge, than the ideas, which he has made manifest to our mind become, by their simplicity and truthfulness, familiar as the thoughts and purposes of yesterday. To be a poet it is not enough to have studied the art in the sublime schools of antiquity, to have mastered the intricacies of language, to have penetrated into the mysterious depths of melody. Poetry is not only an art to be carefully cultivated, but it is an inspiration to be renewed fresh at the fountain-head. To enlarge our mental vision, to deepen our sympathies, to move our passions at his will, the poet must have submitted his mind to the discipline of meditation, the ear of his heart must be ever open to the voice of suffering humanity, he must have felt the tumultuous joy which he describes, have loved and wept, before he can make us love and sympathize with the ideal creations of his mind.

Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi; tunc tua me infortunia lædent.

If he be true to nature, nature will recompense his fidelity, but yet he must not forget that his is no servile art; it is the poet's duty and privilege to select whatever is grand or significant, or enduring, to separate the essence from the accident, to seize upon the salient point, the distinctive habit, the highest individuality. The poet may search the annals of the past for his subject, or he may choose the

struggles of the day, if their moral grandeur be equal to the dignity required by his art. He must not condescend to waste his strength on ignoble trifles, on the passing whims or fancies of the hour. Yet none know better than he that no permanent passion, which agitates the human breast, has ever yet failed, under proper poetic treatment, to afford the highest gratification or the most salutary warning. Penetrating beyond the shifting scenes in the drama of life as it slowly evolves itself, the poet will find elements in abundance for his use. To him the past will yield fragments of its glory; the main-springs of action in all their variety are revealed to his mind; he can form combinations and create images at will, to be endowed by the power of his imagination with all the vitality of action. By the condensation of his experience, and in the glow of his creative fancy, the Poet can rehabilitate the past in its grandeur or in its degradation. We live our lives over again at his bidding, and see the vision of what we were in the mirror of his fancy. He can anticipate the future and foreshadow coming events, and by the justness of his knowledge and the clearness of his imagination he will succeed in presenting to our minds a picture which, because it is true to nature, will not offend against probability, or violate the laws of human action, or interrupt or alter the course of human passions. "Poetry," says Bacon, in his comprehensive manner, "seems to endow human nature with that which lies beyond the power of history, and to gratify the mind with at least the shadow of things where the substance cannot be had."

Commenting on the qualifications necessary in a poet to engage attention, Hallam sagaciously remarks that the immediate success of a poem depends not so much on its merits, as on its congeniality with the popular tastes of the time in which it is written. Upon this hypothesis only can we account for the great and increasing popularity of Tennyson. The Poet-Laureate is in perfect harmony with his age. His artificialness is not greater than the unreal and pretentious character of the nineteenth century. He is content to take society as he finds it—men and women as they are—his habit of thought is not higher than theirs, his passion not deeper, it lies upon the surface, it is beautiful to look upon, exquisite in expression, and finished in form. His poetry enchants the ear and plays with the fancy, but does it always stir the heart or penetrate the

depths of the mind? We are often indeed lost in admiration at the marvellous skill of the writer, at his melodious mastery of rhythm, and at the unrivalled resources of his metre, but can we quite forget the artist in the Passions which he is exciting? are we always so moved by love, revenge, horror or despair, as to be insensible to the elaborate arts and excessive labour in the production of these splendid effects? *Summa ars est celare artem.*

But this highest reach of skill consists in the poet's giving the rein to his imagination, while art only, with invisible hand, guides its steps, supports its speed, and avoids the pitfalls on its wild and rugged course, or the abrupt clefts and chasms in its bold ascents. Art is not the mistress but the handmaid of imagination. But Tennyson is so great an artificer that his skill in execution tends to detract from his conceptions as a poet. In sparkling phrase and melodious rhythm he builds up so much beauty as to make you doubt his force, originality, and grasp of idea. Subtle and suggestive in his imagery, a nice observer of nature, and quaint and happy in his reproductions of its more intricate mysteries, he yet fails in expression before the passionate and unpremeditated force of Byron, and cannot be compared for stateliness of diction with the grand simplicity of Wordsworth. Tennyson is no Homeric Titan, hurling fragments of rock, and shaking the Olympian gods, but an elaborate polisher of pebbles in the smooth and sparkling stream. He is a most splendid trifler, his "nugæque canoræ," his clear and crystal phrases, set in melodious verse, will live for ever, will be repeated with unfailing delight by generations of men, as long as the English tongue shall last. "It is, perhaps," observes Gilpin in his remarks on forest scenery, "one of the greatest errors in painting, as, indeed, it is in all literary as well as picturesque composition, to be more attentive to the finishing of the parts than the production of the whole." Into this error Tennyson has fallen, the exquisite finish of the parts in his poems, especially, perhaps, in those of later date, is, indeed, almost beyond compare; but "great beauties," as a discriminating critic has observed, "are always in the confines of great faults." This "great beauty" of elaborate attention to the finish of minor details the author of "Maud and other Poems" has pushed to an extreme verge which is only not unpardonable, because the parts may be

detached from the whole, the costly gems from the inferior setting, and then these harmonious trifles may be preserved for ever in their crystalized beauty to be remembered hereafter as Tennyson's Remains. As an illustration of our meaning we will borrow from Vivien in the *Idylls of the King*, one of these costly gems:—

“In Love, if Love be Love, if Love be ours,
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers:
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

It is the little rift within the lute,
That by-and-by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all.

The little rift within the lover's lute,
Or little pitted speck in garnered fruit,
That rotting inward slowly moulders all.

It is not worth the keeping: let it go;
But shall it? answer, darling, answer, no;
And trust me not at all or all in all.”

Tennyson, to our mind, is sometimes a disappointment; we were led by his earlier works to expect great things from his poetic genius, but his performances have fallen short of his early promise. He wants boldness and ambition; he has not emancipated himself from the artificial trammels which encumber his motions; or he prefers to startle us by the marvellous mastery of his versification, or to enchant us by the exquisite conceit of his fancy, rather than carry us away by bold flights of the imagination. Or perhaps he does not wish to risk a reputation which is the very highest in its line; or perhaps the harsh and unmeasured criticism, which he had to encounter upon his first entrance into the poetic arena, when his really great powers of versification were denied, and baldness and poverty of language, as well as a constrained and unnatural method were imputed to him, may have had the unhappy effect of concentrating his attention too exclusively on the art, so to speak, of poetry, to the detriment of its highest inspirations. Or conscious, possibly, of weakness, in the more lofty regions of the imagination, he has had the wisdom to obey the dictates of prudence, and abstain from attempts which might have resulted in failure. But from whatever cause it may spring, Tennyson has not as yet satisfied the highest requirements of poetry; and they, who, heedless of the judgment of futurity, and

oblivious of the glorious examples of antiquity, are never weary of extolling him as one of the greatest of poets, have not only exhibited their incapacity for forming a correct judgment on poetry, and their ignorance of the unchallenged standards of excellence, but what is of far greater importance, have contributed not a little to lower the standard of criticism and to vitiate the public taste.

In some of his earlier works, Tennyson seemed as if he were standing on the threshold of a great fame, as if his imaginative powers were carrying him forward with a rapidity and splendour which augured well for the future poet. None can read "Locksley Hall" without emotion; we feel at once we are in the presence of a real sorrow, in the strife of contending passions, which the imagination of the poet has created and endowed with surpassing beauty. The poem bears about it the touch of reality. It stands in no need of the fanciful filigree-work and elaborate word-painting, in which the author too often, and too exclusively, delights. In "Locksley Hall," the melody of passion sweeps through the lines, and thrills in tenderness, or swells in indignation against the restraints of an over-civilized state of society, or against the meanness of a self-seeking world. "Locksley Hall" is an episode of life in the present day. Love, and woman's selfish treachery, pride, and scorn, and tenderness, desire for a larger life and freer action, the struggle against narrow social influences, the longing for emancipation and the freedom of a newer world, and the ultimate triumph of reason, are set forth with great power. "Locksley Hall" is the history of the conflict of the passions; it shows the disturbance to the moral nature brought about by the first shock of the affections, by the disenchantment of life in its spring. With poetic truthfulness, the world is viewed in the light of his sorrow, and society judged in reference to its treatment of himself by the hero of the poem. All external things take their hue and colour from his passion, and mould themselves to the temper of his mind. Under the cover of his hero, the popular poet, who is so familiar with modern society, its habit of thought and action, holds, we are rejoiced to perceive, modern society up to scorn for its self-seeking meanness and skindEEP affections. The whole poem exhibits greater force of creative imagination than Tennyson can usually lay claim to, and is composed with the consummate skill, and all the artis-

tic beauty and finish, for which he is so famous. The return of the hero in "Locksley Hall" to the healthy action of life, is well devised; and though he has lost the golden promise of his life, and parted with youth itself in the conflict, he comes forth from the struggle, chastened in spirit, stronger, larger-sighted, and learns to forget his individual grief in the discernment of the general necessity of suffering. In illustration of our remarks, and as a specimen of what we conceive to be one of the happiest of Tennyson's efforts, before proceeding to inquire into the rank he is entitled to claim as a poet, we will select and string together the chief passages of this characteristic poem.

"Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest,
Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the West;
Many a night I saw the Pleiades, rising thro' the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid.
Here about the beach I wandered, nourishing a youth sublime
With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of Time:
When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed;
When I clung to all the present for the promise that it closed:
When I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see.
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be."—

... ..

Then love with its delights, interrupts for a moment,
"the vision of the world," and, with its treachery, disturbs the harmony of life, and, "My cousin Amy," is a fair type of her sex:—

"Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his glowing hands,
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.
Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might,
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling pass'd in music out of sight."

Many a morning on the moorland, did we hear the copses ring,
And her whisper throng'd my pulses with the fulness of the Spring.
Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,
And our spirits rush'd together at the touching of the lips."

With what melodious plaintiveness does not the poet then bring in the abrupt change in the life-like drama, when "the cousin shallow-hearted" forsakes her lover,—with what poetic scorn does he not point his sarcasm at the social slave-market, where, sinning against the strength

of youth, willing hands and hearts are bartered for gold or sacrificed to the sickly forms and pride of society.

"O my cousin, shallow-hearted! O my Amy, mine no more!
O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the barren, barren shore!

... ..
Better thou wert dead before me, tho' I slow thee with my hand,
Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the heart's disgrace,
Roll'd in one another's arms, and silent in a last embrace;
Cursed be the social wants, that sin against the strength of youth,
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth!
Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest Nature's rule,
Cursed be the gold that gilds the straitened forehead of the fool!

Then comes the reaction and introspective bitterness,
and the sorrow that will not be comforted:

"In the dead unhappy night, and when the rain is on the roof,"

And when

"The dying night-lamp flickers, and the shadows rise and fall;"

And

"Thou shalt hear the 'Never, never' whispered by the phantom
years,
And a song from out the distance in the ringing of thine ears?"

... ..
Am I mad, that I should cherish that which bears but bitter fruit?
I will pluck it from my bosom, tho' my heart be at the root.
Where is comfort? in division of the records of the mind?
Can I part her from herself, and love her as I knew her kind?
Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the love she bore?
No—she never loved me truly; love is love for evermore.
Comfort? comfort scorn'd of devils, this is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things;
Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy heart be put to proof,
In the dead unhappy night, and when the rain is on the roof."

Then the lover, glancing forward to future years, sees
her who betrayed him teaching her daughter treachery.

"O, I see thee, old and formal, fitted to thy petty part,
With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart,
'They were dangerous guides, the feelings—she herself was not
exempt—

Truly she herself had suffer'd—Perish in thy self-contempt!
Overlive it—lower yet—be happy, wherefore should I care?
I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by despair.
What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like these?
Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens but to golden keys;

Every gate is throng'd with suitors, all the markets overflow,
I have but an angry fancy; what is that which I should do?

... ..

Can I but re-live in sadness? I will turn that earlier page;
Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wondrous Mother-Age,
Make me feel the wild pulsation, that I felt before the strife,
When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of my life.

... ..

What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his youthful joys,
Tho' the deep heart of existence beat for ever like a boys' ?
Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger on the shore,
And the individual withers, and the world is more and more;
Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears a laden breast,
Full of sad experience, moving toward the stillness of his rest.
Hark! my merry comrades call me, sounding on the bugle-horn,
They to whom my foolish passion were a target for their scorn;
Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a moulder'd string?
I am shamed thro' all my nature to have loved so slight a thing.
Weakness to be wroth with weakness, woman's pleasure, woman's
pain—

Nature gave them blinder notions bounded in a shallower brain.
Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions, match'd with mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine."

Then, after this indignant outburst of self-contempt and
of contemptuous scorn, comes the desire to "burst all
links of habit."

"—— To wander far away,

On from island unto island at the gate-ways of the day,
Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of Paradise.

... ..

There methinks would be enjoyment, more than in this march of
mind,

In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake
mankind.

There, the passions, cramp'd no longer, shall have scope and
breathing-space;

I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race.
Iron-jointed, supple-sinew'd, they shall dive and they shall run,
Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the sun;
Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of the brooks,
Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books."

This wild fancy is checked again by pride of race and
pride of intellect.

"I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains,
 Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains;
 Mated with a squalid savage—what to me were sun or clime?
 I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time—
 I that rather held it better men should perish one by one;
 Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's moon in
 Ajalon.

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range.
 Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of
 change.

Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day:
 Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

... ..
 O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set.
 Ancient founts of inspiration well thro' all my fancy yet.
 Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Locksley Hall.
 Now for me the woods may wither, now for me the roof-tree fall.
 Comes a vapour from the margin, blackening over heath and holt,
 Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a thunder-bolt.
 Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail, or fire or snow;
 For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and I go."

Thus this spirited and imaginative poem is brought to a close; and we are disappointed after such an exhibition of the creative faculty to find that Tennyson, in the lapse of twenty years, is now only able to produce the "*Idylls of the King*." In the composition of this poem, or rather of these four episodes of an epic poem, twelve years it is said, of incessant labour were consumed, but not wasted, as the reader, whose ear is attuned to melodious rhythm, and whose mind is delighted by tenderness of fancy and by gorgeous word-painting, will readily allow. In these fragmentary epics are unfolded to our eyes all the romance and beauty of knight-errantry. We have the "*Tourney and the Lady's Favour*," love-passages and passages-at-arms; we hear high talk of noble deeds in the golden days of King Arthur, of peerless Lancelot, of brave Geraint, and of pure Sir Galahad, Knights of the Round Table. We read of the sorrows of love and its sins, we see how "*Elaine, the lily Maid of Astolat*" dies for love of the peerless Lancelot, pleading for him with tender womanliness against the wrath of her kin—

"Seeing it is no more Sir Lancelot's fault
 Not to love me, than it is mine to love
 Him of all men who seems to me the highest."

We behold depicted in brilliant colours the holy and majestic rage of the stainless King, and the agony of Guinevere, the guilty Queen. And yet this far-famed legend, "*Flos regum Arthurus*," which has tempted the ambitious fancy of so many poets, has failed to inspire Tennyson with the power to construct a grand epic—fit to be ranked among the great poems of the world.

It is superfluous to make extracts from a volume which has already passed through so many editions, and must be quite familiar to our readers. We will, however, cite one passage. King Arthur is commenting on the duties of the Knights of the Round Table:

"But I was first of all the kings who drew
The knighthood-errant of this realm and all
The realms together under me, their Head,
In that fair order of my Table Round,
A glorious company, the flower of men,
To serve as model for the mighty world,
And be the fair beginning of a time.
I made them lay their hands in mine and swear
To reverence the king, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds,
Until they won her; for indeed I knew
Of no more subtle master under heaven,
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought, and amiable words
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man."

Though connected by a slight thread, these four poems are complete in themselves. They are elaborate cabinet-pictures—gorgeous mosaic-work, richly ornate and inlaid with skill of the highest order, and unsurpassed in perfect beauty of finish. The careful reader of the "*Idylls of the King*" is enchanted by the tenderness of fancy so often displayed, however he may regret that it sometimes degenerates into the fantastic; and his mind is continually surprised and delighted by the subtle analogies which bear witness to the poet's keen power of perception, and

to his familiar converse with Nature and her mysterious ways. Add to these gifts correct taste and perfect mastery of language, rich variety of metre and melodious rhythm, and the charm of high finish, which patient and intelligent labour will ever confer on literary composition, and we have as the result of such multifarious gifts and glorious talents a perfect artist; but is he a great poet? The poet is born, not made. Tennyson is a self-made poet. By dint of great and most delightful labour, out of the rich materials of his prolific mind, with the help of a subtle and searching eye, and an ear alive to every vibration of nature, he has constructed for himself a poetic habit of thought and melodious expression of tongue; but we miss, (alas, that it should be so!) the sublime gift of grand dramatic imagination, the poet's true power, by which he creates what he chooses, and by which, without leaning upon art as upon a crutch, he transports us whithersoever he wills.

While the artist, or self-made poet, out of the beauty of his phrases, builds slowly up the poetic idea, and seeks inspiration in his own tuneful melodies; the poet, gifted by nature with the creative faculty, the work of whose imagination lies outside of and beyond himself, who originates ideas and gives to the creations of his mind an objectivity and a substance of their own, and the intensest individuality,—the poet “whose eye in a fine frenzy rolling doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,” transports us without an apparent effort, as Dante does, in the sublime flight of his imagination, to unknown regions, and unfolds to our view visions of glory undreamt of before, and creates before our eyes, under every variety of circumstance, living and breathing beings whom we can see, touch, listen to and love, and follow with him all the days of our life. Dramatic imagination is, indeed, the true wizard's wand to conjure spirits, not only from the “vasty deep,” but from the shady realms of the “Inferno” and the blissful regions of Paradise. But a poet like Tennyson, whose imagination has no lofty range and no great creative power, whose eye turns with an introspective glance on his own subjectivity, reproduces only, in place of distinct substantive creations, various phases of his own mind and peculiar states of his own idiosyncrasy. This process of minute self-analysis is carried on with a concentrated intensity which sometimes partakes of a morbid

tendency, as in the popular favourite's most notable failure; for "Maud," in spite of many exquisite beauties, is a signal instance of abused passion and of wasted power.

The subjective poet, concentrated with passionate indwelling on the minute and evervarying emotions of his own mind, contracts the range of his thought and the sphere of his action. And whatever intensity of passion they may exhibit, his productions fail in completeness and variety before the independent creations of the objective poet. His characters want vividness as well as variety. Unlike the creations of the dramatic poet they do not, in life-like reality and in native force, stand aloof from their creator, but rather cling to him for support, since, as pale reflections only of his mind, they would otherwise surely perish.

Where Tennyson can only give us his shadowy, unsubstantial, impersonal "Mariana of the moated Grange," he who of all the poets mostly revels in the power of his creative energy, who gives life to all he touches, shows to our astonished gaze his "Beatrice" standing on the very confines of heaven, beaming with delight and love, so heavenly and yet so life-like, so severe and yet so tender, that we even see the marvellous light that passes over her countenance and fills her eyes with beauty. With her lover and poet we are carried away at the surpassing sweetness of her smile.

Mira che quando ride

Passa ben di dolcezza ogni altra cosa.

She is as much ours as his, and with him we exclaim,
O Beatrice, dolce guida e cara!

From the overflowing lips and creative hands of Dante glories streamed which lie far beyond the scope of Tennyson's imagination; yet creative power did not deprive him of mastery over the passions. In which of Tennyson's poems is there a passage, which could be compared for effectiveness to the meeting of Dante and Beatrice? The power or the tenderness of this description does not depend on word-painting, or even on the adventitious aid of the great Florentine's melodious verse; but it rests chiefly on the daring contrast, which no other poet without profanity could have attempted, between the different effects produced on the still too earthly pilgrim's mind, by the opening glories of heaven and the approach of Beatrice.

Nothing to him was the distant vision of the triumphant hosts; he heard, saw, felt, nothing but the presence of her whom he so long had sought, "D'antico amor senti la gran potenza."

"His eyes with such an eager coveting
Were bent to rid them of their ten years thirst—
No other sense was waking."

He forgot that he was on the confines of heaven until he heard from angels' lips the warning sounds "Too fix'd a gaze." After the conception of such a scene we cannot concede alone to poets of the Tennysonian order, the domain of tenderness or the lordship over the passions. We are not unfair on Tennyson in forcing him into a comparison with one of the world's greatest poets, because our object is, not to show how far he falls short of Dante, which no one, of course, would think of disputing, but to prove that his imagination is of a different order, different, not in degree, but in kind. In the highest sense of the term, Tennyson possesses no creative faculty. No work of his will live among the great poems of the world. We are aware that a high authority has declared that the world has only seen three great epic poets. No less a poet than Dryden says

"Three Poets in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed;
The next in majesty; in both the last;
The force of Nature could no farther go,
To make the third, she joined the former two."

But Tennyson does not keep up the tradition of greatness; he is not great in a great way, he declines on a lower level. His is no Alpine loftiness, towering heavenward, but an undulating slope in a beautiful English valley. We do not begrudge his meed of praise to the poet-laureate; we would not wantonly pluck a leaf from his laurel crown. We have too real a love for poetry, too genuine an admiration for genius, to attack the popular favourite from a spirit of opposition, or out of a love of singularity; all that we contend for is, that for the honour of poetry, Tennyson be not allowed to take his rank among the great poets, the divine seers of the earth. To part, however on better terms with the most exquisite and

melodious of our living English poets, we will quote the following verses unrivalled in tenderness and beauty.

“Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea,
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play ;
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay.

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill ;
But O! for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea,
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.”

The freedom and spontaneousness of Matthew Arnold's poetry is refreshing after the constraint and artificiality of Tennyson. In following the workings of his imagination, we seem to breathe more freely, and the scope of our vision is more extended; we feel as if we were passing, from the studio of the pale and thoughtful artist, from the contemplation of his elaborate mosaic-work and gorgeous colouring, out into the heath and up to the breezy mountain-top, into the grand presence of nature. If his imagination be not of the highest order, yet it has the true stamp; if his creative faculty be limited, in comparison with that of the great poets, yet what it attempts is well done. His growth in power is progressive, and his last work, the *Tragedy of Merope*, is a promise of greater things, and an evidence that he has not yet attained to the fulness of his intellectual stature. Perhaps his attempt to penetrate into the habit of thought of classic antiquity, and to revive, in our own day, and in modern form, the spirit of the Greek drama, may somewhat tend to cramp in Matthew Arnold the freedom of his genius and his personal development. He must be on his guard, lest, in his attempt to act strictly upon the poetical theory of the Greeks, the impulsiveness of the poet be lost in the discipline of the scholar. “The radical difference between their poetical theory and ours,” observes the author, in

the preface prefixed to his poems, "consists, as it appears to me, in this; that, with them, the poetical character of the action in itself, and the conduct of it was the first consideration; with us attention is fixed mainly on the value of the separate thoughts and images which occur in the treatment of an action. They regarded the whole; we regard the parts. With them the action predominated over the expression of it; with us, the expression predominates over the action." In his attempt to attain to the simple dignity of his models, the daring author of *Merope* is too often betrayed into too cold a stateliness and into an utterance not void, indeed, of dignity, but wanting in passion. To have attempted to revive the grand action of the Greek drama, to have produced a tragedy, which can, even for a moment, be brought into comparison with the greatest creations of the human intellect, and yet not be an utter failure, is in itself praise of a high order and an honour sufficient to stimulate into renewed energy the genius of a true poet. We must reserve the consideration of *Merope* to a future occasion, for in the space now allotted to us, we can neither do justice to its merits, nor point out those cardinal defects which destroy its claim to be ranked as a great tragedy. We will, however, briefly contrast some of the poems in the volume before us, comparatively unknown as they are, with the productions which have established the fame of Tennyson. The style and form of Matthew Arnold's poems are chaste and vigorous and clear, as beseems the scholarly taste of the present professor of poetry in our great university. Although they do not display the elaborate and lavish workmanship of Tennyson's hand, these poems bear evidence of a mind long trained in the discipline of the schools, and deeply imbued with the classical spirit.

What poem of the Poet-Laureate is more picturesque and graphic, or so grand in its mountain scenery, or what one so natural and so genuine in its restless longings as the poem entitled "*Switzerland*," from which we extract the spirited lines that follow?

“ IV.—PARTING.

“ Ye storm-winds of Autumn
Who rush by, who shake
The window, and ruffle
The gleam lighted lake;

Who cross to the hill-side
Thin-sprinkled with farms,
Where the high woods strip sadly
Their yellowing arms ;—
Ye are bound for the mountains,
Ah, with you let me go
Where your cold distant barrier,
The vast range of snow,
Through the loose clouds lifts dimly
Its white peaks in air—
How deep is their stillness !
Ah ! would I were there !

But on the stairs what voice is this I hear,
Buoyant as morning, and as morning clear ?
Say, has some wet bird-haunted English lawn
Lent it the music of its trees at dawn ?
Or was it from some sun-flecked mountain-brook
That the sweet voice its upland clearness took ?
Ah, it comes nearer,
Sweet notes, this way !

Hark, fast by the window
The rushing winds go,
To the ice-cumbered gorges,
The vast seas of snow.
There the torrents drive upward
Their rock-strangled hum,
There the avalanche thunders
The hoarse torrent dumb.
I come, O ye mountains,
Ye torrents, I come.

But who is this, by the half opened door,
Whose figure casts a shadow on the floor ?
The sweet blue eyes—the soft ash-colour'd hair—
The cheeks that still their gentle paleness wear,
The lovely lips, with their arch smile, that tells
The unconquered joy in which her spirit dwells.

Ah ! they bend nearer—
Sweet lips this way.

Hark, the wind rushes past us,
Ah ! with that let me go
To the clear waning hill-side
Unspotted by snow,
There to watch o'er the sunk vale
The froze mountain wall,
Where the nich'd snow-bed sprays down
Its powdery fall.

There its dusky blue clusters,
 The aconite spreads,
 There the pines slope, the cloud-strips
 Hung soft in their heads.
 No life, but at moments
 The mountain bees hum,
 I come, O ye mountains,
 Ye pine woods, I come.
 Forgive me! forgive me!
 Ah! Marguerite, fain
 Would these arms reach to clasp thee :—
 But see, 'tis in vain.
 In the void air towards thee
 My strain'd arms are cast,
 But a sea rolls between us—
 Our different past,
 To the lips, ah! of others
 Those lips have been prest,
 And others, ere I was
 Were clasped to that breast,
 Far, far from each other
 Our spirits have grown,
 And what heart knows another?
 Ah! who knows his own!
 Blow ye winds! lift me with you,
 I come to the wild,
 Fold closely, O Nature!
 Thine arms round thy child,
 To thee only God granted
 A heart ever new;
 To thee always open
 To all always true.
 Ah, calm me! restore me!
 And dry up my tears
 On thy high mountain platforms
 Where Morn first appears,
 Where the white mists, for ever,
 Are spread and unfurled,
 In the stir of the forces
 Whence issued the world."

And again, in the same poem we read:—

"ABSENCE.

"In this fair stranger's eyes of gray,
 Thine eyes my love I see.
 I shudder: for the passing day
 Had borne me far from thee.

"This is the curse of life : that not
A nobler calmer train
Of wiser thoughts and feelings blot
Our passions from our brain ;

"But each day brings its petty dust
Our soon-chok'd souls to fill,
And we forget because we must,
And not because we will.

"I struggle towards the light ; and ye,
Once long'd-for storms of love,
If with the light ye cannot be,
I bear that ye remove.

"I struggle towards the light ; but oh,
While yet the night is chill,
Upon Time's barren, stormy flow,
Stay with me, Marguerite, still !"

Since this volume of "Poems by Matthew Arnold" does not appear as yet to have reached a second edition, and is still unfamiliar to many, we are the more bound to make copious extracts, both in justification of our own judgment, and in the hope of gaining the adhesion of our readers to the opinion we have ventured to advance, that Arnold possesses a power of imagination, in a high sense of the term, which approaches Tennyson. And we are, moreover, confident that the best appeal in favour of Arnold is Arnold's poetry. The "Tristram and Iseult," contained in this volume, displays, we think, as much constructive power as is shown in the treatment of a kindred subject in the "Idylls of the King." It is less minute, but more interesting, and the action more rapid. What an accurate description of subdued but settled grief is given in the following picture of "Iseult," contained in an episode which grows, however, rather awkwardly out of the main drama !

"TRISTRAM AND ISEULT.

"And is she happy ? Does she see unmov'd
The days in which she might have liv'd and lov'd
Slip without bringing bliss slowly away,
One after one, to-morrow like to-day ?
Joy has not found her yet, nor ever will :—
It is this thought that makes her mien so still,
Her features so fatigued, her eyes, though sweet,
So sunk, so rarely lifted save to meet

Her children's ? She moves slow, her voice alone
Has yet an infantine and silver tone,
But even that comes languidly, in truth,
She seems one dying in a mask of youth.
And now she will go home, and softly lay
Her laughing children in their beds, and play
Awhile with them before they sleep, and then
She'll light her silver lamp, which fishermen
Dragging their nets through the rough waves, afar,
Along this iron coast, know, like a star,
And take her broidery frame and there she'll sit,
Hour after hour, her gold curls sweeping it :
Lifting her soft bent head only to mind
Her children, or to listen to the wind.
And when the clock peals midnight, she will move
Her work away, and let her fingers rove
Across the shaggy brows of Tristram's hound
Who lies, guarding her feet, along the ground,
Or else she will fall musing, her blue eyes
Fix'd, her slight hands clasp'd on her lap, then rise
And at her prie-dieu kneel, until she have told
Her rosary beads of ebon tipp'd with gold,
Then to her soft sleep, and to-morrow'll be
To-day's exact repeated effigy."

The meeting of Iseult and Tristram, the true long-parted lovers, at the death-scene of the peerless hunter, harper, knight, is fine and dramatic. We condense as much as possible the closing scene and dialogue.

Tristram.—Raise the light, my Page, that I may see her—
Thou art come at last, then, haughty Queen,
Long I've waited, long I've fought my fever :
Late thou comest, cruel thou hast been.

Iseult.—Blame me not, poor sufferer, that I tarried,
I was bound, I could not break the band—
Chide not with the past, but feel the present,
I am here—we meet—I hold thy hand.

Tristram.—Thou art come, indeed—thou hast rejoined me ;
Thou hast dared it—but too late to save.

Iseult.—Tristram, for the love of heaven, speak kindly,
What, I hear these bitter words from thee ?
Sick with grief I am, and faint with travel—
Take my hand—dear Tristram, look on me !

Tristram.—I forgot, thou comest from thy voyage.
Yes, the spray is on thy cloak and hair,
But thy dark eyes are not dimm'd, proud Iseult,
And thy beauty never was more fair.

Iseult.—Ah, harsh flatterer, let alone my beauty,
I, like thee, have left my youth afar,
Take my hand, and touch these wasted fingers—
See my cheeks and lips, how white they are.

Tristram.—Thou art paler:—but thy sweet charm, Iseult,
Would not fade with the dull years away.
Ah, how fair thou standest in the moonlight,
I forgive thee, Iseult, thou wilt stay?

Iseult.—Fear me not, I will be always with thee ;
I will watch thee, tend thee, soothe thy pain ;
Sing thee tales of true long-parted lovers
Joined at evening of their days again.

Tristram.—No, thou shalt not speak ; I should be finding
Something altered in the courtly tone ;
Sit—sit by me ; and I will think, we've liv'd so
In the greenwood, all our lives, alone.

Iseult.—Alter'd, Tristram ? Not in courts, believe me,
Love like mine is alter'd in the breast.
Courtly life is light and cannot reach it.
Ah, it lives, because so deep suppress'd.
What, thou thinkst men speak in courtly chambers
Words by which the wretched are consoled !
What, thou think'st this aching brow was cooler,
Circled, Tristram, by a band of gold ?
Ah, on which, if both our lots were balanc'd,
Was indeed the heaviest burden thrown,
Thee, a weeping exile in thy forest,
Me, a smiling queen upon my throne ?
Vain and strange debate, where both have suffered ;
Both have passed a youth constrain'd and sad ;
Both have brought their anxious day to evening,
And have now short space for being glad.
I, a faded watcher by thy pillow,
I, a statue on thy chapel floor,
Pour'd in grief before the Virgin Mother,
Rouse no anger, make no rivals more.

Tristram.—I am happy ; yet I feel there's something
Swells my heart, and takes my breath away :
Through a mist I see thee : near come nearer,
Bend—bend down—I yet have much to say.

Iseult.—Heaven, his head sinks back upon the pillow—
Tristram, Tristram, let thy heart not fail,
Call on God and on the holy angels !
What, love, courage !—Christ ! he is so pale.

Tristram.—Hush, 'tis vain, I feel my end approaching,

...
 I am dying—start not, nor look wildly !
 Me, thy living friend, thou canst not save.
 But, since living we were ununited,
 Go not far, O Iseult, from my grave.

...
 Now to sail the seas of Death I leave thee,
 One last kiss upon the living shore !

Iseult.—*Tristram*,—*Tristram*,—stay,—receive me with thee !
Iseult leaves thee, *Tristram*, never more.

...
 You see them clear ; the moon shines bright
 Slow—slow and softly, where she stood,
 She sinks upon the ground ; her hood
 Had fallen back ; her arms outspread
 Still hold her lover's hand ; her head
 Is bow'd, half buried, on the bed.
 O'er the blanch'd sheet her golden hair
 Lies in disorder'd streams ; and there
 Shining like white stars, the pearls still are,
 And the golden bracelets, heavy and rare,
 Flush on her white arms still.

...
 And these thou seest are unmoved ;
 Cold, cold as those who lived and loved
 A thousand years ago."

In the poetry of Arnold, as in that of Tennyson, we catch too often the echoes of that false philosophy which is striking on the chords of the highest intellect in the country, and vibrating with an irregular and vehement motion through the heart of the nation. In both alike we find the philosophy of the day, if so it must be called, mirrored and preserved. In Tennyson's indistinct and somewhat contradictory views, we confront the doubtful questioning, the half-hinted, half-bashful scepticism, impatient of the veil which shrouds to the unenlightened eye, the future of man, yet too doubtful of the result to hazard a guess, or too timid to risk the remnant of hope in a bolder inquiry. Arnold represents a more advanced school of philosophical opinion, he has a ready sneer for those who lead "a life like ours:"—

"Who fluctuate idly without term or scope,
 Of whom each strives, nor knows for what he strives"
 for us,

"Light half-believers of our casual creeds,
Who never deeply felt, nor clearly will'd."

He speaks of

"Our mental strife
Which though it gives no bliss, yet spoils for rest."

His eager inquisitive spirit knows not indeed where to seek for rest. He turns with passionate cries on his lips to nature to solve his doubts. He seeks for God in the "forces of the world," and with Goethe, finds Him only as an impersonal Presence, permeating in the works of His own creation. But the dim speculations of the Pagans of the ancient world, and the Pantheism of the German Poet, are but sorry substitutes for faith. We are painfully struck, in reading these poems, by the tone of melancholy which pervades them; we meet too often the blank eye of doubt, hardening almost into despair, as if "close-lipp'd patience" were man's "only friend,"—and as if his sole inheritance were "the Vasty Hall of Death." A poet must needs be a philosopher, but this is a sad philosophy. The following extract is in point, "Thou," addressing an imaginary wanderer:

"Thou waitest for the spark from Heaven; and we
Light half-believers of our casual creeds.

...
"Ah, do not we, Wanderer, await it too?
Yes, we await it, but it still delays,
And then we suffer; and amongst us One,
Who most has suffer'd, takes dejectedly
His seat upon the intellectual throne;
And all his store of sad experience he
Lays bare of wretched days;
Tells us his misery's birth and growth and signs,
And how the dying spark of hope was fed,
And how the heart was sooth'd, and how the head,
And all his hourly varied anodynes.
This for our wisest; and we others pine,
And wish the long unhappy dream would end,
And waive all claim to bliss, and try to bear
With close-lipp'd Patience for our only friend,
Sad Patience, too near a neighbour to Despair."

Between philosophy and poetry, there can be no divorce. "It is allowed," observes a judicious thinker, "that no man arrived at the summit of poetic fame who did not previously lay the foundation of his art in true philosophy,

properly and extensively understood. Hence it may be observed, that whenever philosophy is introduced into poetry, truth, for the most part, is essential to its power of giving pleasure."

In "Enoch the Prophet," Mr. Robertson shows that he possesses at least this essential requisite to a great poem. Our judgment is offended by no crude theories, startled by no novelty, though the subject of the poem and its period, standing as they do on the confines of the creation, and presenting to our view the early inhabitants of the earth, and even our great ancestral father in his fallen abode, offer ample scope to the play of unbridled fancy, or to the ingenious devices of a speculative philosophy. The author of "Enoch" is ambitious, and claims both from the choice and the treatment of his sublime theme, to be measured by the highest standard. It is his own fault if much be required from him; he might have chosen a lower range, and provoked lesser comparisons. None will read "Enoch" who have not read Milton; and to be forced into a comparison with the author of "Paradise Lost," is a hazardous necessity for an English poet. There is, however, no escape from the dilemma; since all who venture to touch in the English tongue upon a grand religious drama, must come to the judgment seat of him who reigns supreme.

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," is a reproof deservedly administered to those who attempt great things far beyond their strength or skill; but none who have read "Enoch" could think of applying such a warning to its learned author, who unites in an eminent degree, sobriety of judgment with a creative imagination of no mean order. Matthew Arnold, commenting upon the discrimination, which ought to be used by poets, in the choice of a subject for a great poem, makes the following just remarks, which we cite with the more pleasure as they are applicable to the poem we are reviewing.

"The Poet, then," he observes, "has, in the first place, to select an excellent action; and what actions are the most excellent? Those, certainly, which most powerfully appeal to the great primary human affections; to those elementary feelings which subsist permanently in the race, and which are independent of time. The modernness or antiquity of action, therefore, has nothing to do with its fitness for poetical representation; this depends upon its inherent qualities. To the elementary part of our nature, to our pas-

sions, that which is great and passionate is eternally interesting ; and interesting solely in proportion to its greatness and to its passion. A great human action of a thousand years ago is more interesting to it than a smaller human action of to-day, even though upon the representation of this last the most consummate skill may have been expended, and though it has the advantage of appealing by its modern language, familiar manners, and contemporary allusions, to all our transient feelings and interests. Poetical works belong to the domain of our permanent passions ; let them interest these, and the voice of all subordinate claims upon them is at once silenced."

In the selection of his subject, Mr. Robertson has satisfied the condition proposed by the thoughtful writer we have just quoted. The scene of his poem is laid in the antediluvian world, and represents the conflict between the Sons of God and the Sons of men ; the active struggle, which, since the fall, is carried on in the world between the good and evil principle in man, between the pride of intellect, and the humility of faith. The action turns upon the hunger and thirst after forbidden knowledge, and intellectual impatience of restraint—passions which are permanent in the human race, and which agitated, as they do now our own generation, the primitive inhabitants of the earth, and so inflamed against God the first-begotten children of sin, until, growing in gigantic wickedness, they opened upon a lost world the floodgates of the penal waters. By the power of a well-sustained and fertile imagination, the author of "*Enoch*" rehabilitates the primitive world, and reproduces the customs and manners, habits of thought, occupations and modes of worship, of the first patriarchal ages, and gives us as complete and perfect picture of the primitive times as has ever, as yet, been attempted in verse or prose. And this representation is effected with ease and naturalness, with a just appreciation of the relative fitness of things, and a subdued tone which do credit to the judgment and taste as well as to the imagination of the writer. As "*Enoch the Prophet*," though in an unpublished form known to many, has only just made its public appearance, we will in the first place, briefly indicate to our readers the progress of the poem, and then point out what appear to our mind the more striking defects, either in the construction or design of the poem.

"*Enoch*" is a poem in six cantos, and is preceded by

an interesting and eloquent apology for the cultivation of Poetry, and an earnest demand that in the foremost ranks of literature, the highest place should again to-day be accorded to the "Mother of Eloquence—the Twin-Sister of Philosophy." The poem is written in blank verse, a metre which the author thinks it necessary to justify in a fashion rather too elaborate for the purpose. They, for whom the nicety, the variety, and the melody of rhyme have an unspeakable charm, will not fail to employ it, in spite of all that can be alleged by those who prefer the more stately march of the Miltonic measure. The best apology, if an apology at all be necessary, for the use of blank verse in "Enoch" is, that the metre responds to the genius of the author, and is not unsuited to the dignified action of his poem. The conception of the poem is clear and well-defined, and its character thoroughly preserved throughout. It is fertile in incident, varied and dramatic in action, and equal in execution. It observes another rule of high art; a greater regard is shown in producing a total-impression, to borrow an expressive Germanism, than in elaborating separate parts, or in throwing off striking scenes, or startling situations. The grand drama opens well. We see the "Orient Sun streaking" with its undimmed lustre, the mountain tops of Armenia, as yet unwashed by the waters of the deluge; we behold the Prophet Enoch convoking his tribe to the morning sacrifice of prayer and praise; we hear his daughter Adah chaunting her holy hymn. But the peace of the blissful scene is soon interrupted by the arrival of Irad, the son of Jubal, the Cainite Chief, to seek at the hands of Enoch the treasures of celestial science; the request of the ungodly race is thus spurned by the Man of God:—

"Shall all those revelations gracious Heaven
 Vouchsafed the fathers, or their humbler sons,
 Whether by nightly dream, or vision bright
 Of heavenly spirit waving o'er our tents
 Its wing of fire, and shedding round about
 The splendour that transcends the orb of day :
 Shall then those revelations be abused,
 Profaned, perverted to the spells accurst—
 The damned rite of demons? Must the fire
 Of holy science, fann'd by angels' breath,
 Mix with that dark, unclean, sulphureous flame.

Hell kindles in thy cavern-temples ? No !
 Forbid it, righteous God !” The youth replies :—
 “ Free as Heaven’s light or air should science be,
 The common right of all whom God hath stamp’d
 With His own image. He who stints the gift
 To creed or race, the end benign perverts
 Of the Great Giver.” Then the holy seer :—
 “ Thou errest, youth, it is a crime to tear
 The tree of knowledge from the tree of life.
 If that be not engrafted on the last,
 A noxious fruit it bears ; its leaves distil
 A dew that blisters—death is in its shade.”

The action of the poem is then rapidly developed, the refusal of Enoch excites the latent self-idolatry of the Cainite Chief. His mingled outburst of pride and rage is one of the finest and most powerful passages in the poem. Foiled in the pursuit of knowledge, to which the labour of his life had been devoted, he betakes himself to the dark arts and to demon-worship, and invokes the vengeance of the powers of the abyss against Enoch. The following description which Jubal gives of the early pursuits of his life is remarkable, not only for its singular beauty, but as the history of the first poet and musician of the world.—(Canto I. p. 22):—

“ My study was o’er hill and dale to roam,
 To track the wild-deer to his secret haunt,
 The loftiest crags to climb, where the wild goat
 Scarce dares a footing, or the eagle start
 From his imperial eyry, to behold
 His flight majestic.—Nature was my mine ;
 My pearls were dewdrops glistening on the spray—
 My wealth the native melodies of Earth,
 And sea and air. And so I early learn’d
 With nature to commune—to contemplate
 Her face, like some fond being’s whom we love ;
 Make me familiar with her secret ways,
 And learn the sense of her mysterious tongue.
 Thus, powers that else had slumber’d in my soul,
 Were now aroused, and stamp’d my future life ;
 I loved in nature lovely sights and sounds :—
 Mine eyes, ears, soul, mind, feelings seemed attuned
 To the keen sense of beauty ; for to youth
 Fair nature a still lovelier aspect wears.
 I loved on mountain-top to watch the sun
 Spring from his ocean bed with joyous leap,
 And start exultant on his grand career :

Or see him sink into his western grave,
Amid his gorgeous train and pomp of clouds,
Like warrior 'mid his glory stricken down :
I loved the hour of twilight—hour of dreams—
When nature's forms, half-shadow'd, half reveal'd
Full well respond to feelings like themselves,
Vague, dubious, indistinct. I loved the stars
That speak a solemn language to the heart,
And call the soul up to eternity !
I loved to watch the rising moon extend
Along the tremulous sea her path of light,
Long, bright, interminable, like youth's hopes.
I loved to hie me to the forest shade,
The livelong day to lie, and catch the sounds,
The stirring harmonies, of dell and wood—
From the rich melody of birds, that speak
In strains so clear, so moving to the heart,
Well might we fancy them with mind instinct ;
Or that at least the transmigrated soul
Of mortal, not forgetful of his speech
At times dwelt in them—to the gurgling rill—
The splash of fountain, and the cataract's roar,
The hollow rustling of the forest boughs—
The strange mysterious sounds that break at times
The sultry stillness of a summer noon,
Like the wild laugh of spirits in their play :
This varied melody my soul drank in.
I cherish'd—loved—and pondered o'er these sounds,
Till they became a portion of my soul—
Till like the cloud, charged with electric fire,
My heated breast, o'erwrought with music, pour'd
Melodious thunder, or its lightnings flash'd
Along the burning lyre ; for well thou know'st,
'Twas I first taught the poetry of sound,
In the touch'd chord the latent soul reveal'd,
To feeling bade the tuneful string respond—
The inborn harmony of human hearts.
My fancy, bounding o'er the realms of sense,
Form'd worlds more beauteous than the beauteous worlds,
Like pearls in ocean, hid in yon blue heaven—
Worlds full of melody, and light and love,
Filled with the beings my teeming soul had bred.
By poesy's sweet magic I enthrall'd
My fellow-men ; the greybeards fondly said,
The hymns of choirs angelic, that at eve
From Eden's lonely bower, the breezes bore,
Did scarce the sweetness of my strains outvie."

The remainder of the first Canto is occupied with the dialogue of Jubal and Mahalad the magician, and the promise by the latter of supernatural aid in the furtherance of the Cainite's design against Enoch. The misfortunes which befall the patriarch and his household bring the canto to a conclusion. The second Canto records the flight of Enoch, describes with great poetic power and energy of imagination, the demon-worship of the Cainites in the forest-cave, and shows how Jubal becomes more and more possessed by the spirit of evil until he falls down in worship before Lucifer and receives the fatal promise of supernatural knowledge. His encounter with Lucifer is thus described—(Canto II., p. 52):—

Scarce hath he left the dark enchanter's cave,
When very sickness of the soul returns :—
Disgust—satiety—unrest succeed
To false, intemperate, and frothy joy,
To crude, unsound, and hollow fantasies
Of overweening knowledge, that beguiled.
His credulous soul, the dreary vacancy
Of doubt hath follow'd.

Slowly as he moves
Through the thick tangled forest's sombre shade,
A hollow distant tread his ear astounds;
Quick beats his heart—a thousand boding fears,
Like wave on wave, in dark succession rise.
The air is dense and sultry; the plain heavens
As with an earthquake; to the coverts fly
The birds with tremulous wing and piercing note.
The steed affrighted, with averted ears
And snorting nostril, leaps from side to side,
Rears wildly, and with strange convulsion quakes.
Dismounts the Cainite, and his trembling steed
Binds to a tree. “Whence this commotion dread
This perturbation that through nature reigns?”
(Murmurs the awe-struck Cainite to himself);
“O Heaven! what thing of terror yonder comes?
The Lord of anarchy—the Prince of hate—
The spirit hid in crime—the murderer
From the beginning—origin of death—
’Tis he—none else—he looks a living hell.
O God! he nears me—stand aloof I charge,
Thy dark supremacy I now abjure,
Foul fiend! thy very shadow makes me feel
The terrors of eternity. Begone!”
So saying, Jubal casts him on the earth,

Covering with either hand his face convulsed,
 While down it run sweat-drops of agony.
 "Poor recreant!" replies the fiend, "is't thus
 For science of Immortals thou dost pant,
 Yet quail'st to front them? Lo! my form I shroud
 In pity to thy weakness. Rise and list!
 A viewless sound am I."

Trembling—in doubt—

Slowly the Cainite rears him from the earth:
 The horrid vision, which hath shaken his soul,
 Is gone; yet Nature looks perturb'd—aghast—
 Still the wild quivering of the forest boughs—
 Still the quick, piercing cry of birds doth tell
 The Evil One is nigh.

The second Canto ends in the death of Jubal slain by the sword of the angel of God, in the cave of Mahalad, the magician. The third Canto describes the interview of Enoch with Cainan. From the lips of his kinsman, the Patriarch learns how the Great Progenitor of the human race brought his days to a close in the world which he had ruined by his fall. The description of how Cain

"No vagrant of the wood
 But a wild vagabond of other sort,
 The wanderer of the earth, the fratricide—
 The first begot of sin"—

met his death at the hand of Lamech is bold and spirited. The particulars of the death of Cain are purely imaginative, and are not based on tradition, like those detailing the death of Adam.

The death of Adam is thus described by Cainan:

"Now Cainan turneth to the holy seer:
 Reveal, O prophet! most beloved of God,
 All that pertain'd unto the latter years
 Of our first great forefather." Then the seer,
 "I will recount to thee, what first did hap,
 When the first man first stood before mine eyes.
 I do remember me, 'twas such an eve,—
 The sun had robed himself in gorgeous pomp
 For his last hour, when I descried afar
 A glorious band of venerable elds,
 Whose silvery beards, and long white flowing garbs
 Gleam'd in the setting rays. As they approach'd
 The fathers of our race could I discern,
 Each with his badge of holy dignity.

The leader of the choir was Seth sublime
In whom the Maker's image was renew'd;
Next Enos came, who of the Spirit taught
The form of prayer and public rites ordain'd:
Then Cainan and his son, upon whose arm
Reclined the great progenitor of man.
Oh! what a thrilling sense my soul pierced thro',
When in the awful presence first I stood
Of that great primal ancestor of men—
The fountain of the human race, from whom
The endless tide of generations flows!
Awe-struck, the ground I kiss'd, which bore his form,
Creation's first-born—earth's inheritor—
Nature's dethroned monarch, mighty still
E'en in his fall! Gently he bade me rise,
Committing to my hand this sacred staff,
Emblem of kingly, sacerdotal rule.
'My son,' he said, 'my waning force succumbs
Beneath the weight of years and countless ills.
The race abhorr'd, that owns me for their sire,
Heaps crime on crime, defiles the face of earth,
Razing their Maker's image from the soul;
O'er the wide world gigantic wickedness
Casts its broad shadow, and the light of day
Well nigh blots out. To some deep solitude
Repair I must, where, bosom'd with my God,
I shall no more behold the flesh accurst
That hath corrupted all its ways, and strive
To meet that conqueror, Death, whose steps advance.'
So spake the great forefather, as he laid
The burthen of a guilty world on me.
The silver beard descended to his zone
In flowing grace: his majesty of mien
And port sublime age had not all subdued,
Though care, and grief, and sin had tamed the fire
The awful beauty of his primal brow;
As when in dread eclipse the sun emits,
Through the dense, nebulous air, a broken ray;
So from his mind, of primitive brightness shorn,
Came broken glimpses of an earlier state.
But when of God he spake and things divine,
The superhuman lustre of his eyes—
The love that beam'd from his transfigured brow—
The world of marvel that his lips reveal'd—
The bright remembrance of Eden's bliss,
That o'er his mind in those rapt moments flash'd,
The mighty father of mankind avouch'd—
The first, the brightest image of our God.

Then, as would seem, his pure orig'nal soul,
 The carnal soul o'erruled, that had usurp'd
 Dominion at his fall, and to his face
 Lent a transparent brightness, as the sun
 Kindles the murky cloud to burnish'd gold.
 When I have broke upon his loneliness,
 Oft have I seen him lost in ecstasy,
 Lifted from earth—a crown of dazzling rays
 Circling his head, as glorious spirits show'd
 The visions that no mortal sense divines.
 At times, in more than mortal agony,
 Prostrate he lay, struggling with troublous fiends,
 That haunt and shake us in the solitude.
 'Tis said that, in his final hour, a sleep—
 (Placid and deep, as that which o'er him came
 When from his side the partner of his life
 Sprang forth in all her primal loveliness,
 The marvel of creation ;) seal'd his eyes,
 And he surrender'd calmly to his God
 The spirit which He gave ; while, borne away
 By angels to its rest, it there abides
 The great Atonement. Thus that glorious sun,
 So long by dark tempestuous clouds o'ercast,
 Set with a calm effulgence."

The third canto closes with the arrival of Irad, who desires to become a member of God's house, and seeks the hand of Enoch's daughter in marriage.

The two following cantos are occupied with the visions of Enoch. The angel of the Lord reveals to the Prophet the things that are to come, from his own days down to the end of time. This sublime theme the author handles with great skill and delicacy ; the more distant and momentous mysteries of the Christian dispensation are foreshadowed to the Prophet dimly and in types ; thus the danger of too profane or presumptuous a treatment of the most sacred subjects of revelation is avoided, while at the same time, it is also in keeping with Enoch's prophetic office that the events nearer to his time should be more fully developed and the more distant shrouded in mysterious outlines. In accordance with this design the Patriarchal and Mosaic dispensations are represented more in detail than the Christian. The descriptions contained in the prophetic visions, are powerful and full of interest. The rising of the waters of the deluge, the floating from the abyss of the countless dead, the drowning agonies of a lost world, are fine and successful efforts of a strong imagination.

But the author of "Enoch" has let slip an opportunity which Milton would not have overlooked. How the eagle-eyed author of "Paradise Lost" would have seized upon the discoveries of science, and made them subservient to his divine art! for if Professor Owen be able, from the fossil remains of a single bone, to reconstruct the entire body of an animal or monster of the deep of an extinct species, for the satisfaction of science, how in the service of poetry would not the geological creations of the man of science have been surpassed in completeness and life-like reality by the creations of the poet!

Though the action of the poem is greatly interrupted by the long series of the prophetic visions, and we descend with reluctance down to more commonplace events, from the sublime height where we have been contemplating with the Prophet Enoch, in one view, all the wonderful dealings of God with His world, yet the visions are so skilfully contrived, and Enoch is made so well to preserve his prophetic character, that we should regret the necessity of their curtailment. The author has displayed in this portion of his work great Biblical knowledge and research, and has avoided, with no small tact, the rocks and shoals innumerable which beset his dangerous course on every side. In these days when an impious and speculative philosophy, under the pretence of advocating a fairer spirit of inquiry and a less conventional method of belief, is undermining the very first and fundamental truths of revelation, it is a matter of congratulation to find a subject, touching so nearly and so deeply and with so life-like a prominence, on the grand original dealings of God with man in the very beginning of time, treated, we will not only say in a spirit of becoming reverence, but in the spirit of a profound and enlightened faith. In this manner the Poet comes sensibly to the aid of the Theologian, to the delight and edification of the Christian reader. The poem ends after the reception of Irad into the godly race and his marriage with Adah—for the course of ante-diluvian love, it appears, ran smooth—with the translation of Enoch on a car of fire into heaven. With great good taste and judgment, Mr. Robertson studiously avoids the temptation, into which a less gifted poet might have fallen, of producing a startling and highly-wrought conclusion. In peaceful serenity, more in mournfulness than triumph, Enoch is translated from the earth; the

love of his daughter still seems half to detain him from his ecstatic visions ; her filial tenderness, which has been well delineated, is preserved to the last, and is not the least marked feature of the poem. From the commencement to the conclusion there has been no flagging visible in Mr. Robertson's imagination, the flight of his fancy has been steady and equal, and his judgment just, and the fair and noble result of such a combination of poetic qualities is shown in "Enoch the Prophet." It is now our purpose to point out, as rapidly as possible, what the chief defects of the poem appear to us to be.

The greatest deficiency in the construction of the poem is the too early termination of the conflict between the hostile races. The main action of the great drama depended upon the moral and religious antagonism of the sons of God and of the sons of men, and at the death of Jubal, the Cainite chief, the combat closes ; Irad, his son, seeks at the hands of Enoch admission into the tribes of the godly, and marriage with the Prophet's daughter, while Naamah, the daughter of the Cainite, dies of grief at the destruction of her father by the sword of the angel of wrath. We see no adequate cause for the death of the Cainite woman. A fragile filial tenderness is no characteristic of the haughty race of Cain. In his desire to avoid startling contrasts, and to give a speedy triumph to the godly tribes, the author of "Enoch" has missed a fine poetic opportunity, he has done more, he has weakened the action of his poem. Had he invested Naamah with the fearful attributes of a Cainite woman ; had he made her passionate, prideful, unforgiving, not merely an unregenerate daughter of Earth, but the very child of gigantic sin, with all the traditions of her house upon her head, all the passions of her race in the awful beauty of her countenance, what a contrast would she not have presented to the mild holiness and angelic grace of Adah ! The too great similarity, in character and position, between the daughter of Enoch and the daughter of Jubal, between natural goodness and supernatural virtue, would have been avoided. The action of the poem, too, might thus have been diversified as well as prolonged. The gloomy Cainite chief, baffled in the pursuit of forbidden knowledge, instead of having consolation tended to him in his distress, might have been urged on, by the pride of a true daughter of Cain, to still greater fury of wickedness ; and she might have become

his associate in the terrible energy of despair. How magnificent were not the Cainite women in their ungodly beauty—how proud in their day of power—how faithful to the fierce traditions of their race—how terrible, then, to the daughter of Jubal the destruction of her father, of whose demoniacal power she was so proud, how humiliating the apostasy of Irad from the traditions of his name! In the catastrophe of her house how she, in the inborn wickedness of her heart, would have carried on the inherited contest, and with all the passions of the woman inflamed by the passions of her race, have provoked a fiercer conflict and drawn down upon her doomed head the last extremity of divine wrath! In his portraiture, however, of Naamah, the author of “*Enoch*” has deliberately abstained from bestowing any of the Cainite attributes on the sole Cainite woman in the poem. He has chosen to represent her as an example of natural goodness. Such a treatment is not absolutely incongruous, for it is not to be supposed, that in the early days of *Enoch* all the Cainites were given up to evil; but in a poem representing the antagonism of the primitive races, and the moral and intellectual convulsion consequent on the rejection of the law of God, it seems to our mind a mistake in judgment, as well as a poetic loss, not to have seized upon and wrought into the characters of the lesser, as well as of the greater, personages of the poem, with the vehemence of imagination which the author of “*Enoch*” possesses in so high a degree, the darker elements of intellectual pride and moral depravity characteristic of the race accursed of God. In the conversion of Irad a fine opportunity was presented, to provoke the ungovernable rage of the daughter of Jubal, and to illustrate the disunion of a Cainite family; but the author of “*Enoch*” has preferred to observe the nicer shades of distinction, and to present a more subdued picture of the Cainite family, not from any want of power in presenting the darker and the fiercer passions, for in this Mr. Robertson excels, but from a delicacy of taste and an overscrupulous judgment. In the character of Jubal, in the Cainite enchantments, in the apparition of Satan in the forest, agony of grief, sublime horror, despair are at his command; his imagination becomes impregnated, his language more intense, his action more dramatic. Such scenes test a poet’s power, and in such scenes the author of “*Enoch*”

is grand. Let him trust more boldly and unreservedly to the power of his imagination; the learned translator of F. Schlegel need lie under no apprehension that his scholarly mind, trained in the pure schools of philosophy, and imbued with a deep religious spirit, will be ever so far led away, as to outrage the precepts of good taste, or to shock in the slightest, the moral sense. All that his imagination requires is freer rein: let the doubtful hand of no second-thought mentor be laid on the bridle of his fancy, and his poetry will gain in impulsive power. The imagination grows with what it feeds on in its flight; it gains in strength, the higher the air it breathes, the more rapid its motion, the purer its beauty.

The author of "Enoch" rarely or ever falls below the dignity of his theme, and often indeed rises to the sublime; but had he trusted more confidently to the impulses of his fervid imagination, the stately march of his poem would have been more often interrupted by loftier flights, and its interest heightened by more intense passion. If "Enoch the Prophet" be the first love of its author, we hope it will not be his last; or rather, for we are unwilling to sin against the abiding power of first love, if it be the first-begotten of his imagination, we trust that it will not be the last offspring of his powerful mind and pure fancy. We have a right to expect great things from the author of "Enoch;" inferior to Milton in sublimity, in sustained loftiness of thought, in the grandeur of his conception; not equal to Milton in energy of action, nor in the incomparable beauty and suggestiveness of his imagery, nor in the unrivalled force of his language, he yet approaches Milton in the sustained dignity of his theme, in the pure fervour of his imagination, and in the completeness of his conception; he carries on, in English literature, the tradition of the great religious drama; he is heir to Milton's estate; as next-of-kin he continues the sublime action of the Scriptural Epic. Superior to Young in constructive force, in the creative power of imagination, and in continuity of conception, the Author of "Enoch" deserves to rank, we do not say near, to Milton, but very high in the religious dramatic literature of England.

We should have wished, as we at first had intended, had not the subject grown under our hands into too large dimensions for the space we can afford, to have included in our notice of Living Poets and their works, the exquisite poem

of "Lancelot," by Father Faber, and an epic of considerable pretensions, by Mrs. Browning. The poems of Father Faber are well known to all our readers, and appreciated by none more than ourselves. It would, therefore, have been a superfluous task to direct attention to their merits, howsoever agreeable a labour it would have been, to have contrasted the varied beauties and power, and more personal pictures of the poet, with the deeper but none the less attractive and eloquent productions of the great ascetic and devotional writer. The "Aurora Leigh" of Mrs. Browning stands in need of criticism and defence. It is a greater poem than it appears at first sight, or to a casual reader. In spite of its gross and prominent faults, its exaggerated style and bombastic language, its mannerism and incoherence, it is a great and a true poem. Grave as its defects may be, its excellencies more than restore the balance in its favour. It exhibits a powerful but uncontrolled imagination, and we are continually startled and carried away by great bursts of passion. We cannot now attempt to give even a fair outline of the poem. "Aurora Leigh" is a long epic in blank verse, and is intended to represent society in the nineteenth century, to portray its wants and sufferings, its social inequalities, the separation of classes, their mutual hatred and suspicion, the noble but futile attempts to reconcile deep-seated evils, and to bridge over, by the use of inadequate and mistaken means, almost impassable gulfs. In this singular poem we have shown to us, in passionate verse and noble metaphor, a woman's wrongs in the present state of society, her restricted action, her wasted energy, her fruitless love, herself thrown back upon herself to prey upon her vitals, forced by the selfishness of man to consume her heart in silence. We have woman's love, baffled, disappointed, and long-enduring, triumphant at last through the instrumentality of a terrible accident, that reminds us, in its singularity, of the catastrophe which in the most powerful and entrancing of Charlotte Brontë's novels, joined the long-parted but passionate hearts of Rochester and Jane Eyre.

"Oh was there ever tale of human love
Which was not also tale of human tears ?

Oh must the cup that holds
The sweetest vintage of the vine of life
Taste bitter at the dregs ?"

Not at all. Such exceptional tales of human love which the poet in his plaintive accents doubtfully demands, are forthcoming every day by the score, to reverse the verdict of our greatest poet who knew so well the troubled history of the human heart.

“ Ah me, for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth :
But either it was different in blood ;
Or else it stood upon the choice of friends :—
Or if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness, did lay siege to it,
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
Brief as the lightning.”

Like all the love-tales of the present day, reversing the rough course of the actual world and making life a valley of smiles, “ Aurora Leigh ” terminates with the inevitable chiming of the sweet marriage-bells.

In spite of much that is exaggerated, much that is unnatural, in spite of bad taste and false philosophy, there is a strong poetic yearning and high imaginative expression in “ Aurora Leigh,” which will enable it, we are strongly inclined to believe, to overlive its grave faults. The foolish, phrenzied rhapsodies, which Mrs. Browning has lately published, confirm us still more in our opinion, that her uncontrolled imagination stands in greater need than ever of the discipline of judgment, the repose of reflection, and the training of study. If vain of applause, and eager for an immediate and low popularity, she permit her fancy to run riot, she will only be remembered as one, who, capable of higher aims, was content to be the victim of an ignoble vanity.

We have now exhausted the list of poets whose works we have placed at the head of this paper, and may it not be that we owe an apology to our readers for the nature of our subject? Is not the world too matter-of-fact, the age too utilitarian to understand, or to waste its time upon poetry? The value of time and its proper employment, it is not for us to discuss ; but not to understand poetry is to own one's self deficient in the highest intellectual energy ; to deny to poetry its power over the heart and imagination of mankind, is to contradict the testimony of ages, and to disinherit the mind of its noblest estate, and of its

most ancient right. Poetry is the Jacob's ladder of the mind on whose shining steps aspiring thoughts are continually ascending and descending. "Breathes there a man with soul so dead," as to be utterly insensible to the higher flights and finer impulses of the mind? Blot out the names of the poets from the annals of fame, what glorious pages should we not miss in the muster-rolls of genius; withdraw the works of the imagination from the knowledge of mankind, what barrenness would not be inflicted on the literature of the world! Poetry, though the cradle of civilization, is the crown of its ultimate triumph.

Homer, Shakspeare, Dante, Milton, Calderon, will be familiar in the mouths of men when the names of the inventors of the spinning-jenny and steam-piston, may be buried in oblivion. The fame of the poet is immortal, whilst the dust of the politician returns to the earth whence it came. In denying to poetry its intellectual preeminence, England, Italy, and Spain, at least, trample their noblest inheritance underfoot, and forfeit a high title to fame. Is this the end of our boasted civilization to consider the poet an intrusive guest? Must poetry needs lean upon an apology, as on a crutch, to stand erect in the presence of this august nineteenth century? To whose mind would an apology occur for introducing into the intellectual conversation of men an historical or philosophical subject; and yet poetry is defined by the deepest thinker of the ancient world to be something of a more serious and philosophical nature than history, and the philosopher of Verulam, whose comprehensive mind none may dispute, thus adopts and developes the definition of Aristotle. "Poetry," he says, and on his noble apology we shall be content to rest, "poetry contributes not only to pleasure, but to magnanimity and good morals; it is deservedly supposed to participate in some measure of divine inspiration; since it raises the mind, and fills it with sublime ideas, by proportioning the appearance of things to the desires of the mind; and not submitting the mind to things like reason and history." Poetry, then, as appears from these definitions, both the ancient and modern world concur in regarding as a subject fit for the consideration of the highest intellect, and capable of affording gratification and delight to the noblest hearts and minds.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

- I.—*Catalogue of the Antiquities of Animal Materials and Bronze*, in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, By W. R. Wilde, M. R. I. A. 8vo. Dublin: Hodges and Smith. London: Williams and Norgate, 1861.

The unforeseen length to which the progress of the present agitation in the Church of England has obliged us to extend one of the foregoing articles, compels us to suspend until our next publication the intended review of Dr. Wilde's most delightful volume. It forms the sequel of the interesting catalogue of the stone, earthen, and vegetable antiquities in the collection of the academy, the preparations of which, in the space of a few weeks, before the Dublin meeting of the British Association in 1857, we noticed at the time, as one of the most extraordinary literary feats upon record; and the classes of objects described in the present division of the Catalogue, afford a still better field for the display of the extraordinary learning, ingenuity, and taste of this accomplished antiquarian. His Catalogue is, indeed, a complete encyclopædia of Irish antiquities, rather than a description of the contents of a single collection.

We must reserve the details, however, till our next publication; but we cannot suffer the present opportunity to pass without earnestly commending the work to every lover of the antiquities of Ireland, and especially to our clerical friends throughout the kingdom. We regard its publication as a most important step towards the preservation of the still undiscovered, or at least uncollected, remains of ancient Irish art, both sacred and profane; and we are confident that its circulation among the clergy, and the consequent diffusion of a knowledge which few at present possess, will have the effect of saving for antiquarian purposes many an object which might else have been doomed to the melting-pot, or the sack of the itinerant scrap-metal vendor.

- II.—*Egyptian Chronicles*, with a Harmony of Sacred and Egyptian Chronology, and an Appendix on Babylonian and Assyrian Antiquities. By William Palmer, M. A., and late Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. London: Longman and Co. 1861.

The progress of Egyptian research and discovery, by the comparison of the monuments with written records

which have come down to us, has led of late to many interesting results.

The Greeks never *understood* Egyptian civilization, or sympathised with it.

Herodotus doubtless visited Egypt *twice*. He never would have omitted to describe the magnificent buildings of the Thebaid,—magnificent even in their ruins,—had he visited Upper Egypt in early life. But in the opinion of competent judges, the notices of his ascent of the Nile as far as Thebes and even Syene, were additions (προσθήκαι) made late in life, and indicating a *second* pilgrimage to the valley of the Nile, during his residence in Italy. Of the *documents* relating to Egyptian history, his account, though not the earliest, is the most full and circumstantial that has come down to us, and is of proportionate value. Many of his errors and omissions can be corrected or supplied from *monumental* sources. And whatever his deficiencies, his honesty and candour are unquestionable.

Fortunately, however, he is not our only authority. Though the extreme antiquity of Egyptian civilization must always leave much undetermined, yet we have, besides inscriptions on monuments, various ancient accounts, preserved in writing, of the internal history and chronology of Egypt. Some of these, like the *Turin Papyrus*, discovered by Champollion, are but fragments spared by the ravages of time; others, as the *Old Egyptian Chronicle*, only preserved in substance by later writers; others, like the *Αἰγυπτιακὰ* of Manetho, variously abridged and altered, and added to, so as to render it uncertain what was written by him, and what by others. The difficulty lies, not in the want of documents, so much as in the want of agreement between the different authorities.

It is therefore with great satisfaction that we hail the appearance (after going to press with our article on Herodotus) of a work, professing for its aim the reconciliation of the various schemes of Egyptian chronology: by means of an explanation and analysis of *The Old Chronicle*, as the basis on which the others are mostly founded, and the true key to their interpretation.

A work like this—involving the conjectural emendation and reconstruction, in a measure, not only of the *Old Chronicle*, as extant in the Greek text of Syncellus, but of the three books of Manetho, the imperfect lists of Eratosthenes, and the Hieratic Scheme itself, the most ancient

of all, must necessarily be in many parts, abstruse, and requiring very careful consideration. We abstain, therefore, from entering more into detail, at present, on the subject of Mr. Palmer's *Egyptian Chronicles*; which appear to us the fruit of long and patient research, crowned, we hope, with a degree of success, proportioned to the diligence with which it has been prosecuted, and to the importance, we may add, of this great field of enquiry. As the work reached us too late for a full perusal of its contents, we propose returning shortly to its consideration, in connexion with the *Egyptian and Babylonian illustrations of Mr. Rawlinson's Herodotus*.

III.—*County Families of the United Kingdom*. By E. Walford, M.A. London: Hardwicke. 1860.

We have received this very handsome and useful volume, of which we hope to lay before our readers an extended notice in an early number. The addition of two Supplements to the first issue of the work, shows the industry and research with which it has been prepared, and gives promise of ultimate fulness and accuracy.

IV.—*The Life and Times of Edmund Burke*. By Thomas Macknight. Vol. III. London: Chapman and Hall. 1860.

The completion of this work is an important era in the history of the illustrious Burke. So much light has been cast on it by this publication, as to render it expedient to publish a fuller account of it than we can command in our present number; an undertaking which we trust to execute at an early period.

V.—*The Common Law Procedure Acts, with Notes, &c.* By W. H. Finlason, Esq., Barrister at Law, &c., &c. London: V. and R. Stephens and Sons, 1860.

It is not within our province to deal with law books, in which it is not easy to create an interest for the bulk of ordinary readers, and professional ones are not likely to look into our pages for guidance in their choice of law books. We hope, however, to be excused if we make an exception in the case of Mr. Finlason, whose "*Law of Charitable Trusts*," and other publications, have rendered essential service to the great cause which we advocate. The present work embraces not only the whole of our new system of judicial procedure, with its forms in the Courts

of Common Law, but includes all special modes of procedure in relation to the important heads of Bills of Exchange, Bills of Sale, &c. In addition to these, the work contains the substance of the several modes of procedure under the very important acts for the amendment of our mercantile law, and in appeals from decisions in the County Courts, and also the new methods of procedure to be adopted in the Court of Chancery, the Court of Probate, and the Court of Divorce, whenever they investigate facts with the aid of a jury. It will be obvious, therefore, that this book must exhaust the subject of legal procedure in all our higher courts of justice; and as it is illustrated by numerous and valuable practical notes, and is got up in a cheap and compendious form, it cannot fail to be useful as well to the established practitioner as to the student.

- VI.—1. *Immacolata—the Convent Flower*; a Catholic tale. London: Catholic Bookselling Company. 1860.
2. *The Two Bishops*: A tale of the Nineteenth Century. London: Catholic Bookselling Company. 1860.

We shall mention these two stories together, because they are so completely of the same class of work, that the few words which we can say will apply to both. They are stories written in a graceful style of education and refinement, and are full of piety; and such incidents as they contain are pleasing. The one describes the career of two brothers, of whom one is a Protestant, and the other (a convert) becomes in time a Catholic bishop. The other Story is a narrative of a young girl's life, who, brought up in a convent, becomes for a short time a member of a large circle of relatives and friends; the influence she exercised upon their lives is told with some liveliness. But she leaves them to return to the convent where her childhood was spent, and dies in the moment of her profession. We cannot allot to either of the tales a high place as works of talent and imagination, but they may be read with considerable pleasure, and not without profit.

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